

A painting of a farm scene. In the foreground, a large white barn with a dark roof and a large double door is the central focus. To the left of the barn, a red tractor is parked. In front of the barn, a blue pickup truck is parked. To the right of the barn, there are some smaller buildings and a flowering bush. The background shows rolling hills and a clear sky. The title 'AMMON FARMERS' is written in large, bold, white capital letters across the middle of the painting.

AMMON FARMERS

LYNN BLATTER

AMMON

FARMERS

by
Lynn Blatter

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Printed in the United States of America

Designed, published by
emCole Design LLC
www.emcoledesign.com

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This book was only made possible with the wonderful cooperation of those who furnished me with the histories of their families. I wanted to emphasize farming operations so I asked for farm pictures if available. I received many and had agonizing hours to select the ones that would print the best and illustrate their farms and work.

After Val Crow and I completed the AMMON book some families complained they were not included so I replied that maybe I would have to do another book to include those living outside of the village. I am indebted to Glenn Blatter and Keith Hanson for help in identifying the farms and who lived on them as we drove around the farming area. Glenn and Sharlene who have lived in Ammon all their life as well as my siblings were most helpful in giving me family contacts so I could make contact and request their histories. Val Crow who has a great knowledge of the Ammon families'

relationships with each other was most helpful in locating some who have moved away or I did not have knowledge of.

There were a very few families who have moved away and who could not be located or chose not to respond but otherwise this is as inclusive as could be done. I have preserved their histories as they have been written and sent to me without alteration on my part and only in a very few instances have I needed to select excerpts from a voluminous history.

I truly appreciate Marjorie McDonald Tall for her consenting to paint a farm scene to be used for the cover to typify what the book is about.

I acknowledge there may be errors in this book as it is a compilation of many authors and my role was to simply gather and publish what everyone else has written. This has been a work of great interest and joy to me.

—Lynn A. Blatter

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Lynn A. Blatter

Lynn Blatter grew up in Ammon, the son of Reed and Valeria Blatter, along with six siblings. He graduated from Ammon High School in 1950 and spent his early years working on the family farms, a 40 acre irrigated farm in the valley and a dry farm on Taylor Mountain. He married a local farm girl, Lila Christensen, and they have seven children. After graduating from Brigham Young University in 1956 he attended Washington University School of Dentistry in St. Louis Missouri. Upon graduating in 1960 he served two years on active duty as a naval dental officer at the Naval Weapons Station in Concord, California. He opened a private dental practice in Concord and practiced there until 2004 when he retired and moved to North Las Vegas, Nevada.

His retirement project consisted of gathering the histories of the homesteaders who settled in the Taylor Mountain area in the 1910 to 1920 era and established the community name Owendale with a school and church. This had special meaning because it was the dry farm he grew up on and

this first book was published June 2008. His next book was gathering the Blatter family history which was printed June 2010. His next project with co-author, Val Crow, was the book AMMON which detailed the history of the settlement of Ammon and included the histories of the people who lived in the town site of Ammon.

His current project is the gathering and publishing the histories of the farmers who lived outside the town site of Ammon. He currently resides with his wife Lila, in Kings Row Estates, a retirement community, in Washington, Utah.

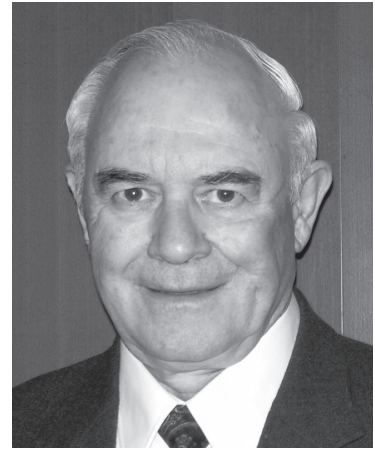


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ALTON & EDNA ANDERSON

*Written by their daughter, Ella Jean Cox
From interviews and their writings*

Alton Anderson – Early Years

My father, Alton, was born on February 21, 1921 in a small house on Central Avenue in Ammon, Idaho. His parents were Marvin Joseph Anderson and Flora May Hammer. He was their third child of eight children, namely: Marcel, Marcine, Alton, Merlin, Marvin, Dorcel, Jarvis and Shirley. Marcel died from bronchial pneumonia when he was one year old. Dorcel died in a farm accident when he was three and a half.

When Alton was growing up, his family lived in a two room log house on their farm southeast of Ammon. One room was a bedroom for the whole

family and the other was the kitchen and front room. It had a solid floor and a good roof, which meant it was not a sod roof. It had plaster walls and windows in each room for good ventilation. There was no electricity, so they used oil and gas lamps. As the oldest living son, it was Alton's job to pump the water and bring it into the house. He also had to bring in the coal and wood for the day before he went to school.

Alton's father, Marvin, had a small farm, so he worked other places to help support the family. His father, Joseph, had several herds of sheep, so he worked for him during the winter months. That meant Alton had to help take care of the 100 to 150 sheep his dad owned. When it was lambing time Flora, his mother, would get Alton up every hour to go out and check for any new lambs. If any had been born, the mother and lamb had to be put in a little pen to make sure the lamb got milk and didn't die.



Front row: Alton, Flora, Marvin, Shirley Back row: Maracine, Marvin, Jarvis, Merlin

The family had a lot of milk cows, horses, chickens, sheep and pigs. Once a week, the soured cream was sold to the creamery, and that gave Flora some money to buy groceries. It also gave her a little extra money to have around the house.

In 1929, Flora and Marvin sold their homestead in the hills and built a new precut cedar home on their farm. All the wood was cut and then shipped by train from Oregon to Ammon, where they picked it up. Marvin hired a carpenter and the two of them built the house. By that time they had electricity and the new home had all the modern conveniences, including an inside bathroom.

Alton rode the bus to school in Ammon. The bus was a farm truck with a cover on it and benches bolted to the bed. In the winter, a sleigh was used. The sleigh had a canvas cover and a coal stove bolted in the center in a box of sand. There was straw on the floor to help keep the children's feet warm. When the snow was drifted, the older boys would get out and hold onto guy ropes attached to the sleigh to keep it from tipping over.

After school when supper, homework and chores were finished, the family would gather around the radio. They listened to shows like Little Orphan Annie, Tarzan and Dick Tracy.

When Alton was in the 7th grade, he and his older sister Marcine started working together thinning sugar beets. Alton wrote, "I bought my first bicycle by thinning two acres of sugar beets. I bought the best bicycle that Montgomery Wards sold and rode it all over the country. It cost me \$14. My friend and I would get on the bicycles at home and go into town, go to the movies, and ride home. The movie cost a dime and right across the street was an eating place where you could get a piece of pie for a nickel, a milkshake for a nickel and a hamburger for a nickel. We could take a quarter and go to town, stop and have a milkshake and a piece of pie, go to the show, and still have a nickel left to go get something else before we went home."

Alton enjoyed school. He participated in sports and played clarinet in the school band and in pep band. In junior high and high school he was active

in FFA (Future Farmers of America). He took part in the FFA summer programs, where he would plan and manage a project. One year, he raised six acres of sugar beets. Another year, he raised 250 chickens. One of his FFA projects got him started raising purebred, papered Duroc pigs, which he continued doing all through high school to make some money. Alton recalled, "The one year we raised pigs, a sow had too many and I raised two of them as pets, Archy and Mehitabel. We fed them on bottles. They were born early in the spring, and by late June, when the cows were out on the pasture, we had one cow that I had to milk that we called Old Red. She was awfully hard to milk . . . so I taught the pigs to suck, and when she would lie down in the pasture, they would run over and milk her for me. They got to be mighty big pigs."

Alton's parents both came from large families who enjoyed visiting each other. Aunts, uncles and cousins were often at his home. His life was filled with either working with family or playing with them. Alton recorded his memories of his mother and father, which contained a lot of stories from his childhood. It has been included in this book under Flora and Marvin Anderson so I won't duplicate them here.

Edna Wetzel Anderson – Early Years

My mother, Edna, was born on July 16, 1921, at her grandparents Williams' home in Ammon, Idaho (the rock house that is across the street from the Ammon school, on Central Avenue). Her family lived in Iona, a few miles from Ammon. She was the fifth and youngest child of Charles Taylor Wetzel and Elizabeth Denning Williams. The other children were Blanche and Bernice (twins), Thurma (who died at six months), and Harold, the only son. In later years, Charles signed his name Charles W. Wetzel.

Edna's mother, who went by the name of Lizzie, was born on October 15, 1889. Her parents were Azariah Franklin Williams and Elizabeth Merrifield Denning. She was raised in the rock house in Ammon, Idaho and went to church in the Ammon

ward. At one time, they also lived on a farm east of Ammon. Lizzie graduated from the school in Ammon and then went to an academy in Logan, Utah for one year. She played the piano and organ, and played for the primary each week. She married Charles in 1912.

Edna's father, Charles, was born on July 18, 1883, in Ogden, Utah. His parents were George Washington Wetzel and Mary Ellen Heninger. His family moved to Utah from West Virginia after joining the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Charles was the first child born after the move, and he was given Taylor as his middle name, after the missionary who converted them. His family moved to Idaho and he grew up in Idaho Falls and in the Ririe area, where his father was a carpenter and a farmer.

An interesting story about Charles is that he was not baptized when he was young. He was supposed to be baptized in the canal, but when it was time, Charles hid so they couldn't find him to baptize him. He was the only one in his family who was not baptized. He eventually was baptized, in 1962, at the age of 79.

About the time Charles and Lizzie were married, he worked delivering mail in a horse buggy in the Ririe area, up around Hiese Hot Springs. They homesteaded property in the foothills southeast of Ammon. They lived there a few years and then sold the homestead and bought a home in Iona, which they owned the rest of their lives. At that time, Charles started working for wages as a farm hand for Hansen's in Iona, where he remained for several years. Every summer after school was out, the family would move to the Hansen's dry farm up on Martin's Flat, east of Iona, where they grew wheat for Mr. Hansen. Charles harvested the grain with about six or eight horses that pulled the equipment to cut the grain. A person stood on the back of the harvester, where the grain came out and fell into a sack. When the sack was full, they sewed the top of the sack together using a needle and twine, and then the sacks were loaded onto a wagon.

The foothills had a lot of rattlesnakes. Edna remembers, "When [my brother] Harold was a baby, a rattlesnake got in the house. The cat was acting very funny, so Mama picked the cat up to put it out of the house and saw the snake. She picked up Harold and ran out through the fields to Papa, who had to go take care of the snake. To this day, I can't stand any kind of snake."

"I can remember, every so often, we would have to go down to the valley and go into Idaho Falls to shop and for groceries. Mama would drive the old overland car down. As we got down off of the hills, and almost to Iona, the birds would start singing and I could smell transparent apples. It was like it was a new world entirely. We didn't have trees up in the hills, so there were no birds. And down where we lived in Iona, we had an orchard and those big trees. I can still remember how loud the birds sang, and how good the transparent apples smelled."

The house in Iona is still there. It was unpainted while Edna was growing up, but many years later it was painted white. It had four rooms: two bedrooms, a living room, and a kitchen. It didn't have a bathroom in the house. In those days people were lucky to have cold water in the house. When it was time to take a bath, a round tin tub was put in the kitchen right by the stove so it would be nice and warm. The water was heated on the stove and poured into the tub. The house had great big shade trees around it, and when the trees shed their foliage Edna would build rooms in the leaves.

Growing up, there was always a large garden to take care of, as well as an orchard, and a raspberry



Alton and Charles Wetzel

patch. The family had a cow for milk, and raised chickens and a pig. Lizzie was a very good cook. Edna said "Mama could make noodles that would melt in your mouth, and could stir up a cake in no time. There was always food for anybody that came, and a spotless house." Lizzie was also an excellent seamstress. She had a Singer machine and she made clothes for all the family. She was very good at remaking clothes. Edna remembers, "She sewed everything the family needed, except the winter underwear and long brown socks that went up to your thighs." Lizzie must have also been an excellent teacher, because Edna became an expert seamstress, too.

Edna told about one time her Papa took her to town to buy some clothes to start school. He bought her two new dresses and a pair of shoes. The shoes were too big, but she liked them so he bought them for her. She admitted she was spoiled.

Edna remembers playing with friends in Iona, having parties where each girl brought some sugar from home and they made taffy. She went swimming in the canal. When she was older, she rode her brother's bicycle to her cousin Ruby's house east of Ammon to play. Edna's family enjoyed visiting with her aunts and uncles and her Grandmother Williams, who was Edna's only living grandparent for most of her life.

Edna said, "I can remember one time when I was older, but still in Iona, I went with a bunch of kids in the winter for a chickaree. I got home real late. At that time, Papa was working for Nielson brother's ranch in Ammon. He was worried about me and stayed at the house waiting for me to come home. I never will forget coming in and there he was sitting in the kitchen. He asked me where I had been. I told him, because I never lied. I never will forget, he could have spanked me or shouted at me, but he didn't. My punishment was knowing that he had to get on a horse and ride the six or seven miles back to Ammon, late at night in the winter cold."

There was one special family trip to West Yellowstone where they met Uncle William and Aunt Mary Nielsen and their family. They had

all gone to see President Roosevelt when he was running for a second term. He was on a train that stopped in West Yellowstone for him to give a campaign speech from the back of the train.

Iona was a nice town to live in. It had tree lined streets and a park in the middle of the city where they played ball games and had dances. It had a school, where Edna attended 1st through 10th grade. She played on the girl's basketball team in Iona.

The summer before her sophomore year of high school, the family moved from Iona to a home east of Ammon. They waited to move so Harold could finish his senior year at the Iona school. Charles had started working for the Nielsen brothers, and the house they moved into was on that farm. He worked as a farm hand, irrigating and chopping hay. He lost the first finger on his right hand in an accident while chopping hay at Mud Lake.

Alton and Edna W. Anderson

Edna and Alton met at school in Ammon when Alton was a junior and Edna was a sophomore. She had been sick during her first year of school, so she had to repeat first grade. Edna knew some of the people in Ammon because she used to go to Ammon and stay with her grandmother Williams. Grandmother Williams was Edna's only living grandparent. Her grandfather Williams died when Edna was five years old and both her grandmother and grandfather Wetzel died before she was born. Alton lived outside of Ammon on the farm, so she hadn't met him.

The school in Ammon burned down the year Alton was a freshman. A new addition had been built onto the school. The new hardwood floor boards were in the furnace room curing while a basketball game was being played on the subfloor. That night the wood in the furnace room got too hot, started a fire, and burned that part of the building and the new addition. Until a new school was built, school was held in an old rock building that had two floors and an attic. There were four rooms on each floor, so they had eight rooms for eight grades and a high school. For about two years

some of the school classes were held in the church house, next to the school.

Alton was in the pep band so he had been at the game the night of the fire. After the basketball game, he took his clarinet home with him, while most of the other kids left their instruments at the school and lost them in the fire.

Edna, as a sophomore, was the new girl in school and was popular. She loved to dance and always had a partner. She joined the pep club and cheered at games. She also was in the drill team and did fancy marching at the ballgames. She and Alton started dating the next year, when she was a junior and he was a senior.

She tells how “everybody went to town on Saturday afternoon to buy groceries and shop. Usually we went to a movie. I had gone to a different show than my family had, and told them I would meet them at the car. I had gone to a scary one. When the lights came on, I looked around and there was Alton and his cousin Roland Hammer. I got up and went back to sit by them. When I left the theater and was going to the car, I was kind of walking fast. I heard a clomp, clomp, clomp coming behind me and it kind of scared me. It was Alton, and he had come to ask me for a date. It was our first date. We probably went to a show for our first date.”

Edna and Alton dated during his senior year and during the next two years, when Alton came home from college . . . “when she didn’t have a date with somebody else,” Alton always added.

While Alton was at the University of Idaho in Moscow, Idaho, Edna graduated high school and started working as a salesgirl for Slussers Variety Store in Idaho Falls. She lived in an apartment with three other girls. Alton graduated with a two year degree and came home to prepare for his mission. They were engaged in the fall of 1941, just before he left on his mission to Canada in November. Because he was already in Canada when Pearl Harbor occurred and the draft was formed, he received a minister’s classification and exemption from the draft for the duration of his mission. Close to the end of the mission, Elder Anderson

was asked to extend his church mission until February of 1944 so he could be released with his companion, Lewis Call, and they could travel home together. They arrived home just in time to help with the lambing.

When the lambing was through, Alton traveled to Salt Lake City to see one of the General Authorities, report on his mission, and receive his official release. “During that interview,” Alton said, “I asked the apostle what he felt my responsibilities were concerning the draft and the army. He advised me to go home and report to my draft board, explain where I had been and what I had been doing, and to allow them to make the decision. But he promised me that if I would continue living the gospel, I would never smell enemy gunpowder.”

Alton and Edna were married in the Salt Lake Temple on April 19, 1944. Alton’s parents had planned to go to Salt Lake with them, but his father had a spell with his heart, so the young couple went



Alton and Edna wedding

alone. Alton's last mission companion, Lewis Call, and his new wife, Jean, and another missionary companion and his wife met them in Salt Lake and went to the temple with them. They honeymooned at Little America in Salt Lake City. Lewis and Jean Call became very close friends with Alton and Edna. As both their families grew, there were many visits and fishing trips together.

They started their married life in a small house across from the sand hills, a mile and a half west from Alton's parents. It was on an 80 acre farm that Alton rented. Edna's parents gave them a dresser and a cupboard for their wedding presents. Alton's parents gave them a table with a marble top and chairs, a cook stove, and a heavy metal bed. They were given money from Uncle William and Aunt Mary that they used to buy linoleum rugs to put on the floors. Alton's dad owned a little Chevrolet coupe with a rumble seat that he let them use until Alton went into the service.

Alton described their home. "We had a four room frame house, with outside conveniences: water at the pump outside and an outdoor privy. We cleaned up two rooms; the other two rooms we left vacant. We were just north of the sand hills and the prevailing winds blew sand into the house. But the two rooms on the north side weren't quite as bad as the other two so we had a bedroom and a kitchen/living room. I received a farmer's exemption from the draft for a long enough period to plant and harvest my crops. As the summer wore on, we had planted grain, peas, and of course, alfalfa. It came time to harvest the peas, so one day I went around to the

neighbors arranging for a thrashing crew for the peas. I was gone most of the day. Along toward evening, I stopped at my folks, which was a common occurrence because we had no refrigeration and we stopped and got fresh milk at the folks each day. On stopping there, I was informed that the draft board had been trying to get a hold of me all day. One of the errands I had taken care of was I stopped at the draft board and signed another 60 day extension to harvest my crop. It was after closing time when I got home, but I called and was given the number of the secretary of the draft board. I was told that my extension had been denied, which was a little unusual because it had been signed and accepted earlier in the day. But it had been revoked and I was to be on the midnight train to Salt Lake that day to go to Fort Douglas and be inducted into the army. This we did and father took over the farm and harvested the crops."

Alton went to basic training at Camp Roberts in California, and then to officer training in Fort Benning, Georgia in January, 1945. "In February,"

Edna said, "I went on the bus to Georgia and got there for his [Alton's] birthday. He was already sick with pneumonia and burning up with a fever. I doctored him with mustard plaster, hot lemonade, aspirin, and lots of tender loving care. He was in sickbay when his group graduated, then he joined the next group. He graduated in October of 1945 from his officer training. I was pregnant, so he brought me home to his folks on the train, while he was on furlough. Then he had to go back. He went overseas in January of 1946. Rose Marie was



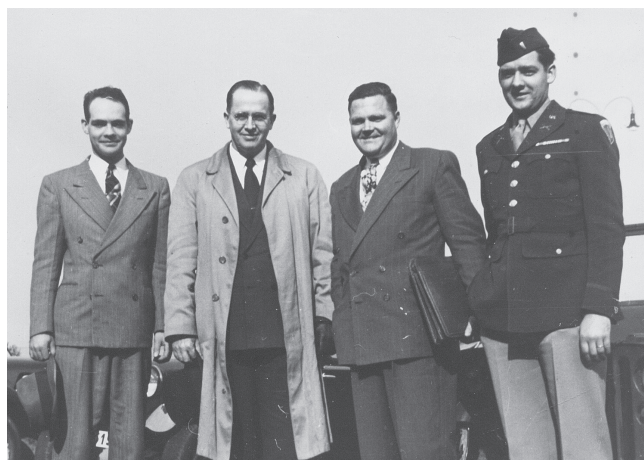
Edna and Rose Marie

born January 29th and Daddy [Alton] had landed in France just before that. He was in Graves Registration. Aunt Marcine had the Red Cross send him a telegram that Rose Marie was born. When daddy went overseas, I went home to my mama and papa. By that time we had a telephone, thank heavens. He had made arrangements to call home at a certain time and Marcine and his mother came to be there when he called. Marcine put an ice cold washcloth to Rose Marie's foot and she yelled. Daddy said, "That's my girl."

Alton spent most of his time in the army as an operations officer in Graves Registration. His group would go into an area that had been behind enemy lines, retrieve the bodies, identify them, and send them home. He spent a short time in France and Germany. The remaining time he spent in Czechoslovakia, which was a country he grew to love.

While he was stationed in Prague, Czechoslovakia, Alton met President Toronto, the mission president for the LDS church in that area and President Ezra Taft Benson, who was an apostle at that time serving as president of the European Mission. The missions had been reopened to distribute much needed welfare supplies to the saints, and Alton was able to spend his free time driving through the mission to help deliver the packages. Whenever Apostle Benson came to Czechoslovakia, Alton would pick him up at the airport and drive him wherever he needed to go. On one occasion, Alton drove President Benson to the airport to get on a flight to Warsaw. Alton wrote, "When we got there, he [President Benson] went to the ticket agent and asked to be included on the plane to go to Warsaw the next day. He was told that there was no way he could be included on that plane. He was shown a list of dignitaries, with every seat taken. Then the clerk showed him another list. It was the standby list, another complete list for every seat on that plane. This was not a usual event for planes to go into Warsaw, and everyone that had a reason was using their authority to get on that list. President Benson said to the lady, 'Well, you had better start another list.' She asked what

he meant. He gave her his name and where he could be reached, and said, 'I expect to be on that plane. Please make another list.' So she started a third list, and then we left.... The next morning, I met with them [President Benson, President Toronto, and the missionaries] and took him to the airport. When he went in, he checked in with the same clerk and said, 'I'm Ezra Taft Benson. What seat have you got me assigned to?' She showed him the same papers and said, 'I told you yesterday, there is no way you are getting on that plane.' He asked if there was a place he could wait, and she told him he didn't need to wait. He said, 'Well, I'll be over here when you are ready.' As time came for the plane to depart, they called for the boarding. Every person on that first list was there and boarded the plane, and the others left. President Benson stayed there and was not the least bit concerned. When the plane had been loaded and cleared, they went to the end of the runway, quite a distance from the building, and were waiting for clearance, when a fellow came running out with a message, jumped on a little cart, and went down to the airplane. The door opened and he handed the message to whoever was at the door. In a little while, here came a man with his baggage in his hand who got on the little cart and came back with him. Of course, we had been watching this and President Benson then walked up to the girl and said, 'Is my seat ready yet?' She looked like he must have been crazy and said,



Missionary, Apostle Ezra Taft Benson, President Toronto, Lt. Alton Anderson in Czechoslovakia

'I told you, there's no sense in waiting.' As the cart came back to the building and they walked in, they walked up to the girl and said something in Czech. President Benson was standing just a little ways away from her, and she turned to him and said, 'I guess you can board now.' He walked out, got on the little cart with the fellow, got on the plane and flew to Warsaw. When he came back, President Toronto had called me, so we met him at the airport again. As we were driving back to the city, I said, 'President Benson, can you explain to me how you knew so certainly that you would be on that plane?' He said, 'Yes, it's very simple. I am here to do the Lord's work and the Lord had work for me to do in Warsaw. Why do you think that plane was going to Warsaw? That's not a common thing.' He said, 'It was going to Warsaw because the Lord's servant had to be on it and had work to do. And it came back and brought me back with it.' It was that simple to him. I couldn't believe the faith the man had."

Alton came home from the service in February of 1947. The promise he had been given at the end of his mission had been fulfilled. He served his whole time in the military and never smelled enemy gunfire. Edna, Rose Marie (the daughter who was born while he was in the army), and Alton's mother and father went to Pocatello to meet his train. Alton's dad was driving, and on the way home the car hit a patch of ice. The car spun around and hit a cement head gate. Alton's mother, Flora, was hurt and spent some time in the hospital, so Edna took over the cooking and housekeeping for her.

In May of 1947, after Alton's mother was better, Alton and Edna moved into their own home half a mile east of Alton's parents' farm. The house sat between two canals which always made Edna nervous for her children's safety. Alton's dad, Marvin, had rented the farm for a few years and had built lambing sheds there. When the farm went up for sale while Alton was in the service, Marvin wrote and asked Alton if he was interested in it. The farm had a small home on it, and Alton said he would like it, so his dad bought it with the

intention that eventually Alton would buy it from him. Alton was partners with his dad in the sheep business and rented the farm from his dad for three years before buying it from him.

Running a herd of sheep meant a lot of work. A hired sheep herder stayed with the sheep all year and helped with the lambing and then moved with the sheep as they were on the range. The herder lived in a sheep camp that had a canvas top, built in bed, a little cook stove, and a table that let down. There were cabinets built in under the bed and along one wall that were tall enough to sit on. The herder liked to come down from the range for a few days, so someone had to take his place while he was away because the sheep had to have someone with them all the time. Alton started doing this when he was in high school and he really enjoyed it. After Alton and Edna were married, they enjoyed going up together to give the herder some time off. It was very happy memories for them.

When Alton got enough equity in the sheep business, he traded his equity for the home and farm. Before all the papers were finished on the sale of the farm to Alton, his father died. That was August 8, 1950. The papers had to be finished after the funeral. Alton took over running the sheep and both farms. Alton was also teaching veterans in the Shelley school district.

When Alton and Edna moved into their home between the canals, it was an old house with a rock foundation. It had a kitchen, living room, one bedroom and a storage room. There was no indoor bathroom, just an outhouse in the back yard. Alton's dad had a lambing shed close to the house where he put in pressure water for the sheep. While he was at it, he ran a pipe into the house. So there was cold water running into the house, but the waste water had to be carried out in a bucket.

In an interview for his granddaughter, Robyn, Alton said, "In 1951, I owned a new car, a new pickup, my farm free and clear, and never owed a cent to anybody. And we had a tractor and equipment to run a farm." They also now had three children. Rose Marie had been born in 1946 while



Lambs at Alton Anderson Farm

Alton was in the army. Shiela Kaye was born in 1948 and Ella Jean was born in 1950.

Even though there was a lot of work on the farm, the sheep are what the older girls remember most. With the lambing pens so close to the house, there was a lot of opportunity to play with the lambs. After the lambs were born, they had to be branded and docked before they went out on the range. When it was time to move the sheep to the range in the hills where the sheepherder would stay with them, everyone got to go along. That was a lot of work, but also a lot of fun, especially for the children. The pickup was used to haul the sheep camp and trailer. Some rode horses, and others walked behind the sheep to drive them along the road. The children were given a wire ring with cans on it, tied to a rope. The wire ring was thrown toward the sheep if they stopped, and the sound frightened them so they would start moving again. While the sheep were up on the summer range, a shearing crew would come in and do the shearing. The wool was put into big bags and was then sold.

In addition to the sheep, Alton and Edna also had the farm, chickens, pigs, cows, bum lambs, a large garden, orchard, and raspberry patch to take care of. This, along with the job teaching veterans, took good care of the family.

Alton and Edna remodeled the house in 1951. A new kitchen and living room were added on the front, with a basement under them. The remaining

house was remodeled to include a new bathroom, laundry, and three bedrooms. It didn't take long to fill the newly remodeled home, as Alton Charles was born in 1952, Donald in 1954, Nancy in 1956, Robert in 1957 and Daniel Wetzels in 1958. With a total of eight children, the Anderson Flock was now complete.

By 1955 the sheep had all been sold and the job teaching veterans was ending, so Alton started working for Phillips Petroleum at the Atomic Energy Commission (the Site) 50 miles west of Idaho Falls. He did as much farm work as he could, but also rented some of his farm to his brother, Jarvis, who was now running their mother's farm.

Dad (Alton) was a tease. Rose Marie and Shiela remember Dad taking them out to the lilac bushes where he slipped some red candies out of his pocket and pretended to pick the candy off the bushes. They spent a lot of time searching the lilac bushes, but never found any candy unless Dad was there to pick it for them.

Even after the sheep and sheep range were sold, Mom (Edna) raised a few bum (orphaned) lambs. There were pens for them in the barracks close to the house, with warming lamps over them. With no mother to provide milk, they had to be fed around the clock from a glass bottle with a big black nipple on it. The milk would be warmed and taken out to them. Sometimes Mom had to teach a lamb how to



Alton and Rose Marie

drink from the bottle. She was always patient and loving to the little lambs. On at least one occasion, when a lamb wasn't doing well, a pen was made in the kitchen so the lamb could stay warm and receive extra care through the night. When the lambs were big enough, they were turned loose in the pasture close to the house.

With eight children, Mom's sewing skills were put to good use. We had play clothes that we could have fun in and get as dirty as we wanted, but when we left the house we always had nice clothes to wear. Every Easter Mom spent hours making new Sunday dresses for us girls. She was usually up late the night before finishing the last dress. Mom was an excellent seamstress and the clothes she made for us were always beautiful.

We were very blessed to live close to both Mom and Dad's family. I remember Grandma Wetzel kissing us goodnight because she had come to stay with us while Mom was having a baby. Grandma and Grandpa Wetzel lived about three miles away,

and her two sisters, Blanche and Bernice, lived fairly close. Blanche lived in Lincoln and Bernice lived in Shelley. Her brother, Harold lived further away, in Montana. Grandma Anderson lived just down the road from us, less than a mile away. Marcine lived in Ammon, Merlin lived in Pocatello but then moved only half a mile away, Marvin lived in Ammon, Jarvis lived on Grandma's farm and Shirley lived in Shelley. We were surrounded with grandparents, aunts, uncles and plenty of cousins.

Once a month, Grandma Anderson (Flora) would have a family gathering. When it was warm enough, Dad said, "We would usually go down to the sand hills and have a big bon fire. We would throw some wood in one of the pickups and take it down and have a bon fire, roast weenies and have watermelon or homemade ice cream and homemade root beer. We would always make the root beer in a 10 gallon milk can. It got to be one of the things we looked forward to all summer long. At that time, we ran into no problem at the



Anderson shearing corral

sand hills. The kids could go barefoot and run and play and have a good time. And we weren't the only ones. There were probably as many as five good locations down there. A lot of times we would go down and there would be three or four other groups. We used to have ward parties. It was a popular thing in those days."

All of us children were taught how to work on the farm. Most of us have memories of being put behind the wheel of the small tractor or a truck when we were too little to reach the pedals to help Dad (Alton) with the farming. I remember helping Dad haul hay when I was really young. He set the tractor at the slowest speed and got it going the right direction. Then he would hop off and load the hay as I kept it going between the rows of baled hay. When we got to the end of the row, he hopped back on and turned the tractor to go up the next row. He did this at each end, until we had a full load. Then he drove to the haystack and unloaded. While it was fun to drive the tractor, I was thrilled to finally be old enough to help stack the bales on the bed. At first, I just pulled the bales back so they were out of Dad's way when he threw up the next bale, but when I was bigger I would stack them. At the end of the row, Dad would hop up and check to see if the bales had been stacked on tight enough. He did any adjustment that was needed. It felt really good if he looked and didn't have to adjust anything. My brother Don wrote that "Dad could put 2 tons of hay on the $\frac{3}{4}$ ton pickup, throwing the bales up with a pitchfork."

Even though a lot of the farm was rented out, there was still plenty of work to be done. As we children got older, we were given more responsibilities. In the spring, the work started in the spud cellar cutting the seed potatoes. It was a family affair. We would get our homework done, have dinner, then go out to the spud cellar and start working. Dad would join us when he got home from work and we would all continue until it was time for bed. Someone loaded the potatoes in the hopper. The potatoes then went up onto the cutting table, where the older kids cut them into

pieces with at least two or three eyes on them. The pieces moved along the table, dropped into gunny sacks, and had a powder put on them to protect them. The sacks were tied shut and moved to the side so the next bag could be filled. The summer was spent weeding the potatoes or thinning beets, weeding the garden, picking raspberries, mowing the lawn, cleaning the house, hauling hay, and watering. In the fall, we all helped in the potato harvest, either picking the potatoes by hand, or working on the combine. There were also the animals to be fed and the cow milked all year.

After the work was done, we had lots of free time that was spent riding horses, bicycle riding, hiking, swimming in the canal, playing with the kittens or the puppies, and exploring the farm and foothills. With eight children and lots of cousins, there was always someone to play with. There were lots of baseball games on the lawn when the cousins came to visit. In the winter, Dad and Mom turned the vegetable garden into an ice rink, and we always had plenty of sleds and toboggans to have fun in the snow.

For vacations the family went to Disneyland after it opened, and later to Glacier National Park. A lot of spare time in the summer was spent in Yellowstone Park counting the bears and other animals, picnicking and fishing. We always stayed at Fishing Bridge for opening day of fishing, either in our camper or the cabins. Dad always got up early to save a section of the bridge for the children to fish from. Then he would spend the whole day baiting hooks and helping land the fish that were caught. I don't remember too many times that he was able to actually pick up a pole and do any fishing himself. He always knew where to take the family so that everyone caught their limit. One favorite place to hike into was cub creek. We always got our limit there. While Dad was off fishing with the children, Mom was busy making sure everyone was well fed.

Mom and Dad loved having a large yard filled with flowers, shrubs, fruit trees and shade trees. The yard was full of flowers and flowering shrubs



Alton Anderson Cherry Hill reunion

that were constantly being brought into the house and put into vases. Some of their favorite plants were iris, lilac, peony, sweet pea, lily and rose. There was always something that could be picked and eaten, from tart gooseberries and rhubarb to sweet apples and plums. Dad had nursery rows, where he planted tree seedlings that he shared with family and friends as the trees grew. Some of the pine trees that he planted as seedlings are now mature trees throughout the valley, including some at the church building. They lovingly called the yard their Garden of Eden.

Sometimes the flowers got in the way of our playground. The swing set was always where we were “safe” when we played games, but there was an iris bed in between the big section of lawn and the swing set. Occasionally there was not enough room to run around it to reach the safety of the swing set, so we had to jump across the flowers. Most of the time we were able to jump all the way across, but sometimes the jump didn’t quite make it. Mom preferred that we not jump!

Dad and Mom were active in church and enjoyed many callings. They had been Sunday school teachers together when they were first married. Alton served as a home teacher, Elders Quorum president, Gospel Doctrine teacher, and High Priest group leader. His favorite callings were in the scouting program. He was the ward scout master for a lot of years, and then became the stake scout leader. He really enjoyed going to scout camp, the 50 mile hikes in the Tetons, taking

horses through Bechler Meadows in Yellowstone, scout jamborees, and floating the Salmon River when Frank Butler was the assistant scout master. Mom always supported him, even though it took a lot of vacation time. Dad, in return, never complained about how much money was spent on shopping trips while he was gone.

Dad also served on the school board for a few years. Mom served in the Primary as a teacher and a counselor in the presidency, Relief Society cooking chairman, visiting teacher, and cannery chairman. Her most lasting calling was as Relief Society quilting chairman. When she was called to that position, she told the Bishop she did not know how to quilt. He told her she could learn, so she did. That started a hobby that she has loved and still does. She gave each of their children a quilt when they were married, and has continued the tradition for each of their grandchildren. She has 40 grandchildren, and each one has received a quilt she made for their wedding present. The lone star quilt is her favorite one to give, but some of the grandchildren have chosen other patterns. Some of the grandchildren haven’t been married yet, but most of their quilts are ready for them.

By 1980, all of us children were married and there was getting to be a lot of grandchildren. Going home for Thanksgiving meant the house was full. The first family reunion was held in July of 1983, around Mom’s birthday. Because it was warm, all the children brought tents and camped out in the grassy area that used to be the large garden. The grandchildren loved it! There were lots of games to play, and one afternoon was spent sliding in water on a sheet of plastic on the grass. Dad made a fire ring so there could be a bonfire to toast marshmallows. After stories around the campfire, the little ones were put to bed and then



Anderson grandchildren

everyone else stayed up to watch the sky. There were a lot of reunions camping at Grandma and Grandpa's.

In 1983 the house was again remodeled to make more room for people, but also to give Mom a room big enough to store her quilt fabrics and put up the quilt frame. The younger children and the grandchildren had spent a lot of time watching television while lying on the floor under a quilt that had been put on the frame for hand quilting, but it was getting tight with a houseful of grandchildren. The back two bedrooms were removed and a new family room and two new bedrooms were added. Mom loved the room because she could set her quilt up in front of a nine foot wide window and watch the wildlife as she quilted. Everyone else loved it because now there was plenty of room when the whole family came home to visit.

Thanksgiving at home was becoming a tradition for the family. There was always a wonderful dinner on Thanksgiving Day, with plenty of leftovers for the rest of the weekend. The grandchildren were put to bed in sleeping bags on the floor, and the adults stayed up late playing cards in the kitchen. The grandchildren couldn't wait until they were old enough to stay up and play games, too, because the leftover pies always got eaten during the games. The next day all the men would stay home with the children while all the women went shopping. One year, to everyone's surprise, Dad handed a \$100 bill to each one of the



Alton & Edna & Lone Star quilt

women and told them to have fun shopping and to spend it on themselves. We later found out this was money he had been saving for a cab for his pickup. He never did get the cab.

In 1984 Alton retired after 29 years at the Site working as a chemical technician. Dad and Mom also donated their farm that year to the church, keeping just the few acres of pasture around the house. This gave them the opportunity to travel, visiting their children and grandchildren. Mom and Dad had been in a family home evening group with some friends for several years. There were five couples in the group, Frank and Dora Butler, Sarah and Wendell Walton, Dick and Ethel Kelley, Dorothy and Ira Judy, and Mom and Dad. In 1985, most of the group decided to go to New Zealand, Australia, and Fiji for a four week tour. Dad and Mom, Dorothy and Ira, Sarah, Ethel, and Reed and Cora Elkington left in mid November and had a



Alton's 80th birthday

wonderful vacation. Their favorite place was New Zealand, where they enjoyed watching the sheep.

With the farm now gone, Dad had extra time on his hands. In 1985 he started working two days a week at the Idaho Falls Temple as an ordinance worker. He loved this time, and worked at the temple for 20 years.

They were hoping to go on several more trips, but bad health kept them home for a while. Dad was very ill with a cyst on his liver in July of 1986. It was October before he was recovered so they could go to Pennsylvania to visit Robert and his family. While they were there, Mom had a heart attack. They returned home after she was well enough to travel. Mom had been diagnosed with diabetes in 1983, and she had a triple heart bypass surgery in February of 1990. After that their trips consisted of visiting their children.

Dad and Mom had planned to spend the rest of their lives in their home, but their Garden of Eden became too much for them to take care of. When he was 85, Dad surprised everyone in the family by deciding to sell the house and remaining acreage. They didn't move far, just down the road a couple of miles to a townhome built on the old stake farm. Dad planted apple and plum trees, and brought raspberry, lilac and flower starts from the old home. The townhouse backyard was by the main road and had a large borrow pit that was covered in rocks. When the sod was put down in

the yard, a place wasn't left open for a garden, so Dad moved some of the rocks out of the side of the road and planted his garden there. His garden supplied friends and family with tomatoes, onions, and squash. The squash really liked the heat from the road, and was continually sending out stems to try to grow over the road.

Mom and Dad were welcomed into their new ward. Faithful home teachers and visiting teachers took good care of them. Dad received a calling to be a greeter for sacrament meeting. He showed the same determination to fulfill this calling as he did every other calling he had in his life. When Jim and I visited them in July of 2008, we didn't want to stay late enough to go to church with them. We hadn't yet left when it was time for Dad to leave, so I watched as they walked, holding hands, across the lawn on their way to church. The thought came to me that I might not see that again in this life, but that is the way they will walk through eternity. They will be holding hands, walking forward with determination to reach their goal together.

That fall, Dad was in the hospital for surgery. He never regained his health. When he came home, we children all took turns staying at the house to help so Mom didn't get too worn down. In November, Mom and Dad moved to Utah to stay with Jim and me. Hospice came in and helped with Dad's care. All of Mom's time was spent trying to help Dad any way she could. Mom and Dad received lots of visits from children and grandchildren. Dad's eyes always lit up when he watched the grandchildren playing, or held a new baby. Dad died in our home in Clinton on April 27, 2009, a week after their 65th wedding anniversary. He was buried in the Ammon cemetery.

After the funeral, Mom stayed in their home in Ammon during the summer but returned to Utah to spend the winter with Jim and me. She brought all her quilting fabric with her, determined to finally teach me how to sew a quilt. She ended up teaching several people how to sew a "trip around the world quilt". She was a very patient teacher and taught daughters, granddaughters and a neighbor.



Alton Anderson 87 yrs old 2008



Edna's 90th birthday

Everyone ended up with a beautiful quilt top they could be proud of. She goes back to her home in Ammon each summer, but continues to spend the winter with Jim and me in Utah. Last winter, she taught me the lone star quilt. This winter has been a scrappy log cabin, but other quilts are being planned.

Dad and Mom were both born in 1921 on Central Avenue in Ammon, Idaho. They were married April 19, 1944. They raised eight children in a loving home. Other children heard their parents fight and say mean things to each other. I never heard mine fight, or even raise their voices to each other. Instead, I had parents who loved each other, held hands, gave each other hugs, and



Front: Rose Marie Edna Alton Ella Jean; back: Daniel Shiela Kay Alton Charles Donald Nancy Robert

cared for each other's needs before their own. They taught by example, showing their children how to love, work hard, share with others, be honest, and have faith. They have 40 grandchildren and currently have 60 great grandchildren, with three more that will be born soon.

—Written February 2012

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LYLE MARION ANDERSON

Father of Darlene Anderson

My father, Lyle Marion Anderson, was the second child of Joseph and May Christensen Anderson. He was born June 16, 1897 in Mantua, Utah.

He was blessed by L.P.C. Nielsen August 1, 1897. He was baptized by his father, Joseph Anderson July 5, 1905 and confirmed by his father two days later on July 7, 1905.



Lyle Marion Anderson

In the fall of 1897, when he was 4 months old, his parents loaded the wagon, hooked up the team and began a 5-day journey to Idaho where they homesteaded a farm. This area was later known as Ammon, Idaho. It was a valley of sagebrush and there were very few settlers there.

As soon as possible, Joseph began raising sheep as he had done most of his life. Lyle spent the early part of his life herding sheep, moving camp, and working on the farm. In 1903, he began attending school in a one room, log cabin schoolhouse in Ammon.

The church had always been special in the lives of Joseph and May Anderson. When May was a young girl [11 years old], the missionaries came to Hjorring, Denmark, found May and her

sister Mathilda, and gave them the message of the Gospel. They knew it was true and were baptized. They left their family and friends and came to America with the Missionaries and settled in Mantua, Utah. Joseph's father, Thomas Christian Anderson, had also joined the church in Denmark and taught the gospel to many people. When Joseph was called to fulfill a mission abroad, he was willing and prepared to go. When Lyle was only six, his father was called to serve a mission in Norway. Joseph left for the Norwegian Mission in 1903, leaving May with four small children, Marvin 10, Lyle 6, Lillie 4 & Floyd 1 to take care of by herself.

Lyle learned the importance of prayer, work and responsibility while his father was on his mission. He helped his mother as much as he could. The whole family came down with scarlet fever and were very sick while Joseph was away. Patriarch Farrell came and stayed with them and he gave them all Patriarchal Blessings. This blessing was a guide for Lyle the rest of his life.

After completing two years of high school at Ammon High in 1916, Lyle went with Lew Hammer and Russell Everett to San Francisco to Mechanics school.

In 1918, he entered the US Army in the First World War. He was stationed at Fort Lewis, Washington. Upon termination of the war and his honorable discharge, he was called to serve his Church as a Missionary in the Eastern States mission. He spent most of his time in the State of West Virginia.

After a successful mission of two years [1919-1921] he returned home and launched upon a religious endeavor, which kept him active in various capacities for thirty years. Some of the positions he held was Scout Master, President of the MIA, Bishop of the Ammon Ward for six years, a member of the Stake High Council and an advisor to the Stake High Priest Quorum. He was also an ordained officiator in the Idaho Falls LDS Temple.

After returning from his mission, he courted and fell in love with Hattie 'Beulah' Singley. She and

her family had moved to Ammon from Georgia.

They took a train to Salt Lake and were married in the Salt Lake Temple by Apostle George F. Richards on December 23, 1921. Upon returning home they were picked up at the station by Earl Soelberg in a sleigh. They were to stay at their home that night. After they had gone to bed, some of their friends broke in and took them away. They dropped Beulah off at Otto Holms home and she stayed there all night. They took Lyle and dropped him off in the foot hills and he had to walk home. They were happy when they got back together. A reception and dance was held for them at the Ammon Dance Hall.

They lived with Lyle's mother until Joseph Anderson returned from his second mission to New Zealand. They moved into a little brown house on Ammon Road, in back of his parent's home.

Their first daughter, LaRue was born October 1, 1922. In the fall of 1922, Lyle and his father bought a herd of sheep together. When LaRue was six weeks old, they moved into a sheep camp and fed sheep on different farms that winter and lambd them out in the spring. On May 1st, they took the sheep out on the range in the mountains. They took a cow with them for milk. They also caught a lot of fish, sage & pine hens to eat. Joseph Anderson would come up each week in a covered wagon and bring them supplies. Thomas Singley would send fresh vegetables from his garden to them.

One morning Lyle had gone to look for one of the horses that had disappeared during the night. Beulah was taking the cow down to the spring for a drink of water. A man came down and met her. He had LaRue in his arms [she was about 9 months old then.] Beulah reached out to take the baby and he grabbed her, scaring her half to death. They walked back to the camp. He tried to get her to go inside, saying he wanted to shave. She said they didn't have any blades and wouldn't go inside. They sat outside and he kept talking. The more he talked, the more frightened she became. He kept telling her Lyle wouldn't be back. Finally he left saying

he would go and look for Lyle. She went inside to get a hat for the baby. While there, she prayed and prayed that Lyle would come back.

Meanwhile, Lyle had searched everywhere for the horse without any luck. He stopped at a camp and they invited him to stay for lunch. He refused, saying he had this urgent feeling that he had better get back to his camp. He prayed that everything would be alright and hurried back as fast as he could. The stranger was coming back when Beulah looked up and saw Lyle coming. She was really relieved and thankful to see him coming. The stranger left as soon as Lyle got there and didn't come back. Beulah went back to the valley with Joseph Anderson and Lyle stayed to bring the sheep down for the winter.

They sold the sheep that fall and bought a forty acre farm with their share. The farm had a small two-room log cabin on it but no water, sheds or electricity. That winter they hauled their drinking water in a 20-gallon can. They drilled a well in the spring and pumped the water by hand. He built straw sheds for their cow and horses.

Ival, Zina and Ardelle were born in the little log cabin. Lyle and Beulah worked hard on the farm and tried to do most of their own work. Lyle hauled loads of potatoes and piled them on the sunny side of the house so Beulah could cut them while the baby slept. They thinned and hoed their own beets, cut and raked their hay. Lyle's brother, Marvin, bought the farm joining theirs on the east. He and Lyle exchanged work in the hay and grain.

They started building their new home in June 1928. They slept in tents in the front yard, cooked and ate outside. The telephone and electric lines were brought down to the four families on the block and they piped water into the house.

Arias was born in the new home on April 10, 1929. He contracted diphtheria when he was only three years old. It affected his heart and he passed away April 25, 1932. Beulah said Arias was in her lap and he reached up, put his arms around her neck and said, I love you, then he passed away. Darlene was born three months later on July 25, 1932.

Lyle was called as Bishop of the Ammon Ward on December 29, 1929. An article in the paper said the following: Lyle M. Anderson was sustained as Bishop with Wallace Wadsworth as 1st Counselor and LaVar Gardner as 2nd Counselor, to take charge of affairs Jan. 1, 1930. They were ordained and set apart Feb 9, 1930.

He was ordained a High Priest and set apart as Bishop by Stephen L. Richards February 9, 1930. He served almost six years and was released in December 29, 1935. While he was Bishop, he organized a memorable ward campout in Yellowstone Park.

Everyone camped in tents, cooked on campfires, played games and watched the rangers feed the bears. Also, he felt the Ward building needed a recreation hall, so an addition was built on the north side of the church building, with a recreation hall in the upstairs and baptismal font and classrooms below.

In May 1933, his father passed away. His mother passed away June 25, 1940.

On December 1, 1935 Joyce was born. While Beulah was in the hospital with the new baby, he was released as Bishop of the ward. Joseph Fielding Smith ordained him a Stake High Councilman December 10, 1935.

On July 13, 1938, they were blessed with another baby boy, Lyle Ray. When he was nine weeks old, Beulah was seriously injured in an accident, with a broken hip and multiple pelvis fractures. She was in the hospital for five weeks, in bed for nine weeks and on crutches for four months, but was healed through the faith and prayers of family and friends.

Two years after her accident their ninth child, Valerie Kay was born on December 20, 1940. This was a miracle birth since doctors had said she would never be able to deliver another baby. After a blessing in the Logan temple by President Quinney she was able to have a normal delivery.

He had a deep sense of civic duty and responsibility. He was elected County Commissioner in 1938 and served continuously



Back row: Darlene, LaRue, Ardelle, Zina Front row: Lyle Ray, Lyle, Beulah, Joyce, Ival, Valerie

until 1944. In 1946, he was elected State Representative for Bonneville County. While a member of the legislature, he served with distinction and honor.

He also served on school boards as a director, President of the irrigation district, President of the Farm Bureau and a director of the First Federal Savings and Loan Assn. He was councilman with the Teton Peak Council of the Boy scouts of America for more than 20 years.

On February 8, 1950, he spent an evening at the Idaho Falls Temple with Beulah. They later stopped at a basketball game at Ammon High School. He didn't feel well the morning of the 9th, but went out to milk the cows and take care of his responsibilities. After about 1/2 hour he came back in the house and was in terrible pain. He got into bed and Beulah called Dr. Wendell Nielsen and also Bishop Judy. Bishop Judy and an Elder administered to him and it made him feel better for a while.

After Dr. Nielsen got there, he told Daddy he was going to have to take it easy for a while. He didn't like that, as he had always been so active. Valerie remembers him saying 'If it is my time to go, please don't hold me back.' As the Doctor turned to put his instruments back in his bag, Daddy had a heart attack. Dr. Nielsen told Mother to call an ambulance. The ambulance took quite a while to get there and evidently he passed away on the way to the hospital. He was only 52 years old and was greatly missed by everyone. We loved him very much. He will be remembered as an influence for good in many lives.

Hattie Beulah Singley

Mother of Darlene Anderson

It was in the early part of the 18th century that a group of German people living along the Rhine River broke away from the Catholic Church and joined with Martin Luther and his group of people. The Lutherans were persecuted and harassed so much



Hattie Beulah Singley

they planned to come to the newly discovered land of America. The only way to do this was to obtain a land grant from the King of England. It was granted to them because England wanted settlers for the new land so they could acquire a bigger hold in the new America. Among this group from Germany was a family of Singley's.

Dad and Mother Singley were converts to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints [Mormon] in 1899. They had two small children at the time, Exie & Ethel. They were both Baptists before they joined the Mormon Church. As there was no Mormon Church near their home, they continued to go to the Baptist Church and took their children to Sunday school.

I would like to tell you a little bit about my Mother, Laura Jane McClure. She was a sweet, beautiful, loving, hard working woman. No one ever heard her complain about anything. She was very quiet and reserved, very sensitive and good hearted and very understanding. She was an excellent cook and the missionaries loved her southern fried chicken and hot biscuits.

She use to do lots of work. She had twelve children and nine of us were at home at one time. She had to churn her own butter in a big crock churn. They had to churn every day to get the

butter and then we all drank buttermilk. She would save the morning and night milk and put it in the churn and the next day she would make the butter. When the missionaries came, she would always save enough sweet milk out so they could have some to drink. We would have liked to have some sweet milk too, but it all went to the missionaries... but we were glad when they came.

The Mormon missionaries visited the family as often as they could. They liked to come to our place. They loved Dad- and thought he was a wonderful man. He was very reserved and he was kind to everyone that came along. He never turned anyone down and was jolly and considerate of everyone. Due to the bitterness of some of the people toward the Mormons, the missionaries were barred from Butts County. They came in at night and visited the few Saints there. They were in contact with the church at all times and there was no trouble.

In December 1911, we moved to Buchanan, Georgia, where there was a Branch of the Church. We had only lived there about six months when our little frame church was burned to the ground. It was burned during a debate between a Mormon Missionary and a Baptist Minister. The Elder was the best debater, which stirred up a resentment toward the church, so they set fire to the Chapel.

The Mission Headquarters and a new church of concrete was started immediately. The church had to be guarded day and night as someone threatened to dynamite it. All the Saints, about eight families, received letters of warning to move out of the county or be burned out. All Mormon children were barred from the county school nearby. When the church was finished, President Callis sent a missionary to teach school in the church. We had a much better school and were much happier. President Callis advised everyone to stay on their farms and ignore the letters.

While we lived there, the missionaries stayed in each of the saint's place for a week, if they could take care of them. Some of the homes didn't have room for the missionaries and some of them weren't very good cooks, so they would come back

to our place where they knew they could get good food. It was a good advantage to us and we enjoyed having them there. There were nine of us in the family by then.

Carson was out cultivating cotton and we had bees by the peach tree and a bee stung the horse. The horse jumped and his nose hit the beehive and knocked it off. The horse started to run away and Mother came out. She saw what had happened and she ran out to try and stop the horse. The bees just swarmed on her hair and her head and stung her all over her head. She nearly went crazy and we thought she was going to die. We had the missionaries come over and administer to her. They thought she was going to die also, but she got along okay. She use to have terrible headaches and they were so bad, we thought she would never live. She used to take dish towels and tie around her head so tight. We would have to do the cooking and it worried us nearly to death. She seemed to come out of it each time.

We raised cotton, corn, sugar cane, sweet potatoes, peanuts, [watermelons and cantaloupes for our own use.] We had a nice family orchard of apples, peaches, plums and concord grapes. Mother used to put up a lot of fruit. We had a lot of huckleberries on our farm. Lois and I would go out and pick about 10 or 12 gallons of huckleberries. We had blackberries and wild cherry trees on our farm.

We chopped and hoed cotton and when the peanuts got ripe, Dad would go out and plow the peanuts up and we had to go behind him and put them upside down to let the peanuts be on the top on the vine. They would dry a few days before we could haul them in to our bin. Later he would invite our neighbors to come in and help us pick them off the vines. We would then make peanut brittle and have a lot of fun being together and doing things like that.

Exie and Ethel were older than I was. Exie did a lot of outside work and she was picking cotton one day. Carson had killed a great long snake and I thought I was being smart, so I picked up the snake and dangled it over her shoulders. She saw the

snake and raced around and then it went around her neck. She screamed and yelled and ran. It scared me to death; I thought I had done something terrible.

In 1916, Exie was 20 and Ethel 18 and were nearing the marriageable age. Dad decided to move his family out West to raise them among the Mormon people and where there were some LDS fellows to date. He thought they should marry in the Temple. He talked to President Callis about it. He thought it was a good idea and to make the move as soon as possible.

In September 1916, Dad left for Idaho. He stopped in Bancroft, Idaho to see a former missionary. He worked for him stacking hay for about three weeks. Not being use to that kind of work, it was pretty hard for him. He didn't complain and did as much or more than any of the others. This was on the Asa Call farm. He decided to go to Idaho Falls and look up another missionary, Elder Leonard G. Ball. He was Bishop of the Ammon Ward at that time. Bishop Ball needed a man at that time, so offered him \$40.00 a month, a 4 room house and a milk cow. He also loaned him money to furnish the house. He wrote and told Mother to sell the farm and come out as soon as possible. He was getting pretty homesick.

Mother, with the help of the children old enough to work, harvested our crop of cotton and corn and sold the farm and everything we could. The rest we gave away. We left for Idaho on December 16, 1916. President Callis arranged for us to go on the train with a group of missionaries who were returning home from their mission. Dad met us in Salt Lake on the 19th. Elder Belnap lived in Ogden and met us in Salt Lake. He was one of the teachers that taught us in Georgia and he was happy to see us. One of the Elders lived close to the Salt Lake Temple and made arrangements for Mother to get material and make all of us clothes to get ready to go through the temple and be sealed to our parents. Dad, Mother and Exie went through the Temple the next day, December 20, 1916 and received their endowments. The nine of us were sealed to our parents. It was a wonderful

experience, a day to remember.

We arrived in Idaho Falls December 23, 1916. I was 13 years old at the time. Bishop Ball was at the train depot to meet us. It was cold and snowing. Sister Ball had a nice dinner ready for us and then we went to our new home two miles away.

That winter was one to remember. More snow fell that winter than ever before or since. Snowdrifts were 15 and 20 feet high in the roads. Snowplows were unheard of, so people had to go through fields and over fences to get to a store or to school in sleighs. We walked 2 miles to school until the snow got too deep. Bishop Ball rigged up a sleigh for us and let us take his saddle pony to pull it. We had such terrible blizzards; school was closed for weeks at a time.

There was so much snow in the hills, it forced the rabbits down to the farms for food. It was quite a sight to see thousands of white rabbits in the fields where sheep were being fed. They got so thick and were eating so much hay; the farmers had rabbit drives and killed them off.

I attended school in Stark & Buchanan, Georgia, Ammon and Idaho Falls High School. I liked all sports. I played on the main team of the girls Basketball in Ammon and Idaho Falls High. I won the championship in the single and double tennis tournament in Ammon in 1919. I loved to play baseball and was a substitute on the men's team. I became good enough to play with the boys and men. Whenever I played, I would have to take Fred along and set him by the wayside to watch. Every few minutes, I would have to go over and set him down. The men in our community organized a baseball team, so they called for me whenever they ran short of players. I became a regular player and could play just as good as anyone.

I didn't know Lyle Anderson very well as he was 6 years older than I was. He went out with my sister Ethel and wrote to her while he was on his mission. I remember when I was small that he was long and lanky. He went to California and went to a mechanical school with Lew Hammer and Russell Everett from Ammon and then went on his mission.

I was 17 years old when he returned from a two-year mission in the East Central States Mission in April 1921. We were at a dance and everybody was 'swooning' over him and wanted to meet him so bad. When he came to the dance, I was swooning too and he came over and asked me if I would dance with him. He hadn't danced in a long time. I told him 'yes I would'. He wanted to know if he could take me home, but I said no, I had come to the dance with someone else. Then he wanted to know if he could take me out the next night, but I said no, I had a date. So he wanted to know if he could take me out Sunday night and I told him yes, I would go to church with him. That was it, from then on I was in love.

Apostle George F. Richards married me to Lyle Marion Anderson in the Salt Lake Temple the 23rd of December 1921. He was working then in the Ammon Grocery store when we moved into a two room house a half block away that was owned by his father.

Lyle's father was on a mission in New Zealand, but returned home in June.

Our first baby, a girl, was born October 1, 1922. We named her LaRue. In the fall of 1922, Lyle and his father bought a herd of sheep together. When the baby was 6 weeks old, we moved into a sheep camp. We fed sheep on different farms that winter and lambled them out in the spring. The first of May, we took the sheep out on the range in the mountains. Lyle's wages went toward paying for our share of the sheep. Each year we kept our good ewe lambs, sold our rams and old ewes. We built up a nice large herd. We bought and leased some of our sheep range.

In the fall of 1923, we bought a 40-acre farm, with a small 2-room log cabin on it, with no sheds, well or electricity. That winter we hauled our drinking water in a 20-gallon can. We carried water from the canal on the line of our property



Lyle and Hattie

to wash with. We had kerosene oil lamps for light. We bought us a gas lamp which gave us more light. I had to do my washing on a washboard, heat the water on my cook stove and boil my clothes to sterilize and get them clean. We had a well drilled in the spring. As we had no electricity, we had to pump our water with a hand pump. Lyle built straw sheds for our cow and horses.

Lyle was appointed as Bishop of the Ammon Ward on December 29, 1929. He was ordained a High Priest and set apart as Bishop by Stephen L. Richards on February 9, 1930. He served almost 6 years as Bishop. He was a good Bishop and everyone hated to see him released. He was released December 8, 1935 while I was in the hospital with Joyce. Joyce and Darlene were the only ones born while he was Bishop.

On July 13, 1938, we were blessed with our 8th child, 3rd son, Lyle Ray. He came a little early and was a small baby and very thin. When he was 9 weeks old, I was in a serious accident. I had my left hip broken, the ball was knocked through the socket and broken off and laying 1 1/2" above the bone. The pelvis bone was broken in several pieces. I was driving a new Lincoln Zephyr car. A car driven by a Rosskelly boy from Richmond, Utah hit me while driving about 80 miles an hour. I was in the intersection of the Highway on John Empey corner. I was rushed to the hospital and X-Rays were taken. Nothing could be done for me, so they put sand bags around my leg and left it up to nature and the Lord.

Through the power of the Priesthood and the faith and prayers of the family, I was permitted to live and take care of my family. I was told I would never walk or sit up again. I spent nearly 3 months flat on my back and several months on crutches. Lyle worked with me each day by putting a pillow under my back so I could get into a sitting position. It took a long time, but through my faith and after many blessings and prayers, I was able to walk again. The doctors thought it was a miracle and I later gave birth to another baby, which they thought would be impossible.

We worked in the Temple the night of the 8th

of February 1950. We got out early and stopped in Ammon on our way home and watched a basketball game.

I had a depressed feeling all night. I prayed and prayed that night that everything would be alright and this feeling would leave me. At 6:00 AM the next morning Lyle didn't feel good and I tried to get him to stay in bed and I would get the kids up and we would go out and do the milking. We had milking machines, but he said no, he wouldn't let me go out in the cold and do that. He said he felt better than he had for a long time. He came back in the house in about a half hour and was in terrible pain. I got him undressed and to bed and called Doctor Wendell Nielsen from Idaho Falls and also called Bishop Judy. Bishop Judy and an Elder came and administered to him. When the Doctor came, they left.

The Doctor gave him a shot and we put hot water bottles around him to get him warm. The Doctor was ready to leave, when he started to turn blue. I said, Oh, Dr. Nielsen, look...something is wrong. He looked and he was turning blue. He told me to call an Ambulance, which I did. He then gave him a shot over the heart.

The ambulance was there in a few minutes and they rushed him to the hospital, but it was too late. Ardelle & Lyle were living in a trailer in our yard and I went out and got them. We got dressed and stopped by the school house and picked up Lyle Ray, as he was the only one that went to school that morning. When we got to the hospital, it was too late.

It was awful...I can't tell you how awful it was. He slipped away so quick. The undertaker met me in the hall and said he was gone. He took me in his arms and told me how sorry he was. They didn't have any oxygen in the ambulance and couldn't administer that to him. I

can't understand why, guess it was his time to go. It was such a shock; it was hard to believe he could slip out of our lives so quick. LaRue, Ival, Zina and Ardelle were married. The 4 younger ones were still in school; Darlene, Joyce, Lyle Ray and Valerie.

Beings as Ardelle and Lyle were living there, Lyle took over the farm. We were milking about 35 cows. I went to work in a furniture store in Idaho Falls. Ardelle was working for Orange Transportation, so we drove in together.

I sold our Dry Farm and bought a home in Idaho Falls, 176 E. 19th St. We moved the first of August 1950.

I quit work and decided to go to Business College. I took typing, shorthand and bookkeeping. I took a three-hour class twice a week for months and got a job in the Beneficial Life Insurance Co with Mr. Greenwood. He said there wasn't much to do and very little dictation to take. He would give it slow, so I could learn as I worked. The third day I was there, he had been out playing golf. When he got home, he sat down and had a heart attack. He called for help, but before they got there, he was dead. His wife was in Salt Lake City at the time.

I ran the office for a week until they got another agent. Ralph Hill from Spokane, Washington filled the vacancy. He had so much business of his own to take care of, besides the insurance, I couldn't take dictation fast enough, and so I told him to get someone else.

I started baby sitting until I met Erwin Coy from Rochester, New York. We met in July 1953

and were married November 5, 1954. I worked in the Temple up to the time we were married and was released when we moved to Long Beach, California.

Erwin was a convert to the church. He worked his way through the Priesthood and was made an Elder January 16, 1955 by President Cecil Hart. He went through the



Back row: Ardelle, Joyce, Lyle Ray, Zina, LaRue, Darlene; Front Row: Ival, Valerie, Beulah

Idaho Falls Temple January 19, 1955 and received his endowments. I went through for his wife the same day and they were sealed for Eternity and their little girl, Virginia was sealed to them. Darlene was proxy for her.

I sold my home in Idaho Falls in May 1955. I sold the farm in Ammon to Delmar Anderson. Lyle and I had bought a house and a 40-acre farm from Gordon Anderson in 1945. I sold that to Bishop Thompson from Idaho Falls.

We bought two apartment houses in Long Beach in 1955. We bought us a new home in Costa Mesa, California and moved in January 29, 1961.

Further information...

Ardelle and Lyle and family had lived in Phoenix for 5 or 6 years and liked it there, so Dad Coy and Mother started to make plans for one last move and they made a proposal to Lyle & Ardelle if they would build a new home with a connecting home for them with a bedroom, kitchen, living room and bath. Then if they needed a little help in their last few years they would be by someone in the family. They finally found a lot and were able to build the home. The home was finished in October 1977. They sold the mobile home and moved December 15th to 15211 No. 23rd Ave, Phoenix, AZ. The home was very comfortable for them and they were able to plant fruit trees and a garden.

On March 16, 1984, while working in the kitchen, Mother fell and her leg was broken. There were 4 major breaks and many splinters. She was operated on and they used 17 screws. She was in the hospital over 4 weeks. She then went to a different hospital for therapy and it was there they found she had a heart condition and spent 8 more days getting X-Rays, heart scans, etc. She stayed in the hospital 4 or 5 more weeks and claimed she had heart failure, kidney problems, lung and respiratory failure. She kept getting weaker and the Doctor agreed she would be better off at home as she wasn't doing well in the hospital. She was happier at home and lived 14 more weeks there.

Mother died in the hospital in Phoenix, Arizona

August 16, 1984. When she called out Dad. We knew he was there to get her.

3

MARVIN JOSEPH ANDERSON

Early Life

Written by Alton Anderson

Marvin was born in Mantua, Utah on August 7, 1893. Marvin and Lyle were born in Mantua before the family moved to Ammon in 1897. Joseph, Marvin's father, was a sheep man. Joseph's older brother, Christian, who was also a sheep man, had moved to Ammon in 1895. He advised Joseph to come because of the available farm land and sheep range.

Joseph worked for his brother in the sheep business for about two years, taking his pay in sheep. He homesteaded a farm southeast of Ammon where Township and Crowley meet (where the substation now stands), near the foothills. He established grazing rights from the foothills east to the National Forest and the Wyoming line. During most of his life in Ammon he ran up to four herds of sheep. Much of this grazing land was passed on to Marvin, Lyle, and Justin.

Joseph was called on a mission to the Norwegian mission, which included Denmark. He left on May 26, 1903 and returned March 14, 1905. He left his wife with four young children- Marvin age 10, Lyle age 6, Lillie age 4, and Floyd age 2.

I remember Marvin (dad) telling me his father had two herds of sheep which he sold and put the money in the bank. A sum (I think it was \$50) was sent to him each month in the mission field, and a like amount was given to his wife for the family living. She and the boys were to run the farm, storing the hay and grain until needed. They had a hard time, but had help from neighbors and friends. Dad said one time his mother heard a noise at night. She went out and found a half of a beef

hanging on the porch. Someone had quietly made sure she and the children had enough to eat. There was fresh snow on the ground so she had dad get his horse and follow the tracks. Just as daylight was breaking, he followed the tracks to Abe Day's barn.

When Joseph returned from his mission, the price of sheep was down so he purchased two herds of sheep with the money still in the bank. The family had lived; he had served a mission, and again had the same number of sheep and the feed for them. Surely the Lord had blessed them.

Dad (Marvin) had a sense of humor and had to be watched for practical jokes. I remember him telling of a trick he pulled when dating mother. They were double dating in a buggy with their friends Frank Field and Suretta Empey. Frank and Suretta were in the back seat and as they drove home, dad had his arm around mother, on the back of the front seat. A couple of times he dropped that hand down (in the dark) and squeezed Suretta's knee. This would cause an instant reaction. When the girls had been taken home, dad asked Frank how he liked his new girlfriend. Frank said that was his last date with her. Dad asked him why, and he said she must be crazy because she kept slapping him for no reason at all. Dad might have been the only one who thought it was funny because mother always got mad when he told about it. (Frank and Suretta got married later.)

Mother and dad were engaged when he left on his mission to the Eastern States on October 9, 1912. She, her parents, and his mother met him in Salt Lake City on his return and they were married November 20, 1914. Dad loved to tease mother that she didn't dare let him get home first.

Dad drove a team of horses and scraper to help dig the basement for the new church the fall of 1912 before leaving for his mission. When he returned, it was finished and dedicated.

Joseph was called on a second mission on February 14, 1920. This time he was called to New Zealand, where he worked with the Maori people. He returned June 2, 1922. At the time he had a son, Lyle, on a mission in the Eastern States (1919-

1921). He sold the sheep again and banked the money before leaving the family to run the farm. Lyle finished his mission in 1921. He returned home and married. He and Beulah lived with grandma Anderson until grandpa returned.

Grandpa later filled another mission. This time for six months in Sacramento, California.

During the early years on the farm, we worked on the canal in early spring with a team and slip scraper to pay the taxes (water). Dad took several small contracts with the County to haul gravel on the local roads. He would hire several neighbors with teams and wagons to haul the gravel from the pit 1 1/2 miles west, by the sand hills. The wagons would be pulled under a scaffold and a team and scraper would draw the gravel up over the trap where it was dumped into the wagon. The wagons had removable floors made from boards about 2" x 6" or "2 x 8's" about 3 feet to 4 feet long. These were pried up one at a time, and the wagon moved along to spread the gravel. I well remember when they did Crowley Road from Charley Tawser's to John Empey's corner (Sunnyside Road). This work was usually done in late spring, during the lull between planting and before the first crop of hay was ready to cut.

As farming became more mechanized, dad helped pay for his equipment by doing custom work for neighbors and cutting grain with the binder, trucking beets and spuds, and later trucking lambs and sheep to market, or vice versa. He added small farm flocks to his summer sheep herds for several neighbors as his father had done for him. As his boys grew old enough to help, and tractors came into farm use, dad rented more farm ground. He bought much of his Fall and Winter sheep feed (fields to feed, hay and oats) from his neighbors, and was always known for his honesty and fairness. Dad was known for his generosity to a good cause: church, scouts, Relief Society.

Haying and thrashing usually meant trading work. Haying was usually done with Uncle Lyle or Justin. Two teams and wagons worked well. Both wagons were loaded and taken to the stack-



Shocked wheat and binder on Taylor Mt.

yard then stacked by Jackson-fork and derrick. Two men pitching it on the wagon and one (or a boy) loading it. At the stack yard, one of the men stacked (usually the owner), one ran the Jackson-fork, and the boy drove the derrick horse. This was before baling became popular. When more hay was involved, another method was used. I remember grandpa Anderson using this method. Slips were used to move the hay.

A slip was made of 1"x12" rough cut lumber about 8' wide by 10' or 12' long. A net of hardwood spreaders and chains joined in the center by a clasp which could be tripped by pulling on a long rope was laid out on the slip and the hay loaded on top of it. The derrick used in this method had to be strong and usually quite tall. The ends of the net were hooked to the derrick cable and pulley so that as the team pulled the cable out away from the derrick, the hay was forced into a long roll and swung up on the stack. The long rope had to be snapped to the trip chain so that the net could be tripped when the stacker signaled. A

crew for this method usually included two pitchers to load the slips, three or four slips (according to how far the hay had to be moved) with teams and drivers, a stacker, a derrick man, and a team and driver to swing the hay up. Both of these methods made for good tight stacks of hay which cured and kept well if done properly.

Harvesting grain started with the cutting. A horse drawn binder cut the grain and tied it in bundles about 12" to 20" around. These dropped into a carrier which was tripped (dumped) at intervals. The bundles then had to be shocked (stacked) with the grain end up. There were 10 to 20 bundles to a shock. They were allowed to dry before threshing. Everyone prayed for no rain



Bill Bingham thrash machine

during this period of time. Ed and Bill Bingham had a threshing machine that serviced our whole area. It consisted of a large separator (thresher) powered by a large iron wheeled steam engine, via a large flywheel (36"-40" in diameter) and a long endless belt 50'-60' long. The engine was coal fired and a water wagon with a 300 to 400 gallon tank supplied the water. Water was pumped from the canal or irrigation ditch with a double acting hand pump mounted on the top of the tank with a long hose about the size of a large fire hose. Mr. Bingham seldom had to fill the water tank, as he would make a deal with the boys; If you filled the tank you could blow the steam whistle. This whistle was blown 1/2 hour before the machine started in the morning and at quitting time at night. I couldn't wait to be old enough to work on the threshing crew. The noon meal was some thing to remember. If they were threshing your grain at noon, you furnished the meal. The women worked together on it and always tried to outdo each other. Twelve to fifteen men would be fed a big meal and be back at work in one hour. It was like Thanksgiving Day every day. Each one with different cooks.

Our home was a two room log house. It was well built on a little hill with a good gabled roof and solid floor. Storm water drained away on all sides. It had lath and plaster walls and two windows in each room for cross ventilation. I only remember one outside door. The smaller room (on the west end) was the bedroom and the east room was everything else. The privy was about 40 yards to the east. The well was 20 to 30 yards northeast, and the cattle sheds and granary were beyond that.

The root cellar was our answer to refrigeration. It was dug near the irrigation ditch so it could be kept moist. Some years dad cut and hauled ice from the Snake River and stored it in the potato cellar covered with straw or sawdust. This would last well into the hot weather, until the 24th of July holiday if we were lucky. I remember our making root beer and bottling it so it could age. We had a gadget to press the lids on to seal it or it could be put in a fruit jar. Sometimes one would explode as it aged.

Homemade ice cream was a treat when we had ice or snow. The chimney was on the east end of the house, with the coal and wood cook stove near it. This was our only heat. There was just enough room behind it for a cold and wet child to stand and get warm from all sides at once. How I loved to do that.

Being the oldest boy meant I was responsible for a full wood box and water bucket. Sometimes this seemed like a full-time job, especially on wash day. The stove had a reservoir which would hold four to five gallons of warm to hot water, and there was usually a one gallon tea kettle on the stove. A galvanized metal tub was added (holding 5 to 10 gallons) to those on wash day or bath day. Sometimes a ten gallon boiler was used also.

Our first light was kerosene lamps. Anyone who has tried to work or read by this light knows why we went to bed early. When the pressurized gas lights (Aladdin or Coleman) became available, it was like heaven. You could read clear across the room. By that time I was in school and trying to learn to read. This would have been about 1926 or 1927. We got electricity in the Summer or Fall of 1928.

I don't remember our first car, but I do remember how mother and dad argued about the fact that we couldn't afford one. I remember going with Grandpa Anderson to the sheep herds with supplies in his Dodge sedan. He died in 1933 so it was before that. The most powerful gear was



Alton Marvin and Flora working the sheep

reverse, and on some hills he would have to back up. With electricity and automobiles, our life began to get easier. The first electricity in Ammon was provided when the church house was built in 1913. It was 15 more years before it came to our home, which was still log.

While grandpa was on his second full time mission (1920-1922), there were no herds of sheep to care for in the winter, so to make some money dad would get cedar wood from the "Lavas" west of Idaho Falls. It could be sold for \$3 a load (about the same price as coal) because it made excellent firewood. This was cold, hard work. It took three days to get it and was somewhat dangerous, as they had to make a trail over the large rocks in the Lavas. This was done after there was plenty of snow. The first day was spent getting there. The second day, the wood was located, cut by ax or hand saw, snaked out with the horses and loaded, and the third day was the return trip and unloading. Two teams and sleighs traveled together in case of trouble, one man driving each. The driver walked ahead of his team much of the time to keep warm. Snow had to be melted for water for both men and horses. When conditions were right, you could make two trips in a week and have Sunday at home if he hired a friend to drive the second team and help; the friend got \$2, dad got \$2, and grandma got \$2 for the teams and sleighs per trip or \$4 a week. There was a limited market as cash was scarce for most people, but several trips per year were made. February of 1922 (when I was one year old), dad contracted typhoid fever after hauling cedar wood. The doctor guessed he had drunk contaminated water (melted snow.) He was very sick and just when they were afraid he wouldn't make it, his body broke out in abscesses. Mother said you couldn't place a quarter on him anywhere without touching an abscess. Even in his hair and face. When they came to a head and broke, the puss drained the poison from his body and he recovered without scars. Grandpa returned from New Zealand in June 1922, so things were easier for the whole family.

Soon after dad returned from his mission and

got married (1914), homesteading of rangeland started east of Ammon. Dad and mother took a homestead of 640 acres southeast of the lower crossing of Hell Creek (Jumpoff Mountain.) This was next to grandpa's rangeland and he agreed to buy it when they got title for it. Several of dad's cousins and friends did this, so the area was dotted with log homes for a few years. Being rangeland, you had to live there 150 days a year. Most couples had a few cows and chickens. The milk was separated and sour cream sold in Idaho Falls. They would take turns making the trip to Idaho Falls by buggy or wagon each week, taking everyone's cream and eggs to market and bringing back any needed supplies and mail. Many of the men had other jobs, so the wife and kids lived pretty much alone for that 5 months. During the 1940's I remember driving up Hell and Dan Creeks with dad (on our way to the late Summer range on Lava Creek and "Castle Rock") and he would point out where each homestead cabin had stood. It was hard for me to visualize, as not one thing remained to show there had ever been homes there.

Eventually dad sold the homestead to grandpa Anderson and that money paid for a new house on the farm. A pre-cut (Capp) cedar home was ordered out of Oregon. It was shipped by rail and the rail car was put on the siding by the beet dump (1/2 mile east of Ammon.) From there, dad hauled and stacked it on the farm, ready for use. Dad hired an old bachelor carpenter (Mr. Freece), who lived somewhere south and west in the Hackman or Dewey area. The two of them worked all Summer of 1929 building it, and what luxury. It had a full basement, two bedrooms, bath, dining room, living room and kitchen. There was enough materials left to add a large porch on the back (enclosed) and front (open). At first our heat was from a potbellied stove in the dining room, but a note in dad's journal on February 2, 1946, indicates we had enjoyed a new furnace and coal stoker that winter for the first time. That was the winter our new high school burned down. Only one small building remained, so most classes were held in the church or town (rec)

hall. Ammon was governed (both town and church) by progressive men and the school was immediately rebuilt, although the depression was on and living was hard. This was the first of government (WPA or PWA) jobs in our area.

Bonding

There is a lot of talk about bonding to your parents and family now by psychologists in an attempt to explain broken homes and unhappy families. In their own way, I think they are saying we all need to love and be loved. I don't ever remember not feeling love at home. I realized my mom and dad worked very hard to provide the things we needed, and everyone in the family was a team. It took the best from each of us to make it work.

After we had moved into our new frame house (1929), a typical day would start like this. Dad got up first and dressed. Then he woke me, and as I dressed he made the fire in the kitchen stove. Mother was up by then and took over in the kitchen while dad and I went out to do chores. The livestock needed to be fed and watered and the cows milked. By the time we finished, the others were up and breakfast was ready. It made me feel good to be old enough to help with the "man work", but I was anxious for my little brothers to get old enough too. In the winter, much of this work was done before daylight as dad had to be at work by 7:00 a.m., and we had to be ready for the school bus (or sleigh.)

As we grew older, we were taught to work in the fields. Every farmer had some sugar beets and potatoes that needed thinning and weeding. During the depression years, sugar beets were lifesavers for most small farmers. The sugar company would sign contracts with the farmer. They supplied the seed and planters and advanced money for the hand work at so much per acre. When the crop was delivered, this was deducted from the check. The price per ton was set in advance, so you knew about what you could earn per acre. Thinning was done with a short handled hoe, so you were bent over all the time. Dad usually had 5 to 10 acres, which we (dad, Marcine and I)

did. Thinning started in May, followed by at least 2 hoeings. The price paid for this work changed over the years. I remember getting as little as \$3 per acre for thinning and \$1 for each hoeing to as much as \$5 for thinning, \$3 for the first hoeing and \$2 for the second hoeing. This was set by the company. Dad always gave us what money we earned doing this, and it taught us to use money wisely, as it didn't come easily. The beets also had to be topped by hand, but this interfered with school in the fall and was heavier work, so dad always hired it done. School vacation was spent getting the potatoes harvested, which always included the whole family, plus some hired help. This was always completed before beet harvest started. Marcine and I picked spuds together and made a good team. I did most of the work and she kept me going. Ha! Ha! (Our private joke.)

About 1935 (I was 14 and in the 8th grade,) I was invited to join Marcine, Paul Curtis, Warron "Chum" Denning and Ed Denning in a joint venture. We contracted the beet work for several neighbors, except for the topping. By this time Marcine and I had worked for several neighbors, so it sounded good to us. Marcine, Paul and Chum were the oldest (sophomores), Ed and I were 2 years behind, but Ed was about a year older than me. Marcine and I did dad's beets first, and then joined with the group to do Azer Empey's (he had about 20 acres) and others. It was a working group, with everyone doing his share. We soon learned that doing our best job was important, because if we missed a weed while thinning, it would still be



Mean bull

there when we came back hoeing. The boss always seemed pleased with our work, and we were invited back the next year. By working hard, we could make at least twice as much as a man's day wages and for school kids that was great.

When Marcine and I worked alone, we would get out into the field about 5:00 a.m. (no daylight saving ti me) and work about 3 hours before stopping for breakfast. Then we were back at it until about 1:00 p.m. We would take about 1 1/2 hours for noon, and then back until 5:30 or 6:00. After chores and supper, we would get another hour or so until dark. Dad was usually with us during those extra hours - early and late and what work he did was donated toward our paycheck. He let us know that he was proud of the fact that we enjoyed hard work and could be depended on to do our best.

With the seed that was used at that time and the way they were planted, only the very hardest working young men could thin an acre of beets every day. We could average about .8 acre each. I remember when I earned the money for my first bicycle. It was Montgomery Ward's best and cost \$7. I worked from daylight till dark two days and got my 2 acres and \$3.50 per acre. The folks were as proud as I was. At the time, dad was renting land 1/2 miles east and the beet field was between the canals north of Heath's house (our house now.)

While I was in high school, I took Ag classes every year. One of my FFA projects was to rent land from dad and raise sugar beets. I had the 6 acres directly north of the corrals and had a very good crop. This was 1938. In the early Fall (about late September or early October Marvin was badly hurt in an auto mobile accident while riding with Aunt Beulah. He was unconscious for a long time and wasn't expected to live. But Dr. Mellor wouldn't give up. Marvin's head had been crushed. Dr. Mellor said every bone in his head had been crushed. He had to reshape it with his hands.

When I was about 10 dad and I had been milking in the morning. He had a bucket full of milk in each hand. I had one bucket of milk. We had started to the house to separate the milk. We

had raised or maybe borrowed a Holstein bull with a ring in its nose and about 8 foot of small chain dragging on it. As we walked toward the house the bull got out and came up behind us. I think he felt that we were carrying buckets of grain. Anyway he walked up behind dad and kept pushing him with his nose almost knocking dad over. Dad got tired of it, set the buckets down, grabbed the chain and whacked the bull with the loose end. The bull instantly knocked dad down. Dad yelled for me to get in the granary and stay there. Fortunately it had been de-horned. Fritz our dog was there and dad yelled "Sick him Fritz!" Fritz took off on a dead run clear from the farthest point of our farm, where my house is now, (he had been chasing calves). I kept yelling "Here Fritz!" "Here Fritz!"

I would get out of the granary and yell and Dad would holler for me to stay in the shed. The bull would knock dad down again and push harder and put his head against dad's back or chest and mash them against the ground. Then he would put his nose under dad and roll him over. Finally Fritz got there with his tongue dragging. He took after the bull and bit him on the nose and hind legs and the bull was driven off. Dad was still conscious and I helped him to the house. It seems like we took him to the doctor but I'm not sure because dad was a hard man to get to the doctor. I will never forget how frightened I was and how hard I prayed. I don't remember anything more about the bull either. Maybe we returned him to someone.... and maybe we ate him.

My beloved mother's name is Flora Hammer Anderson. She truly was a royal lady. Mom was a beautiful woman with fine features in her face and hands. She always dressed like a lady and her hair was always beautifully done. When I look back now I wonder how she did it on a farm with six living children to take care of. There was always so much work that needed to be done. Tons of laundry, cooking for eight of us in the house, sometimes cooking for hired hands, picking potatoes, thinning and topping beets, putting up hay, thrashing, etc. In those days the farm work was all done by hand

while the horses pulled plows, mower, wagons, etc. Her oldest living child, Marcine, and her youngest Shirley, were the only daughters she had, with four living sons between, so she didn't have a lot of help in the house. Marcine worked a lot in the fields before Merlin and Marvin were old enough to be much help.

Mom had very severe headaches most of the time when we were all young. I don't know for certain if the headaches got less as we left the nest, but it seems to me she had less of them in her later years. Mom also had a bad leg most of her life. She wore a special stocking as the bad leg caused her some pain and some handicap. It limited what she could do later in life. Mom was a great housekeeper. Her home was always clean. Things were always put away. She tried to teach us all to be tidy. Mom loved birds. She grew and sold canaries. I can remember them singing especially if there was music on the radio. She loved flowers. She always had a beautiful flower garden. It seems like they grew better for her than they do for me. I seem to have to work a lot harder at it than she did to get the same results.

What I Remember About My Mom & Dad

By Marvin J. Anderson

Mom and dad had a good way to train and raise us the way they thought would be best for us. I remember one Sunday morning after the chores, Merlin, Jarvis and I decided we didn't want to go to Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting that day so we made some plans which were; we would get mom to make a lunch for us and we would ride the ponies up and play all day in Rock Holler.

You always asked mom first, she was easier to sway our way, so we did, and good ole mom, the same old answer, "It's okay with me if it's okay with dad." Well, you know what dad said, "Yes, that would be fun and if you boys don't want to go to church services and want to play that can probably be arranged but we have a few more chores to get done first. With no church meetings interfering you will have time for the chores and Rock Holler also."

Boy, that sounded good to us so we asked "What are the chores?" Dad said, "First you boys can clean the chicken coop and put new straw in it. Then while you have the team hooked up you can put a load of straw in the loafing shed for the cows, and then you can break the new hay stack open and get a load of top hay for the horses and last but not least you put new straw in the pig furrowing sheds."

The more we boys thought about that, we told dad, "If it's okay with you we've decided we'd better go to church services." And of course good old dad said, "Well whatever you kids prefer." Yes we went to Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting. Right now I don't remember when we did get all of those chores done.

I remember Merlin liked to box and always beat the pudding out of me so when he got his fill, then I would take it out on little brother Jarvis. Jarvis would always go complaining to mother, poor mom, and when dad would come in the house, mom would tell him that all us kids did all morning was fight. So what do you think dad did? Back out by the barn on his three horse binder was a whip and he would get it off the binder and call Merlin and me over by it. He would say that he had been told that we had been fighting all day, so now is a good time to end it all, and his way to end it was to have us fight it out.

He would say, "Now you two fight it out." We would say that we didn't want to fight it out. We said that we didn't want to fight now, but he said, we did and he cracked his whip above us, so we fought. We soon stopped. The whip cracked again and again so we fought. I don't think he ever really hit us with the whip, but it was close enough that we thought it was hitting us. Finally we were so tired we just stood there and vowed that we had no more fight in us. And you know what dad said, still holding that whip?

"If I ever hear again that you boys are fighting when I'm not here, you know what you will get when I get home." Old dad had a pretty good patient way of getting us not to fight, around home anyway.

Dad seemed to be a man everyone trusted.

When he would contract his wool for his sheep, they never needed a written contract. His word was good.

PIONEER DAYS

By Jarvis Anderson

As I write about my father and mother I would like to first mention the things that they had to work with and live in. At the turn of the century horses were their most used power source. They used them to travel with and to work with. Mom often told the story of how the young men that came to date her would drive up to the house with a surrey, often a very nice one. Dad told of how he helped build the roads and canals with horses pulling a grader or scraper. He did this to help the community and to make a few dollars to pay the bills.

Dad used horses to do all of his farming work and to pull the sheep camp and other chores for a big part of his life. Dad also enjoyed trading horses and that bothered mother quite a bit because she was afraid that he would get cheated. However dad often got the better deal.

Even when I was growing up, dad took a great deal of pride in some of his horses, especially Old lady and a young foal that was pure white and was a pacer, a stallion. I learned a great deal about horses from my father and also loved them while I was growing up. Some of my best times as a youth were when we worked the sheep and I got to ride one of the horses. I, like the rest of my brothers, had one and my young horse was named Star because of a star on his forehead.

As youngsters I can still remember dad cultivating the potatoes and beets with horse drawn cultivators. Not too long before dad's death he bought a horse drawn hay mower, brand new, from John Deere even though he had a tractor one. It is still at Alton's place I think. He always thought that the time might come that we might have to go back to horses.

Mom told me about the time when they would have to bring the water in from the canal or ditch to wash the clothes. I remember her washing clothes on the back porch using the old Bendix washer and wringing them out with the wringer and when she got an electric one she thought she was really up town. How she would hate to carry the dirty water outside and throw it away. When we got old enough we helped her do that. Also how we used to bring the milk in after the chores and how she would strain it and then separate it and we would feed the skim milk to the pigs and she would keep the cream to take to town and sell so we could buy groceries. Some of the milk was saved and she would make cottage cheese on our old wood stove that sat in the kitchen. Boy was it good.

Another favorite treat of mine was homemade bread and milk with salt and pepper. We usually had that once a week. And how we would come home from school and have hot bread with peanut butter. Another part of our life was the big wood pile that we would build up during the summer. We would often bring a truck load of quaking asp from the mountains where the sheep were summering and then we would block it and pile it and during

my growing up years would store one basement room full so we would have some dry wood to burn during the winter.

Each day dad would make a fire in our kitchen stove so that the house would be warm when mom was dressing and then have a fire to cook breakfast. We had a wood box right by the stove and we kids would fill it for mom.



Marvin Anderson Family spud harvest 1949

Even when mom died she had a combination wood-electric stove that is probably still in their house.

When dad got a well on the farm it was the old rod type that just replaced the hand pump by pumping the rods with electricity instead of by hand; then as I was growing up we got a submersible pump that pulled water faster. Electricity did a lot for improving life on the farm. Especially in getting water and helping life in our home. I never knew different but the older kids did.

Automobiles and trucks also greatly improved life and the work on the farm. Dad liked tractors but never really enjoyed them to operate as much as he did his horses. When we got those things dad could run more ground and often did custom work to help make extra money. We boys would also make extra money as when we got done with the beet thinning and hoeing we would follow dad and thin and hoe the neighbors. Dad also would go around to the neighbors and bind the grain and we would shuck it and make a few dollars. I remember dad also running Grandma Anderson's farm that was a mile from our place but it was a mile closer to the store so not very often but occasionally we got to go there and get a cold pop.

I enjoyed going to the sheep with dad in his pickup because I got out of the field and also because he would have black licorice, the real thing you can't even buy now, or some white mints that I liked a lot. Dad was fun to be with; he would either slap me on the leg or tell a joke to keep the interest up while he drove. I also enjoyed being with the sheep herders because they were always fun and cooked very good meals.

Probably the highlight would be when dad and I and maybe one of my brothers would tend the sheep for a few days. We would see lots of sage hens, deer and occasionally an elk. We ate lots of game and always had fresh meat of some kind to eat. Dad would tell lots of stories about the early days also, about how some of the notorious bad guys used the mountains for their getaways.

Dad grew up in the mountains herding sheep for his father, and his friend and cousin Reuben,

herded close to him for his father Christian who was dad's uncle. Joseph and Christian came up from Mantua, Utah after they had worked long enough to each get a small band of sheep of their own. They were close friends and lived next to each other and ran sheep in the same area all of their lives.

Mom and dad spent a good part of their early life in log cabins. They knew the life of the pioneer both in Ammon and in the hills when they homesteaded on Dan Creek. But they enjoyed it because all of their friends were doing the same thing and that was the way to get ahead. When dad finally built the home in Ammon it was something that he and mother enjoyed a great deal as did all of my relatives when they would come and visit. Dad and mom were both hardworking, honest, fun loving people and they were fun to be with. Often as possible they went on fishing trips with my aunts and uncles and all of us cousins enjoyed each other a lot. Hell Creek, Dan Creek, Birch Creek, Medicine Lodge, Willow Creek, and then a special trip to Yellowstone Park; and the fishing was unbelievable most of the time. People now will never know how good the fishing was back then. We enjoyed our reunions; the Hammers, the Bartletts, the Andersons and Nielsens. They were good times and we were and are very proud of our Ancestors and their sacrifices to join the church and give us a better standard of living. They all were Church pioneers and gave up all they had to join the Church. What great testimonies.

Mom was a very good cook, always fixed three meals a day except when we were on the road to check the sheep in the [hills] as we called it or hauling sheep. Often just dad and I went while the rest were busy doing something else. Dad always had white mints and real black licorice in the glove box of the truck, pickup, or in his pocket. In those days it didn't matter if the candy was loose in your pocket along with the knife and handkerchief and what else.

On the farm we lived like most farm families then. We had several cows to hand milk in a shed with straw walls and a straw roof held there with

net wiring. It had planks on the floor where the stanchions to hold the cows heads in were so we could give them a little grain while we milked them. We made stools out of a couple of pieces of 2x4 to sit on and would squirt the milk in a galvanized bucket. Sometimes we would get bored and as young boys will do would squirt milk in the mouths of the cats that were sitting around waiting to be fed in a metal pan we had in the barn. We would even squirt some at each other and write our name or a girl's name on the wall. The cats always had their mouths open ready to be fed.

In the summer we always milked without our shirts on and often worked without our shirts on. One time one of the cows humped up and took a crap and it landed right on the back of Marvin. Quite often after we got through milking we would turn the cows loose one at a time and one of us would be on the back of the cows trying to ride out of the shed and thru the corral like real cowboys that we saw in the movies and at the rodeo. One time a cow that Marvin was on bucked just as he left the shed and Marvin's head hit the pole above him and he fell off unconscious in the manure. Boy were we scared. Yes, we worked hard but had a lot of fun. It seemed that we created most of the fun we had ourselves and with our cousins and other neighbor friends.

In the summer my parents would work their homestead and milk the cows and once a week would haul the cream to Idaho Falls and sell it for money to buy groceries. After a few years they sold the home stead and along with Will Hammer, mom's oldest brother, they both bought farms at Rose. Will got in a lot of debt and the note holders started action against dad and Uncle Will, and Grandpa Anderson paid it off before it went to court. Dad worked for Grandpa Anderson to pay him back then mom and dad went to California and worked for some years and then they came back and Grandpa Anderson divided a farm in half, more or less. Dad got the

east 40 and Uncle Lyle, next oldest brother got the west 50 because it wasn't quite as good a soil. Dad and Lyle kind of traded work, ran their sheep next to each other in the hills and bought some farm equipment together. As kids we were at Lyle's a lot and his kids were at our place a lot. Uncle Lyle was County commissioner and Bishop and he was always busy away from his farm, but his kids did a lot of the farm work.

Uncle Justin got a farm just about a mile from dad. Uncle Floyd was next and he was a teacher and got killed downing a tree at my Grandpa's place on the corner lot diagonal from the church in Ammon. Jesse was next and he was blind so couldn't farm but went to a blind school and worked for the Church in braille programs until he retired. [Jesse and Edna gave us such a pretty wedding gift that we still have.] I remember how mom and dad helped them a lot when Jesse was first married and had his first kids and they still lived in Ammon. Gordon was the youngest son and I remember when he came home from his mission to Denmark where his mom was born. He got married and grandma [his mom] put an apartment in the top of the house for Gordon and his wife, Alene. Reminds me of mom putting an apartment in her basement for Marvin and Rose Marie and later for Venetta and me.

Gordon became a carpenter. I remember he built a new sheep camp for dad.

I remember how well they all got along, and dad seemed especially close to Jesse and Gordon because they were young and just starting out. Aunt Lillie lived in salt Lake and Aunt Cleo lived in Ammon next to the brown house on Grandpa's



Anderson sheep camp

acreage. The brown house, second to the south of the canal across from the big rock house is where mom and dad lived for a while when they first got married. But when I grew up Aunt Cleo lived in a white house two houses south of the brown house. Cleo's first husband was Ellis Black and he died, and when I was growing up she married Hosea Stout who made a living playing piano.

I remember how Mom would say for years that she didn't like Joseph, dad's father, because every year he would come and take her bum lambs after she worked so hard to raise them. He said it was part payment on the farm, but after he died she found out he had been saving the money for mom and she got it and some more and the farm was already paid for. Joseph had quite a stern voice and a stern demeanor but was very honest and fair with all men. Three times he bailed his brother Christian out if debt and while doing so served three missions. Christian was Bishop in Ammon and also ran sheep. When sheep were high Joseph would tell Christian, "Call me on a mission", and the church would call him on a mission and he would go. When he would get back sheep were cheap and Joseph would buy he and Christian herds again, because Christian had lost his.

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ORIAL LEWIS AND DELIA LEE ANDERSON

Avon Anderson Andrews

My grandparents Thomas Christian Anderson and Mary Annie Tabitha Peterson moved to Ammon, Idaho sometime after 1892 and before 1895. They were rather large land-owners and also ran sheep.

When the depression of the 1920's hit, in order to not lose his land, Grandpa divided it up between five of his children. That's how my dad, Orial Anderson, became a farmer. Prior to that he had attended Utah College to become an accountant.

In 1916 Orial went on an LDS mission to England. Shortly after his return, he married Delia Lee, also of Ammon. They were blessed with six children; three boys and three girls. We were all raised on the farm and were taught the value of hard work.

We lived in a small 2 bedroom house for many years without electricity or indoor plumbing. We

rode to school down in Ammon on a sleigh during the winter and on a bus in the spring and fall. The road the last mile up to our farm was gravel so in inclement weather it got really muddy and treacherous. After the coming of the snowplow, things got a lot better!

On the farm we raised potatoes, beets, wheat and alfalfa. In the fall when it was time to harvest, school was let out for 2 or 3 weeks so we could all help on the farm. My dad was a perfectionist when it came to keeping his fields clean so I'm sure our potato and beet fields were the cleanest in the valley. Donna, Delaine and I were known as some of the fastest potato pickers around, so we occasionally helped some of our neighbors after we finished ours. One afternoon Delaine, Ethan and I were coming home from one of the neighbors and we were riding a horse. To get back into our farm, there was a gate along the canal. None of us would get off and open the gate so we ended up going down through the canal. As the horse got to the other bank, he gave a jump to get up it and all three of us fell off and got soaking wet. Needless to say, our mother was not very happy with us!

In the late 1930's we finally moved out of the little house. The folks built a basement + and we moved in it on mine and Donna's birthday. We still had only two bedrooms but we, at least, had a partial bathroom, cold running water and electricity. Our bathing facilities were still a big, round, tin tub.



Front row: Marion, Delia, Ethan Back row: Orial, Donna, Delaine, Avon, and Joseph Christian

We were all raised on the farm through high school. In 1946 the folks built a house down in Ammon and Ethan took over the farm. Many years later he sold it keeping only a few acres for himself.

Marion - Went on LDS mission to Canada.

Graduated from University of Idaho. Spent most of his married life in Pocatello, Idaho. Had five children. Spent time in the Navy during WWII. Died in Pocatello, Idaho.

Donna - Graduated from the University of Idaho with a bachelor's degree. Later received a Masters Degree from Idaho State in Pocatello. Was a counselor in the Burley, Idaho school district for years. Had four children. Died in Orem, Utah.

Ethan - Served in the Navy during WWII. Ran the farm until he retired. Had two children.

Delaine - Took nurses training during WWII. Later became a nurse anesthetist. Worked in many medical situations until she retired. She had four children (3 adopted).

Avon - Went to Utah State for two years majoring in secretarial science. Spent next ten years working while husband went to school graduating from Stanford University and then later went to University of California, Davis graduating from Veterinary School. Spent 27 years in Fargo, North Dakota. Have two children.

Joe - Was a career helicopter pilot doing rescue work during two wars. Had two children. Died in Yuma, Arizona.

on the first day of the Battle of Gettysburg, July 1, 1863. His wound was in the knee and he had to use a crutch or cane the rest of his life. He was in the 26th Infantry Regiment North Carolina, Pettigrew's Brigade. Quoting from the Gettysburg After Battle Report:

The heaviest conflict of the war has taken place in this vicinity. It commenced July 1, and raged furiously until late last night. Heth's division, of A.P. Hill's corps, opened the ball, and Pettigrew's brigade was the advance. We went in with over 800 men in the regiment. There came out but 216, all told, unhurt.

The Ball family was taught and embraced the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints and was baptized on February 19th, 1887. The just released mission president, John Henry Morgan, put together a group of Saints from the south and they traveled by train to Pueblo, Colorado, then on to Manassa, Colorado. It was in Manassa that Phineas' mother died of typhoid fever on November 13, 1887, and was buried in the Old Manassa Cemetery. Phineas was 8 years old. After two years the family had enough money to come on to Utah, settling in Kaysville. While living in Kaysville, Phineas got to complete his schooling up through the 8th grade. He herded sheep for neighbors during the summer and did chores for others to earn some money to pay for his room and board while he

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PHINEAS BALL

The Phineas Ball family lived on the west side of Crowley Road, one half mile north of Sunnyside Road in a red brick home. Phineas was born June 5, 1879, in Wilkes County, North Carolina. His parents were James Calloway Ball and Asenith Marlow Ball. James Calloway fought in the Civil War on the side of the South and was wounded



Phineas Ball Family, 1946. L-R (Back): Sharon, Coleen, Gary, Richard; (Front): Mabel & Phineas Ball

attended school. Phineas' father, James Calloway had returned to North Carolina and married Sarah Emaline Moore. Willard Ball is a child of that marriage, and I will let them give the details of that family. While he was in Utah, Phineas met and courted Alice Jeannette Cook, daughter of Amos Cook and Emma Adalaide Wood Cook.

James Calloway next moved his family to Marsh Valley, Idaho. Phineas and his brothers had heard that there was good land to be had for a good price in the Snake River Valley, so they came to the Ammon area. Phineas, Leonard, (mentioned in the first Ammon book), and Arthur, (Uarda Whiting's father) settled in the Ammon area. John settled in Iona, and Belo settled in Blackfoot. Phineas married Jeanette Cook, known as Nettie, on April 30, 1902 in the Salt Lake Temple. Their honeymoon was the five day trip back to Ammon by horse and buggy. They settled in the little house, just north of where the red brick home would eventually be built, where they lived for about three years.

Phineas and Nettie were not privileged to have children of their own; so during their early married life they were both very active in the Church. Nettie loved children and wanted them so badly that after 17 years, they finally adopted a little girl, Melba, born August 24, 1919. She was a very bright and active little girl. Uarda Whiting said that Melba was always about doing things with her mother and dad. Nettie had just four years of joy with Melba. On October 4th, 1923, Melba was out in the field during potato harvest when she was run over by a potato wagon and crushed to death.

After this, Nettie's health began to fail, maybe in part because of the loss of Melba. Nettie passed away on June 14, 1925, at the age of 42 years, from "Tuberculosis of the Lungs" (according to Ammon Ward records.)

A few years later Phineas met Mabel Andrus, daughter of Horace Andrus and Elizabeth Young Jardine Andrus. They were married in the Logan Temple September 24, 1930. From this marriage came four children; Colleen, Richard, Gary and Sharon. Mabel's mother, Elizabeth Young Andrus,



*About 1923, Phineas, Melba, & Nettie.
James Calloway Ball sitting on porch.*

was named after her grandmother, Elizabeth Young, daughter of Brigham Young and Miriam Works Young. She was very proud of her heritage and was very active in the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. Mabel carried on that tradition. Mabel was also very involved in doing genealogy.

Phineas and Mabel were always proud of the fact that during the depression of the 1930's, they bought another 80 acres of land that extended their farm south to the Sunnyside road. Phineas also owned and operated the Ammon Potato Warehouse located by the railroad tracks. This warehouse had coal bins, so he also sold coal. Each Christmas he would give the widows in the ward a ton of coal. He later sold the warehouse to Ernest Martin, and it is now known as Walker Produce #2.

James Calloway Ball passed away December 2, 1933 at Phineas Ball's home. Phineas worked for the Progressive Irrigation District for 37 years as a water master.

They were called "ditch riders" and it required him to drive up to the Ririe Highway at least once every morning and night during the summer. At that time they kept water in the canals during the winter for livestock, so he also had to contend with the ice. During dry years all the phone calls about water were not pleasant. Those living at the end of the ditch were never happy with those living up stream. Phineas would measure the water and lock the head gates. Phineas and Monroe Nance got into a "discussion" about water in a ditch that

they shared close to Monroe's house. Monroe hit Phineas on the side of the head with his irrigation shovel and Phineas was always hard of hearing in that ear for the rest of his life. His ditch rider duties gave his sons more chores to do because he was often gone doing canal work. I spent many hours riding with my father to check the canals and it was kind of fun in the winter because they would use dynamite to remove the ice jams.

During the 1940's, Phineas had German prisoners of war to help pick potatoes during potato harvest. They would arrive in a school bus with about 40 prisoners and one guard. We were told not to feed them but Mabel always made a very large pot of soup of some kind and took out at lunch time. I remember trying to talk to them and they would show me pictures of their families back in Germany.

Uncle Willard Ball lived on the Southeast corner of Sunnyside and Crowley roads. Uncle Willard and Aunt Ethel had thirteen children, and with nine of them being girls there always seemed to have lots of company there. Their place became the place for all the young people to congregate.

Phineas passed away December 7, 1964, in Idaho Falls. For all of those who have wondered why Phineas would have a "Blue Barn", here is the inside story. After his death, Mabel decided the large red barn needed to be painted. She was tired of red, so decided to have the barn painted blue. It is probably the only blue barn in the country. And that is like they say.... the rest of the story! After a few years, she moved to Idaho Falls to be closer to everything. Mabel passed away May 29, 1987 in Idaho Falls. They are both buried in the Ammon Cemetery.

At this time, October, 2011, Colleen and Richard have both passed away. Gary and his wife, JoAnn Westergard Ball, live in Rexburg where they have lived since 1966 and have a farm there. They have been privileged to serve in the Rexburg and Idaho Falls Temples for the last eight years. Sharon lives in Lyman, a community south of Rexburg. She also serves in the Rexburg Temple.

—Gary Ball

6

WILLARD JONES AND ETHEL SINGLEY BALL

The Willard J. Ball family lived on the Southeast corner of Sunnyside road and Crowley road in Ammon on a fifty acre farm which we think he purchased from his older brother Leonard Ball. Leonard Ball was an inspiration to our family. He served a mission in the state of Georgia where he converted the James Thomas Singley family, a family of nine children. He had the family move to



Top row: Lionel, Ercel, Marvell, Lorraine, Walter. Middle row: Violet, Elmoyne, Laura. Front row: Willard, Margene, Jeneal, Barbara, Ethel

Idaho and that is how my father met our mother Ethel Singley.

When our folks moved on the farm they already had six children; four girls and two boys. They thought they needed seven more children, hoping there would be more boys, but they gained five more girls and two boys for a total of thirteen children. We all had our share of work to do on the farm. The boys tried so hard to teach the girls how to milk the cows but we just couldn't learn how to milk but we were good beet thinners and good weed pullers out of the potatoes.

Our parents were very protective of us. If anyone came up missing our mother would go berserk. Everyone would have to search the irrigation ditches and around the barn yard and we would find them sound asleep in some corner of the house. Living on a farm and raising thirteen children our parents were very hard workers. Our father Willard, besides working on the farm, drove the school bus for many years and hauled grain for dry farmers. He even found many times to take a bus of L.D.S. members to the Logan Temple for the day.

Mother, Ethel Singley, baked eight loaves of bread every day and was an excellent seamstress. We would pick a dress or blouse out of a magazine and she would make her own pattern and sew the dress or blouse in no time. With nine girls we kept her busy. While our mother was sewing it was up to the girls to do the household chores. To make it fair and square we would write the things that had to be done on pieces of paper and put them in a hat and draw one out. We would do this every day so things ran pretty smooth.

There are still eight children living. We are a close knit family and have our family reunion every two years in Idaho Falls.

7

NORMAN PERRY BINGHAM AND BERNICE CAROLINA JOHNSON

by Dennis and Douglas Bingham

Courtship and Marriage and Gifts

Bing and Bernice liked to go to the Big Band dances at Wandamere south of Idaho Falls. These were happy times in spite of the Great Depression. We don't remember quite how it all started, but a part of the dating and courtship ritual included some very protective and concerned chaperons as a part of early dating. At a later date each of these chaperons became know as a brother-in-law. We do know that Bernice asked permission of her brother Walter if she could dance with this "boy" from Ammon, and on another occasion Bing talked Maurice into chaperoning a trip to visit Bernice's sister in Montana.

Anyone familiar with Bing knows that a great deal of laughter accompanied a dating or courting story from his lips.

They were married on December 15, 1939 and two years later sealed in the Salt Lake Temple. The ceremony was in the Johnson home in Shelley, Idaho. After getting married, they moved into an old house (a shack with no water or indoor plumbing but it did have electricity which powered a light bulb in each of the four rooms). Bing and Bernice would haul water ¼ mile from his father's well to their house in 20 gallon milk cans. Bathing was done in a round galvanized tub next to the wood burning stove. The house sat or rather still sits on what was at one time a farm owned by Bing's Dad, Perry Bingham. When they married, Perry gave his son six mink – four females and two males - as a wedding gift. Perry said many times later that giving Norman (Bing) those mink was the worst mistake he ever made. Perry always felt that having the mink caused Bing to pull away from



Norman and Bernice Bingham

Church activity. The mink business introduced Bing to some unsavory characters / associates and time constraints as it took 12 hours a day, everyday of the week to take care of them.

The story is told about one anniversary gift. It seems that when Bernice opened one of her early anniversary gifts that she found a handheld spotlight. It required some explanation, and Bing informed her that he needed her to help with the night time rabbit harvesting. Her job was to spot the rabbits and hold them with the light, and his was to introduce them to the fur business food chain. This was a critical evening ritual in the beginning days of the fur business.

The Family

The children of Bing and Bernice began with a first born son, Douglas. The second in line was a stillborn girl who was not named. The third in line was the second boy in the family, Dennis. The fourth child was a girl, Keila, who was named by Bing. The last child was another girl, Sharlyn,



Bingham Family. Front row: Bing and Bernice. Back row: Sharlyn, Keila, Doug, and Dennis

named by both mother and father.

All the children learned household and farming responsibilities at an early age. It wasn't surprising that each child developed an aptitude for certain skills and responsibilities and spent a little more time with some assignments than the others.

At the time of their passing, Bing and Bernice had come to know 10 living grandchildren and one that did not survive.

The Homes

Bing and Bernice lived in three houses over the years. The first house was a simple 4 room house on the corner of the private lane and York Road. The address was Rte. 3, Idaho Falls, Idaho, but it later became a bit more specific. The house is still standing and is a part of what stands at 4000 East 65th South. The second home was a basement style dwelling at the end of the private lane south of 4000 East 65th South. This basement house later became the foundation for the last house in which they would live.

Starting Two Careers

Norman was born into an agrarian life style and never departed from it. He, as did his father, raised crops and critters – over time, lots of critters.

Before he was married, many a story is told of Bing working in the field behind a couple of work

horses; it was well known that he was adept at catching an occasional nap while the horses worked their way from one end of the field to the other. When the horses stopped, the motion change managed to wake Bing who would turn them around and head them back the other direction. Through the years, the Bingham farm was populated by horses, cattle, sheep, goats, chickens, pigs, cats, dogs, bobcats, mink, and skunks.

The Farm

In order to make a living, Bing and Bernice needed land to farm. Bing struck out on his own by purchasing a 40 acre parcel from his father. He and his father shared farm equipment (Oliver 70 tractor, Ford 2N tractors, Chevy truck, and misc. implements) to work the 120 acres they had between them. The two families were able to make a living farming and running a few head of cattle. The farm made enough for Bing and Bernice to build a better home on the forty acres they had purchased from Perry. It was a basement home which made it easier and cheaper to heat in the winter and cooler in the summer. The basement house was located a hundred or so yards west of Perry and Clara's house. That was about 1946 and ten years later they added the existing structure on to the basement. While farming with his dad, Bing built his mink business which became Bing and Bernice's main source of financial support for many years. The fur business became unprofitable in the 1980s due to animal rights activists and foreign competition. Perry let Bing run the 120 acres to make ends meet while the mink business went through bad times. After the death of his parents, Bing purchased the remaining two 40 acre parcels from his sisters who had received them as an



Home that currently stands on the farm site

inheritance. Bing and Bernice did go back to raising mink for a few years but that ended about 1990 or 1991 with Bing's failing health.

Initially, the primary crops found on the farm were sugar beets, potatoes, peas, wheat, oats, and alfalfa. Eventually sugar beets, peas, and oats went by the wayside for any number of reasons most of which were experienced by all members of the farming community.

Bing found a lot of satisfaction in taking a few moments to stand in the fields and contemplate the marvels of life and the growth process. More than once he admitted to talking to the plants. It is probable that these discussions or conversations were in fact prayers. We don't know what he said, but on some occasions we can imagine words of encouragement and on others maybe words with a little more spice (salty sailor) in them.

It is worthy to note that Bing's talent with a fishing rod and reel was not high on the list. In fact the biggest fish he ever caught (an 18 inch



*Doug's catch of two salmon.
Mmmm good.*



Evidence of Bing's effort as raising hay

rainbow), he caught in the hay field while he was irrigating one balmy summer day. While coaxing water to run uphill through the furrows (he was pretty good at this), he noticed some motion in the foot high hay. He thought it might be a skunk, but it didn't go anywhere. So he worked up enough courage to check it out. No one was more surprised

than he to find such a nice trout in such an unlikely place. This is a true, fishing without bait, story. Doug, on the other hand had a little more success.

It was sometime in the mid to late 1960's that Bing changed irrigation style. Where once he only irrigated in the furrow mode, he became a sprinkler fan. He never really said why he changed, but we assume it was far less labor intensive to hire high school kids to move pipe than to spend the whole summer manicuring irrigation ditches and feeders into each individual furrow. Bing seemed to envy his peers who were "flatland flooders". But he knew they had challenges too, i.e. clay soils as opposed to his loam laden volcanic ash.

The Fur

The fur business started small. From the humble beginning of six animals, Bing managed to grow his fur business into a thriving herd of 3600 animals by the mid 1960's.

The fur farm consisted of eight sheds of



Mink pelts waiting to be fleshed or have the fat removed

varying size, age, and purpose. The sheds were labeled with letters of the alphabet with A being the shed nearest the house and H furthest from the house on the west. Some sheds

would house only 88 creatures while the larger sheds provided lodging for over 600 animals. At the apex of the operation, Bing was the primary care giver for approximately 3600 beasts with less than amiable temperament.

As one would imagine, harvesting a fur crop might be interesting but there are some down sides to it as well. It involves terminating the animal's life, removing the fur coat, disposing of the carcass, processing the pelt, and hoping that someone will buy the pelt at a price that offsets the cost of the pelt. It sounds a lot like potato farming, doesn't it?

The fur business was not so different from

a dairy farm in keeping people busy 24/7. They were always hungry; they required watering and feeding multiple times each day. Their tastes in cuisine left most visitors a little and some a lot nauseated. The writer assumes that condition was not helped by an offense to the olfactory as most carnivores leave a smelly dropping. The fact that a mink has a sent gland capability similar to a skunk can't possibly help anything either. (The spray isn't as bad as a skunk's however.)

During the early days of this fledgling business, Bing had to find resources for feeding these meat-eaters. There were many trips to the desert west of Idaho Falls to hunt rabbits at night. As the mink herd grew, it became obvious that Bing could not keep up with the demand relying on rabbits alone. He built a log building just west of their basement home with drainage and a concrete floor. The family called it the slaughter house because it was used to butcher old horses that were not able to work in the fields or herd cattle. He would occasionally receive a call from a resident somewhere in the valley with a problem animal. Bing would climb into the truck; travel to the site with the complaint, and dispatch the problem. Then he would load the critter on the truck with a winch and take it home. The real work started when he arrived home where the animal was turned into frozen dinners for the next two or three months.

Later, Bing became part of a fur breeder co-op and began buying mink feed in frozen blocks from the west coast. The feed was shipped in by truck and stored in freezers in Rigby and Rexburg. They were able to create a more balanced diet for the animals and have as much as 200 tons of feed on hand when the freezers were fully stocked. The



Bing skinning mink

facility in Rigby included a processing plant for locally acquired meat as well as general cold storage.

Bing and Bernice worked hard to make Christmases special since this special holiday was right in the middle of the mink harvest. Bing did the killing, skinning, and fleshing; Bernice placed the skins on a special shaped board to dry. Everyone else filled in doing whatever was needed to keep the process moving smoothly. Christmas was the only day off during the two months it took to complete the harvest. Some chores still had to be performed on Christmas as anyone who raises livestock knows.

In addition to harvesting the pelts, Bernice learned how to take the fat that was removed from the pelt and turn it into a very effective hand lotion. The jars of hand lotion were given as Christmas gifts to many of her friends and family members.

The Hobbies

Hunting

Bing was well known by neighbors and associates as a lethal hunter. Though he didn't always take his prey the first day out, he was very good at filling a limit by the end of the season. This provided meat for the table that lasted through the coming winter and summer months.

Hunting stories are plentiful in the minds of Bing's children. There were stories of rabbit hunts, elk hunts, a marauding bear, antelope hunts, archery hunts, and a few more.

Horses

Bing loved horses. He worked them with his dad, and he wanted his own after becoming established with his own farming operation. At one time, he owned and worked five riding animals. He never owned a set of work horses though you could tell he had a great appreciation for this breed of animal. Bing eventually reduced the number horses down to three. These remaining three were eliminated one cool wet spring when all three contracted a respirator problem that could not be treated.

Growing Up with CATS

There is a lot of story to tell about growing up in a home where kids and bobcats co-mingled. The cats were an alarm clock in the morning, and the last thing we did at the end of the day was to put them in a holding pen. They seemed to have a natural tendency to wander. The following is greatly shortened for the sake of space. Also, all the inaccuracies can be blamed on Dennis; that's me.

When I was about 10, I remember Bing (we always called our dad, Bing) discussing with Mother (we always called Bernice, Mother) about 8:00 in the morning about a bobcat that Mack McGonigal (a hired hand) brought to work that morning with its paw in one of Mack's coyote traps. It seems that Mack was running a trap line with a drinking buddy when they found a small bobcat with its leg caught in one of the traps. I suspect that the alcohol content of their blood was quite high or they would have simply ended the poor creature's life right there and then so they could remove the leg from the trap. But, no; they had to wrangle the cat, the trap and all else, into a burlap potato sack, and bring it home. I guess just to show the world they could bring something home alive. Even though this first cat died in the process of freeing it, Bing eventually ended up with a young female and a very old male.

We fed and cared for these two with hopes that the female would change her amorous attitude toward the tom. As best I remember, this went on for about four years when one day Bing was working in the mink yard at a spot adjacent to the cat pen. He noticed that Tommy was cowering in the corner and his "girl friend" was pacing back and forth on her end of the pen. Bing thought he saw a small ball of fur hanging out of her mouth and assumed that she had taken off a chunk of poor Tommy. Bing's passing thought was 'so much for Tommy's love life' and was about to go and close the door between the two halves of the cat pen when he thought he saw something different about the little ball of fuzz. So he stopped and watched a little longer and realized that Tommy's "girl friend" was carrying a

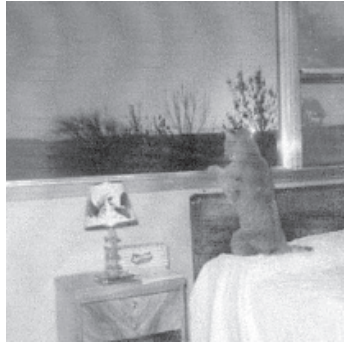
baby bobcat in her mouth looking for a way to move her new little family to safer quarters.

We learned a great deal about how even animals have personalities, likes, and dislikes.

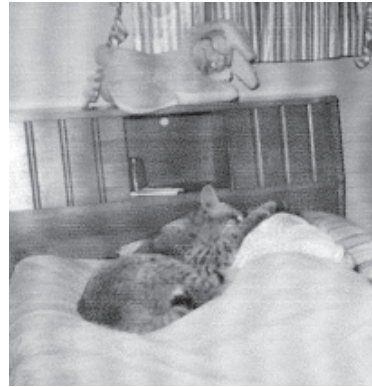
The kittens were brought into the house and kept in a small box with a hot water bottle to keep them warm. We began to give them milk with a toy baby bottle and found out that the claws were going to become a big problem over time. As they ate, they would extend and retract their claws like cats do when they sharpen them on a piece of carpet or furniture. We started by wearing a sweatshirt sleeve on the arm and hand that held the bottle. But we soon had to move to knee pads like basketball players wore. By the time these guys were ready to give up the bottle, we were wearing knee pads the whole length of our arms. They would exercise the claws on all four feet, and since they were almost as large as a normal house cat, they would reach from your wrist to your elbow.

It wasn't long before the family dog (Chips) took over this task of Mothering except for the feeding of these new little "puppies". These little kittens eventually received names; one was slow and mellow and we called him "Pokey"; the other was spirited, high strung, and nervous and we called him "Speed". Pokey was always more fun to play with because he never played rough like Speed.

Since it was summer time at this age of their lives, they spent a lot of time outside following Chips and us kids around. One of their favorite activities occurred when we would water the lawn. We didn't sprinkle the



Speed looking out the window



Pokey trying to push Keila out of bed

grass with water from the well; we would flood the lawn with water from the ditch. When the water reached the back, we would shut it off. But the part the bobcats liked was when the water was an inch or two over

the top of the grass, bubbles would rise out of the worm holes in the dirt giving a steady stream of sparkling bubble bursts on the surface. The cats would run from bubbler to bubbler covering the holes with their paws. This went on for the better part of an hour every other week when the grass was watered.

Although it was not a summer time game, Pokey had this thing for salt. On those hot summer days when Bing came in for lunch, he was often sweaty from the mornings work. He would grab his lunch and take a 10 minute power nap in his favorite easy chair. When it was time to wake up, Bernice would let Pokey in the house for a few minutes to play alarm clock for Bing. Pokey would trot into the living room and jump up on the back of Bing's chair and start licking the top of his head. This didn't last long because there was not much hair to get in the road when licking a salty head, and for those that don't know, a bobcat's tongue is much rougher than that of a house cat. This meant that Bing could only tolerate so much sandpaper abuse before giving up and going back to work. At the same time that Pokey licked Bing's head he would purr. If a house cat were a car in terms of loudness then a bobcat is a Harley Davidson motorcycle. These cats purred a lot and LOUD.

Speed hated it, but Pokey looked for every opportunity to go for a ride in the car or jeep. He seemed to prefer looking at where he had been instead of where he was going. His favorite spot



Pokey playing in the water



Speed playing piano

wiry, strong, and quick and never tipped the scale at over 30 pounds his whole life. Pokey loved to sleep; Speed only took the occasional cat nap. With that as background, Pokey startled a few curious observers who noticed him and knew what he was.

Bonneville County Search and Rescue

Bing was introduced to the Bonneville County Search and Rescue Patrol (Jeep Posse) by a longtime friend Frances Burgie. He was active in the patrol for about 5 years. Bing enjoyed the friendship and service though it would not be spiritually beneficial as best we could tell.

Friends

Bing and Bernice loved doing things with their circle of friends. Bing and Bud Tawzer shared the same birthday. As a part of celebrating together, Bud and Phoebe Ann and Bing and Bernice would spend the whole day cooking hamburgers and onions and reminiscing. Later in life Jody Anderson organized a study group that got together on Sunday night. The group would meet at someone's home to play games, study scriptures, and visit. This group consisted of Alice and Logan Bee, Phoebe Ann and Bud Tawzer, Nellie and Dean Elkington, Golda and Jack Bailey, Jody and Ted Anderson, and Bernice and Norman Bingham.

The Careers End

We don't know the exact date identifiable as the beginning of a tailspin into alcoholism for Bing.

Needless to say, alcohol is a beginning of the end for many a good man and Bing was no exception. He nearly died from it on two occasions. Both were in his mid 50's and very close together in that part of the timeline. His liver was affected and also a systemic balance of proteins and electrolytes. The first time he had to deal with seriously compromised health, the doctors turned things around in a few months. But there was permanent damage to his liver. It still functioned, but an x-ray showed a badly deformed organ with lumps and bumps that could easily have been mistaken for cancer, but the culprit was ethanol. During this trying time, help from the family living in the area allowed Bing to hang on to his two careers. After the hospital stay and extended outpatient treatment, the experience would repeat itself; it only took ½ of a bottle of beer. The second hospital stay was a lot less pleasant; the doctors were very blunt and not at all tolerant of his falling off the wagon a second time. This time Bing made a commitment to himself and his Maker, and it stuck.

Bing began to be a type of crusader for those who were suffering the effects of alcohol. He talked to those who had or had not discovered their consumption was taking a terrible toll and destroying their fragile lives. One of these was a man named Harold. Harold had worked for Bing many years before we were told the story at the family luncheon following Bing's funeral. It seems Harold had stopped to visit with Bing at some point. Harold described himself as one who didn't care and was in the bloat phase of alcoholism. He said their topics of discussion wandered and eventually wandered into his appearance and the cause. Harold was not specific, but he testified that Bing was able to communicate to his heart and change the course in his life. Coming to the funeral was Harold's way of letting family know that Bing had helped him, and Harold was now helping others through AA and talking to anyone with an alcohol problem who would listen. It was Harold's way of saying "Thank you" to us and Bing.

When Bing was 73, the effects of the alcoholism

would make itself known one more time. Bing's badly damaged liver finally gave out about 18 years after his commitment to quit. He died just days before his 75th birthday. He fought for about a year and a half with an organ that no longer functioned correctly. He had several transfusions as he slowly bled to death through small hemorrhages in his liver, and other body balances moved out of balance.

Just a few months after Bing started having health problems this last time, he decided he could no longer keep up with the both careers and he pelted out. This is synonymous with taking all your harvest including the seed and selling it rather than planting it in the spring.

Bernice continued to work the farm with the help of family. Times were not as productive as they had been when Bing was around. He seemed to know just how to get the most out of a rather peculiar type of soil. It was, after all, the only kind of soil with which he was familiar. She carried on for an additional 4½ years before her health failed her the summer of 1997 and she went to farm with Bing in a far more fertile field.

At this point, the wishes of the "Last Will and Testament" of Bing and Bernice were executed and the vestiges of the fur business and the farm faded.

8

CLARA BLATTER BINGHAM

I was born 5 July 1894 in the small town around Perry, Illinois, a few miles east of St. Louis, Missouri, in Perry County, the first child of John Blatter and Bertha Hoffman Blatter. Through the efforts all of the missionaries, my parents and I came to Ammon, Idaho, 16 April 1897. We stayed at the home of Joseph Empey until arrangements were made to rent the Sam Taylor farm, which is now owned by Mark and Phil Hoff. We moved to this farm 21 April 1897. That was a very hard year; we lived on wild greens and jackrabbits for meat. Leaving friends and relatives to come to a new land

without money was very discouraging. If my parents could have raised enough money to go back after the first year, they would have, but they were in debt so they had to stay. I can see it was a blessing they had to stay. The next year, 1898, my father rented and farmed the John Empey place, at the present time owned by Reed and Dean Elkington.

Father wanted his own farm. He heard of a place for sale, 160 acres, 1 mile west and 1/2 mile south of Ammon. This land was still in sagebrush. He wrote his father about it, they decided to buy it. A Mr. A. L. Kempland and wife, Julia Kempland, owned the place. The deed was transferred to John Blatter on 24 February 1898 for the sum of \$1100. Father took the west 80 and grandfather the east 80 acres. Grandfather Rudolph Blatter and family came to Idaho from Illinois in the fall of 1898. He built a one-room log house on the south east corner on his place across from the Joseph Lee house, 1 mile south of Ammon. They lived there while he built a better frame house in the village of Ammon. Joseph Thompson owns the place at the present time. Grandpa became discouraged and went back to Illinois in 1899. Then we moved into the house in Ammon. We lived there when I started to school which must have been the fall of 1900 because I was six in July. My hair was very thick. My mother put it up on curlers made from cutting strips from cans and wrapping them with rags to keep them from injuring the hair. She kept my hair in ringlets until everyone thought I had curly hair. The schoolhouse was one room and one teacher. All the land from our house to the schoolhouse was still in sagebrush. While we lived in Ammon, my father built a two room log house with a dirt roof on the farm he bought. I don't know when we moved to our own place, but from some of mother's records they must of had some land cleared and farmed in 1899. I know the house was finished and we were living in it in 1901 because a baby girl named Grace was born there on 25 December 1901. Grace contracted the measles from mother and died 6 January 1902. I remember this very clearly because they sent me across the field down to the one-room

log house to tell my uncle Frank and aunt Mary Blatter who were living on Rudolph's farm.

The winters were more severe in those days, much worse than they are now. I had to walk to school most of the time, it was a mile and a half, and I felt like I was frozen many times. Sometimes I rode a horse in the winter, but the snow drifted so deep we couldn't go very fast and I got colder than if I had walked.

We didn't have money to buy coal so my father and a neighbor or two would go to the lavas west of Idaho Falls and cut cedar for wood. It was a very dangerous trip which took a week, and one took chances on getting a horse in a crevice and getting broken legs. The bitter cold and sleeping in a tent was very hard on the men. They had to go in the winter; no one had time in the summer.

Father had to haul water in the winter from Sand Creek in barrels. He covered them with a washtub. The ice froze on the inside and outside three or four inches, making them look like an ice barrel. He drove the stock to the creek to water them. To think of the difference today, we turn a tap for water and stock have warm water to drink from a tap. My family had a very hard time making a living. They worked very hard and were very economical and saved so they never had to ask for help as so many do now days. I was taught to be frugal and it has stayed with me all my life. I grew up as all other kids do, helping wherever I could.

A brother Henry Reed was born 21 May 1906, also a sister Edna was born 25 July 1908. I took music lessons from Florence Kingston. We had an organ. I learned to play real well. When we moved into the new house, father bought a piano. I was required organist for two or three years. I was Ward Organist when the new church was dedicated by James E. Talmage 13 April 1913. There were 500 in attendance. That was a great day to have a new church house.

In May 1908, I graduated from the eighth grade with good grades. When school started in September, father wanted me to take the eighth grade over again because there wasn't a high school

in Ammon, so I did and graduated in May 1909.

Jesse Nielsen was my teacher; there were only eight in the class. In September 1910, I started to high school in Idaho Falls, but quit in February 1911 on account of bad roads. I had to drive 7 miles alone in a one horse buggy in the cold and snow. I became discouraged and didn't think it worthwhile.

The fall of 1911, father wanted me to go to Ricks College in Rexburg, Idaho, but I was always bashful and shy so I guess I was afraid to go that far away. I have regretted many times I didn't get more education. My teens were uneventful. I never went anywhere, only to Sunday School, church and mutual, with the exception of the circus. The family went every time one came to Idaho Falls. The circus was a big day in our lives.

Sometime in February 1913, I started dating Perry Bingham. I had seen him at Sunday school and mutual a lot of times but I never did have an introduction. We double dated with my sister, Tillie, and her boyfriend, Leonard Purcell, many times. On 12 March 1914, I married Perry Bingham in the Salt Lake Temple, we went down on the train. The roads were so muddy when we came home, we could barely get through with a one horse buggy. We never had a honeymoon, just came back and started to get ready to move onto a farm we rented from Joshua Gardner, adjoining the C.A. Holm property on the South. We didn't have any money to start with. We bought a few necessities, stove, chairs and dressers at the John Henry furniture store on credit. We had to sign a note for them. Mother gave us a bed and bedding. I had a grey, stocky mare, Perry had a team of horses, buggy and wagon, and plow and harrow. Father gave us a cow that was the way we started out our married life. Other equipment we borrowed from neighbors.

About six weeks after we were married and got partly settled, a group of young people came to chivaree us. They yelled and made a lot of noise. We were in bed, it frightened us very much. Perry asked what they wanted, they said, "We want you to give us a dance." He told them he didn't have the money for a dance. We were getting dressed, they



Arzula, Tillie, John, Reed, Bertha, Clara and Edna Blatter, 1922

made an effort to come in and get us. We had a new screen door that was latched, they cut the screen to unlatch the door. Perry tried to keep them out but they got in and a free-for-all ensued. I had a pan of milk on the table, it got spilled and I had a real mess to clean up. I finally got so angry with them, I swore at them. They finally left but told it all over that I swore. I felt terrible about it. We didn't go to church for a long time, I felt too ashamed to go.

It was hard for me to move out of a new house with all the conveniences back to an old house without water or bath. I hated wash days, having to scrub clothes on a washboard and boiling them. I hated sheets and the worst. Brides of today have it easy with automatic washers and dryers.

Perry took a job that spring working on the canal (cleaning it) with his team and slip scraper for \$6.00 a day to make a little money to live on. The flu struck very hard in the fall and winter of 1918 and 1919, many died. They died before they hardly knew they were ill. We were all down at the same time but Perry. Vida had it the worst. One

night, she had such a high fever we didn't think she would live until morning. Perry administered to her and we prayed for her recovery. Our prayers were answered because that was the turning point. She improved from then on. We doctored her with mustard plasters for flu and pneumonia.

Times were hard for us, it seemed like we could never get out of debt. Every year, it was make new notes to cover what we didn't get paid plus interest, which kept piling up. On 19 September 1924, our third and last baby was born. It was a girl. We named her Beatrice. My babies had colic, they cried nearly all the time, day and night until they were six months old. So we decided three was enough.

We decided we didn't have enough land to ever make anything. We had to have as much equipment to run 40 acres as more, so in February 1928, we purchased the 42 acres north of us. We paid \$8,000 for it but it did help. Our expenses were not much more and the income was double. My uncle A. C. Blatter owned the 40 acres west of us. He decided to sell and move to Montana so we bought him out.

On 20 February 1935 we gave him \$500 cash and assumed a \$3000 mortgage, with this much land we began to get ahead.

The winters were worse in those days than they are now. The winters in the 30s were very bad, snow drifted as high as the telephone lines on the Ammon highway. I remember many times going to Idaho Falls in the sleigh and taking all day. Beatrice was taking tap dancing lessons from the Willis sister and many times we had to put a cover over the sleigh and the horses would flounder and fall down in the snowdrifts. She hated to miss her lesson so we went, if it did take all day. Had to cut fences and go through people's fields when the road was impassable.

The fall of 938 was the worst year we ever had to get beets out. It froze up so solid we broke the equipment trying to plow them out of the soil, the soil froze on the beets so we had to use sledge hammers to break it off enough so we could lift them to throw them in the truck. Never had it that bad before nor since.

20 February 1939 was a fatal day in our lives. My cousin, Bill Krupp, brought Kay Stoker, a gold mine promoter, to meet us. He was a real promoter, he didn't give up until he sold some stock. We only took \$100 worth at first but from then on, he bled us dry before we found out he was a crook. The stockholders finally kicked him out and put Perry in as President of the Company, but it was too late. Then the company was nearly broke and war broke out 7 December 1941 and froze supplies and men so it went into bankruptcy and we nearly did to. We lost \$10,000 in the deal. The mine was at Silver City, Idaho. Perry spent so much time over there, we nearly worked ourselves to death getting the work done at home. Our hardest job was cutting the peas, Norman, Beatrice and I were doing it alone. It always makes me ill to think of it. I learned never put money into some "get-rich-quick" scheme.

One of the most pleasant experiences of my life started in December 1949 when the Special Interest Group of Mutual started square dancing every Tuesday. We went and enjoyed it so much, we

started taking Square Dancing in Idaho Falls. The rage had just started so we got in on the ground floor. In the fall of 1950, we joined The Fair and Square Dance Club with Mr. Benson as caller and instructor. From then on, we never missed a dance. Never had so much fun in all my life. Everyone wondered how we could dance so hard as old as we were. We kept it up until 1956. I started to work at Hart's Bakery 6 March 1956 so that interfered because I always had to work late. Then I was too tired to go many times.

In the spring of 1950, Monroe Nance came one day and asked if Perry would run for County Commissioner on the Republican ticket. Perry had had a hard day and said, "yes, anything is better than this." We didn't know he had competition at the time, but when the primary election was over, he won over Artell Sutter, so then he had to beat Chet Taylor in the November election. We never did have anything to do with politics so didn't take much interest but there had been a scandal in Chet's administration so Perry won. We never got anything in our life free before so it was a bonanza to me to be able to go to conventions with all-expenses-paid, with exceptions of my food. I enjoyed meeting new people and Perry enjoyed it too for four years, then he put a lot of money campaigning for the next term and lost. I felt worse, I believe, than he did. I felt we didn't have a friend left. It's the most let down feeling one can have when he has done a good job and then voted out.

As I mentioned before, the happiest day of my life was 1 January 1954 when slot machines were outlawed at midnight, the last day of 1953 in Idaho. No one will ever know the misery and agony I went through all my married life with Perry putting his money into them. He knew he couldn't beat them but he wouldn't quit trying. I tried every angle to make him see it was a losing game. He knew it, but still said he got a kick out of it.

We made a poor investment by buying 15 nut vending machines in August 1953 that cost \$1803 which kept us busy keeping them cleaned and filled. We were led to believe there was money to be made

in vending machines, but we found out different. We didn't think it was possible to make such a small profit. My sister, Tillie, started working at Jack and Jean's Bakery in July 1955 and made \$1.00 an hour, and here I was getting a cent an hour for the time I was putting in on the nut business.

On March 6, 1956 there was an opening at the Jack and Jean Bakery so I took it. It was a hard job but I was happy to make a dollar an hour. I stuck with it. Finally I was put in the doughnut department and I liked it much better. Then we sold the nut vending machines at \$10 apiece. I planned on working until I made up for what I lost on that deal. Then President Dwight Eisenhower signed a bill making it possible for women to draw Social Security at 62, then I work toward that end. I was doing fine until I hurt my back one evening handling one of the large bowls. I only had one more quarter to work to be eligible for Social Security so I wouldn't give up. I worked under pain killers from 6 March 1957 until 13 April. I went to the hospital for one week of traction. The milegram showed I had two slipped disks and the doctor thought that traction may help, but it didn't. I got down to 110 pounds but I didn't ever get well enough to go back to work. I finally improved without an operation; rest, B12 shots and vitamins pulled me out of it. I didn't get as much Social Security by having quit in April instead of June 30, but it's better than nothing. I receive \$66.30 a month.

—Clara Bingham, March 15, 1963

9

RAY AND THELMA BUTLER

On South Idaho Falls Stake Farm

By Elaine Butler Robinson

Ray Goold Butler was born in the family home October 7, 1908, in Manard, Idaho, The second child of Horace Calvin Butler and Ida Rebecca

Goold. His mother told him about the day he was born. "It was grain harvest time, we were to have the threshers that day, and it was the custom then to haul the grain out of the field direct to the machine, so consequently it took lots of men to do the job, and of course we fed all of them sometimes 20 or more. So that day your Uncle John got a large tent and pitched it in our yard so the men would not have to come in the house. He brought Aunt Bertha and Aunt Jane to do the cooking and all that goes with handling of such a crowd of hungry men. I was always grateful for that."

Ray started school in Manard when he was five years old. When he was nine years old the family moved to Acequia, Idaho. He graduated from High School May 1927. He went to the National Automotive School in Los Angeles, California, graduating in April 1930. After graduation he went to Chinook, Montana to work for his uncle Kenion Taylor Butler on his ranch. It was while living there that he met Thelma Wadsworth, whom he later married.

Thelma Wadsworth was born September 30, 1913 to Eli Arnold Wadsworth and Sara Ann Humpherys. Dr. Edwin Cutler delivered her in the family home in Shelley, Idaho. She was the second child of seven. Velta, the oldest child, drowned in 1914. The family moved from Shelley to York, Thelma started first grade there. It was while they were living in York that Thelma had a bad accident when she was five years old.

Quoting Thelma; It was September; mom was canning apples in the kitchen. The apples were in the basement under the porch, a heavy trap door covered the cement steps. My father had propped it open so mom could get to the apples. My sister Nona and I were playing on the steps, when mom saw us she called out saying "girls, don't do that or someone's going to get hurt." The door accidently came down and hit my head, forcing it into the cement casing. I was nearly scalped; I still remember how much it hurt and all the blood. Mom wrapped a towel around my head, it would soak with blood and she would have to change it.

Dad hitched the horses to the buggy and drove me into Idaho Falls, the doctor said to take me to the hospital. I spent seven months in the hospital; Lily Anderson from Ammon was my nurse. I was finally able to go home Easter morning. I had a big scar on my forehead for the rest of my life." The Wadsworth family moved to Ammon about 1920.

Bishop Leonard Ball of Ammon, was recruiting people to go to Chinook, Montana to work for the Sugar Company. Arnold was one of many who accepted the call. In April of 1928 the Wadsworth family sold their home in Ammon and loaded everything they had, all their household goods, the farm machinery and two Model T's onto a train and left for Chinook.



Ray G. Butler

Thelma was 14 years old and so homesick and lonesome for Ammon. She missed her friends and relatives and their beautiful home. She started school in Chinook and soon made friends. Their Branch President's wife, Thelma Butler, told the young women about her two nephews who were working for her husband, K.T. Butler, on their sheep ranch. On Mother's Day 1932 she brought them to church and introduced Ray and Frank to Thelma Wadsworth and her friends Ruth and Lillian Thompson.

Ray and Thelma started dating and were married January 7, 1934 in Chinook. With the help of Thelma's father, Arnold Wadsworth, they were able to buy a 1200 acre ranch north of Chinook. Five children were born while they



Thelma holding Donna

were living there, Wayne, Marlene (deceased) Marilyn, Elaine and Carol. Their sweet little girl Marlene drowned when she was 20 months old. In April 1943 the Butler and Wadsworth families returned to Idaho. Wadsworths moved back to Ammon, to the same farm they left as he had promised his sweet wife they would.

Ray and Thelma moved to Taylor, Idaho then Rigby, Idaho for a short time before moving back to Idaho Falls. In January 1948 Ray was called by President Cecil E. Hart to serve a mission as the manager for the South Idaho Falls Stake Welfare Farm West of Ammon. President Hart was President of the newly formed South Idaho Falls Stake. His counselors were LaRue H. Merrill, Reed Blatter and Lamar Whiting was clerk.

Ray wrote some thoughts about the Church Farm. "While on this Stake Welfare assignment, I operated a Grade "A" Dairy. We raised all our calves, the steers were to go for welfare meat and the heifers for replacements to build up the Dairy herd. President Hart was very proud of this Welfare Farm. He brought all of the General Authorities out to show them as they came up for our Stake Conferences. That is how we got to meet and shake hands with so many of them. We had two baby girls born while we lived there, Donna Lou and Patsy. President Hart would bring the visiting General Authorities in the house to see the new babies.

We felt honored and happy to meet and shake hands with President and Sister David O. McKay, President Joseph Fielding Smith, Elder Mark E. Petersen, Elder Bruce R. McConkie, Elder S. Dilworth Young, Elder Boyd K. Packer, Elder Rudger Clawson, Elder LeGrand Richards, Elder Ezra Taft Benson, Elder Milton R. Hunter and Elder Oscar A. Kirkham. These are some that we remember, I wish we had kept a record of all of them as they came."

Ray and Thelma and their four children moved



Stake Welfare Committee

into the home on the Church Farm, January 8, 1948. It was a cold, windy day and the yard was very muddy. Bishop Vernon Bitter and Thelma's father Arnold, helped them move. President Hart came out in the evening to see how they were getting along. There were no phones, and no running water. The well was in the yard, they could get water either by pumping it by hand or using a small tractor. Thelma had to pump the water to do her washing, cooking, doing the dishes etc. Living on the Church Farm was both exciting and challenging, the work was hard and the hours long. Thelma said it was like camping the first few days and it was so quiet with no trains or traffic and no phone.

The house and farm buildings were off the road with a long lane out to the main road. It was about midway between the Ammon Highway on the north and Sunnyside Road on the south. No one lived very close to them. The nearest neighbors were the Jacob Goodson family to the east, the Mark Purcell family one half mile to the south, and the Thois Martineau family a mile west of Purcell's. It was rather isolated with nothing but farm land around them. A great place for a young family to live.

Ray went to Lamar Whiting's on January 10th to get a cow so they would have milk to drink. President Hart and Wally Stosich brought some cows out January 12th and two more cows January 17. Those first several days men from the Stake came to help Ray, as the cows had to be milked by hand, there were no milking machines at the time. It was slow getting the dairy started but soon Ray

had several cows to milk, plus the spring work in preparation for planting the crops. A phone was also installed on January 17th to the delight of the family, especially Thelma.

Marilyn and Elaine started school in Ammon Monday January 19, 1948. Elaine was in the first grade and Marilyn was in the third grade. They were excited to begin school and make new friends. Thelma took them to school the first morning then they rode the bus home that afternoon. The bus stopped in front of the Mark Purcell home that was one half mile south of the Church Farm. The children had to walk that half mile every day to catch the bus. It was a long walk in the winter especially when there was a lot of snow like the winter of 1948-1949. Thelma worried every time she sent her children out the door to catch the school bus.

Wayne was attending 7th grade at O.E. Bell, in Idaho Falls and continued until the school year ended. He would walk a mile through the field to the East, and catch the bus at the Merlin Prestwich home. He began attending 8th grade in Ammon in the fall of 1948.

In April 1948 several men from the Stake came out to pull big trees out of the yard and help prepare it for grass. There were large trees in several places around the yard and farm. Some trees were blown over in a severe wind storm. April 21 they had a bad thunderstorm, the lightning struck close and knocked the horses down that



Carol standing by one of the big trees that blew over in a storm. - May 1948

Ray was using to harrow with. Wayne said he was outside and saw the lightening and a big cloud of dust. When it cleared he saw the horses were standing but they were shaking. Thelma said they were all so frightened when the lightning struck. Another year during one of those storms a large Cotton Wood tree blew over into the garden. Wayne helped his father cut the tree up; he used some of it to build himself a small log cabin. He said it wasn't fancy, just a fun place for a boy.

They were able to plant their first garden May 7, 1948, even set some tomatoes out. Thelma said it was such a disappointment to get up the next morning and see that they were having a blizzard. It took several days to warm up but it finally did and they were able to continue planting. In late May, forty women and girls from the Stake came out to cut potatoes. The next two mornings forty men came at 4:45 a.m. to thin the beets. Thelma had her hands full during May 1948, one at a time all four of the children had the Red measles.

The well driller came out in September to begin drilling a new well. Mr. Brown hooked it up four weeks later but it wasn't wired until October 11. It was great having running water in the house for the first time in ten months.

President Hart and Wally Stosich came most days to help. President Hart would help feed the cows and calves, he helped milk the cows and did many of the chores that needed to be done. Wayne said President Hart loved to watch the cows eat. He often brought his children, Ray and J.C. to help. The first year was a lot of work, getting the crops planted and watered through the summer. Much of the work was done by members of the Stake bringing equipment in and volunteering to help. The farm had a new John Deere B tractor which was a really nice piece of equipment.

Springtime was exciting with seedbed preparation and planting. They grew sugar beets, wheat, barley, potatoes and some alfalfa. The irrigating was all flood irrigation. Many members of the Stake and neighbors would come every spring to help plant beets, wheat, barley, and cut

potatoes and later cultivate and thin beets. Wayne remembers the Reed Blatter family coming with their equipment, "I especially remember the big yellow D6 Cat Crawler." The summer was very busy with irrigating and cultivating beets until about the first of July, also putting up the alfalfa. The first few years they hauled the loose hay on a flatbed wagon from the field to the yard where they used a Jackson Fork and the derrick to stack the hay.

Wayne said one of his favorite memories is of dad walking across the field with a shovel over his shoulder.

By October 12, 1948 they started to dig their first crop of potatoes. There was always plenty of help from the people in the Stake when they were harvesting or threshing and doing the hay. And neighbors came with their equipment to help. After potato harvest, Ray started pulling beets, getting ready for another big day. October 23rd the Ammon Ward and Idaho Falls 8th ward came out to top beets. There were lots of men and boys and a few women that came to work. Each time they had a Stake Welfare work day, the Stake Relief Society or Stake Primary women would set up tables in the yard or pasture to feed everyone who came to help.

The Butler children all started working at a young age. They helped cut and pick potatoes at grandpa Wadsworths and Mark Purcell's. Marilyn said she drove truck for Mark when she was quite young. She would have to stand to reach the pedals. They also picked potatoes on the Church Farm and at Goodson's for several years. Thelma always had a large garden and a big raspberry patch, everyone helped pick raspberries, worked in the garden and helped at canning time. The girls also tended Mark and Helen Purcell's children. Wayne was a great help to his dad also, he helped with the milking and in the fields.

It started to snow in November 1948 and by the 26th they had a blizzard. It continued to snow and blow, making it hard to get anywhere. There were days when the bus couldn't get through so Ray would take the children to school and then go back to get them. December 8, 1948 the children walked

down to Purcell's to catch the bus, they waited an hour and a half, the bus never came so they walked back home. Many days through the winter there would be no school. The snow plows weren't able to keep up with the blowing snow.

January 1949 it continued to snow and drift and was way below zero for most of the month. The bus was finally able to get through and pick the children up by January 12th. Thelma said it was so cold she worried about them walking so far and the snow was quite deep making it more difficult. February 4, 1949 she wished she had kept them home because soon after they left it started to snow and blow "a real blizzard" she said. Mr. Goodson brought them home in his horse drawn sleigh, the only mode of transportation that could get through the drifting snow. They were definitely snowed in. All rural schools and the Idaho Falls schools were closed.

Butlers were getting low on the oil for their stove that they used for heating the house. Thelma writes that after being snowed in for a week they were low on oil and flour. Nine inches of new snow fell February 11, 1949, adding to the several inches of snow already on the ground and the drifts were so high. All of the milk cans were full of milk and no way to get them out to be picked up. Ray had to dump some of the milk, he fed some to the new calves, and they made ice cream and churned butter, trying to use the milk so as not to waste it.

It was 28 degrees below zero February 13, 1949, they were trying to conserve on the fuel oil so the house was colder than usual. Ray walked out to the Ammon Highway (17th Street) and caught a ride with Mr. Kindred who took him into Idaho Falls. He bought some fuel oil and flour. The next day Ray borrowed a bob sled from a neighbor; he took the ten cans of milk to town and got some groceries and more oil for the stove. "It was just like Christmas, we feel so lucky," Thelma wrote in her diary".

It continued to snow and blow and since there was no school on Valentine's Day, the children spent the day making Valentine cards and yummy sugar cookies. That night they had a party, their



Marilyn, Elaine and Carol playing in the snow

father played the part of the Post Master delivering their Valentine Boxes.

All the roads were closed, due to the drifting snow, even the Ammon Highway and they hadn't had mail delivered for two weeks. It finally stopped snowing and blowing so Mr. Goodson was able to get out and brought the mail to them. Ray couldn't get the car out so he walked to town. After nearly four months of miserable winter weather the sun finally came out and the wind was now a breeze.

The children finally went back to school after being homebound for two weeks. Ray had to take them to the highway on the tractor, to catch the bus. He spent two days shoveling their car out that had been buried under the snow. They took a short drive in the warm weather; it felt so good to get out. They drove to town the next day; Thelma was expecting Donna at the time so she needed to see the doctor. They noticed how high the snow drifts were along the highways and in the fields. The winter of 1948-

1949 was definitely one for the record books.

As the days warmed up and the snow started to melt, the yard and roads became a muddy mess. The road Butler's lived on was a mile long and nothing but dirt, so it stayed muddy for quite some time. March was a nice reprieve from the months of cold, and drifting snow. Donna was born March 21, bringing a lot of joy to this family. They all looked forward to the New Year and new beginnings.

President Hart was very thoughtful and made sure Ray and Thelma had a vacation every year. They were able to buy a new Chevrolet car in August 1949 and took a trip with the children. They went to the Rupert and Twin Falls area to see Ray's family. Larry Whiting remembers going to the Church Farm with his father, Lamar Whiting, and helping him milk the cows when the family took time off. Again in 1955 Ray bought a Chevrolet car and took his family to the Butler reunion. Some years they went to Yellowstone Park, they enjoyed camping and fishing. One year they traveled to Glacier Park. They also loved to go to Taylor Mountain and Wolverine Canyon, sometimes it was a quick one day trip to go fishing and have a picnic. The men from the Stake were good to help when Ray was gone.

It was soon potato harvest time again. The children all worked, picking potatoes for the neighbors, either at Goodson's or Purcell's. It snowed October 8th covering the ground making it miserable to work. It was just like winter for several days during October and by mid-December the blizzards began again. Ray and Thelma went to a Special Interest party on the 27th. They had to drive through the fields to bypass the drifts. Most winters on the Church Farm were interesting, with tales about the amount of snow and how high the drifts were.

Patsy was born during the fall of 1950. She and Donna were quite young when the family lived on the Church Farm, but they do remember all the snow and the huge drifts. All the children loved to play in the snow, making igloos and snow forts. There was always plenty of snow to play in.

The farm and big yard was a grand playground for the Butler children. The girls loved to play house, depending on the time of year, they would set up house in the machine shed or the granary, even the little red shed. The trees were also a favorite place to play. Ray would be patient for a while and then he would tell them to move their dolls and buggies because he needed to get to his machinery. They spent hours and hours outside, if the weather permitted. When the weather was bad they would take over their mother's kitchen. She didn't seem to mind.

Another favorite thing was their make believe bakery. They set up the bakery out south of the barn and corrals. There was a lot of lumber stacked there, perhaps leftover after the corrals were built. The girls made mud pies and cakes, everything you might find in a real bakery or restaurant. This provided hours of fun.

The family has fond memories of life on the Church Farm. On the days that were special work days, there was always a feeling of anticipation and excitement. They enjoyed the hustle and bustle when lots of people came from the Stake to work. Sometimes it was only the adults who came but sometimes there were children as well. They also enjoyed seeing and meeting many Church dignitaries, leaders and General Authorities.

Wayne writes, "My junior year at Bonneville



*Back row: Elaine, Wayne, Marilyn, Carol.
Front row: Ray, Donna, Patsy, Thelma.*

High School, I signed up to take F.F.A. The Ag teacher, Mr. Grant Field, informed me I needed a project of some kind. Since there was a chicken coop on the farm I decided to raise laying hens. Dad offered to help me get started so I went to work on the coop. It was still in good shape but needed some repairs and a lot of cleaning. There was a small, red shed by it that I could use as an incubator to start the young chicks. It was important to keep them warm, so they wouldn't bunch up and suffocate. When they were a month old and had feathers, they were moved into the coop. When they were old enough to lay eggs during the summer, we sold the eggs to a grocery store in Idaho Falls.

Then dad told me that the Bonded Warehouse in Idaho Falls, where I bought feed, would put roosters in with the hens and would pay me to raise hatching eggs. This proved to be a pretty good deal. The price was much better. However the price of feed and paying back the cost of the first chicks took about everything the eggs brought in. The next year I ordered a new round of chicks and as the hens got to be a year old, I sold them before they went into a molt. Many of the people who came to work on the Church Farm, bought some of them to take home as fryers.

The next year I got the same deal with the Bonded Warehouse to sell hatching eggs. This time I was able to pay for the feed and pay off the cost of the chicks and sell the hens and roosters for enough money to buy a car. It was a 1940 Chevrolet, the pride of my life at the time.

As a project for F.F.A. I had to keep a good set of records to show that I did make a small profit. Each couple of months my instructor would come around and inspect my project to see how I was doing. I got a good grade in F.F.A. and learned a good lesson in starting and running a business. I also learned a lot from my Shop teacher, Mr. Ted Hanks. He taught us principles that I still use. He was my favorite teacher. Wayne joined the Marines and left for boot camp in California January 1954.

Sometimes during the winter, Marilyn and

Carolyn Goodson would walk to school to attend the Basket Ball games. One night Elaine walked with Marilyn over to Goodson's to catch a ride to the game. It was dark and very hard to see if you were going to step up or down. They would fall in the snow and get up and try again, laughing all the while. Marilyn was in the school Pep Band and needed to be to the games. One time during a blizzard, she took the tractor to catch the bus so she could go to a Bonneville Tournament game. Ray was worried about her but he was quite ill and couldn't go get her so Thelma walked to meet her and they came home together on the tractor. There were times when Marilyn had to stay with the Martineau's because she couldn't get back home.



Ray driving Patsy, Carol, and Donna in the milk tractor

Ray was struggling again with getting the full cans of milk out to be picked up. He put tracks on the small tractor and made a box that fit on the back, so he could put the cans on it and drive out over the drifts. This worked quite well and was the only way they could travel when the drifts closed the roads. Sometimes he used it to take the children to the school bus. It was often way below zero with blowing and drifting snow.

While Ray was sick in 1955, President Hart, Don Mortimer and Mark Purcell came out for several days to milk the cows. Thelma would help them by washing the milkers and doing what chores she could. She said it had been a rough winter again; there was too much snow and very

high drifts. March 2nd Mark and Helen Purcell helped Thelma take 7 cans of milk on the tractor, out to the highway. Later that evening President Hart and Wally Stosich walked in to help them. President Hart came back the next morning, by then Ray was able to start working, although he was very weak.

In November that same year Ray got sick again. After two days President Hart came to see Ray at 10 p.m. then he left. Thelma called him back and asked him to administer to Ray. Dr. Harvey Hatch came and took him to the hospital. They did surgery on him immediately, the doctors told Thelma that his appendix had burst, and it was the worst case they had seen. Thelma stayed in the hospital all night with Ray; she was so worried about him. He had been so stubborn, saying he didn't need help and didn't want to see a doctor, even though he had been in a lot of pain.

Butlers didn't have a television until after they moved from the Church Farm. Sometimes they would go to Grandpa and Grandma Wadsworth's to watch television. In the winter they would fill their evenings playing games, making Vinegar Taffy and spoon Fudge. The girls enjoyed making Taffy while their mother was gone, they thought they were being so careful to clean up everything and leave no evidence that they had made it. Thelma always knew when they made the Taffy, she could smell the vinegar. They couldn't understand how she knew until she admitted it to them.

After serving as manager of the South Idaho Falls Stake Welfare Farm for more than eight years, Ray was released. Ray and Thelma bought the B.H. Barrus farm and home in Ammon on Sunnyside Road. They moved to their new home on April 16, 1956. It seemed strange to have close neighbors, they had been used to living way out in the country. There was a lot more traffic and the noisy Site buses would wake them up. They soon learned to enjoy life in this small community, they were very happy to be able to walk a short distance to the Church and to school. And Kelley's Market was only a block away.

Ray wrote, "President Hart would come and visit with me later in my own dairy in Ammon. He seemed to miss me, as I did him. He missed Thelma and our family also."

Elaine Butler Robinson and siblings

10

LEONARD AND MEDENA PICKETT CHRISTENSEN

Leonard was born April 27, 1906 in Shelley, Bingham, Idaho and was raised there. He served a mission in the Eastern States in 1930 and while on his mission his father died of pneumonia. His father was Antone Erastus Christensen, first born son of Christian Antone Christensen, a Danish immigrant. His mother was Metta Marie Mortensen also a Danish immigrant. The two of them were married in Florence Nebraska right after getting off the train and before resuming the journey by handcart to Utah. The two of them had met on the boat coming to America. Their firstborn was then born in Sanpete County Utah. Antone Erastus grew up in Sanpete County where he met Annie Christina Jensen. They were married April 11, 1888.

"Ras and Stena" as they were known by all of their friends had a couple of kids while living in

Utah and then were asked by Brigham Young to go North into Idaho to help settle the area around Goshen. That is where the rest of their children were born. The children are as follows: Erastus Milton, Ethel Marie, Leo, Chloe, Andrew, Christian Antone, Daisy, LeRoy, Mattie Marie, Leonard, Gardell Dano and Urvin.

E. Milton stayed in the Goshen/Idaho Falls area his entire life. Was a surveyor/engineer and was known for many of the bridges that were built across the Snake River in the area. Mattie married Lavon Christensen (no relation) and stayed in the original homestead that Ras built when he got there, all of her life. The rest of the kids married and moved away.

Leonard, upon returning home from his mission, entered college at USAC in Logan, Utah. In October 1934 he met Medena Pickett and December 1934 they were engaged and then married July 23, 1935 in the Logan Utah Temple. Leonard took a job with Farm Security in Richfield, Utah in Dec. 1935. Their first child, MaryLue was born April 18, 1936. The summer of 1936 they moved to Logan for a month or so and in August 1936 moved to Tooele, Tooele County, Utah where Leonard worked for Farm Security Assoc. The summer of 1937 Leonard was transferred to Provo, Utah. And on April 14, 1938 their first son, Larry was born. July 1938 they moved to Randolph, Rich Co., Utah while MaryLue and Larry were just getting over the whooping cough. January 1939 they moved to Nephi, Juab Co, Utah and in August

1939 Leonard resigned from Farm Security and moved to Logan where he was employed by H.J. Heinz as a grain purchaser until fall term of college started. He attended fall and winter quarters which finished his four years of college.

Spring of 1940 they moved to Murtaugh, Idaho and lived with Medena's parents and Leonard sold on the road. July 1940 Leonard went back to Farm Security and they



Leonard and medena sight seeing

moved to Salmon, Lemhi Co. Idaho. February 1941 they moved to Idaho Falls and Leonard worked in 10 eastern Idaho counties as Farm Debt Adjuster and Tenure Specialist for Farm Security.

Sept 1941 they built a home in Ammon Idaho. They bought a piece of ground from James Carter. They also bought Carters two farms at this time. The home that was built in the 1950's was known as the blue roofed house. November 1941 moved into our first new home in Ammon. Summer of 1942 Leonard was sent to Blackfoot to oversee Labor Camp there. They lived in a tent. Oct 1, 1942 Leonard resigned from Farm Security and started selling Beneficial Life Insurance. October 2, 1942 our second son, Shad Hyrum was born in Idaho Falls, Idaho. May 1943 moved to Twin Falls, Idaho and March 1944 moved back to Idaho Falls, Idaho. 24 April 1944 their third son was born, Glade Leonard.

Christmas 1945 they went to Pasadena, California to see the Rose Parade. In February 1946 they moved to Pasadena, California and lived with Noel and Hazel Stevenson. June 1946 moved to Murtaugh and lived in the Grant Bates home by the railroad tracks. In 1945 they sold their home in Ammon to Sam Fairchild. August 1946 moved to Jerome, Jerome co., Idaho to a new home they built. May 19, 1947 their second daughter, Gayla was born. 1948 they sold 40 acres in Ammon to Gerald Peterson. It was around this time that they purchased the 160 acre farm in Ammon and rented it out to the Butler family.

April 1 1949 sold their home in Jerome and moved to Murtaugh in a house out by Murtaugh Lake. March 1950 moved to Idaho Falls, Idaho and lived on the farm 3 ½ miles south of Ammon. August 25, 1951 their fourth son, Kim LeRoy was born. Oct 5, 1952 their house burned down taking

most of their possessions. Investigation proved faulty chimney where the potbellied stove in the kitchen was the cause of the fire. Larry, Shad and Glade had hooked a trailer onto the Jeep pickup and gone up into Taylor Mountain to get firewood. Upon returning came upon the burned out house. The outpouring from neighbors was tremendous. Mrs. Econger had an empty house that her summer help lived in and offered it to the family to live in. Throughout the winter a basement was dug, concrete was poured and the subfloor put over it with an opening for the staircase. Brick was purchased for the brick walls and Em Mitchell came over and laid all of the bricks during that winter. A new oil furnace was put down in the basement and assembled and church ward members came to help put the roof on the house. The south wall of the kitchen was not bricked as Leonard had plans to enlarge the kitchen. They moved into the semi unfinished house in January 1953.

January 5, 1954 their third daughter, Colette was born. Leonard worked for Farm Security teaching Ex -GI's how to farm and make a living. Sometime during the middle of the 1950's President Dwight D. Eisenhower named a new

Secretary of Agriculture. That new secretary's duty was to completely close down the division of Farm Security that Leonard worked for. Almost overnight Leonard was out of work, his company car and his company 4-wheel drive pickup was taken away and the family was out of work. In 1955 through the winter Leonard and Larry worked at Roger Bros Seed Co; Leonard working graveyard and Larry working swing shifts, which made the need for two cars. Leonard and Larry went into a used car lot and purchased two 1948 Nash's; A gray 4 door and a green 2 door. The



Leonard Christensen

gray one was the family car, the green car became Larry's. The gray one was eventually on its last leg and Leonard took it in and traded it in on a 1949 Hudson Hornet. He got a job selling Forney welders and using that old Hudson Hornet with a welder in the trunk went around a 100 mile radius trying to sell welders to the very farmers that he had taught while working for Farm Security.

The following winter he went back to work at Roger Bros, but got on a day shift. He worked the next two or three summers part-time upon Blatter's dry farm. Oct. 1959 they sold their home to Hart Grover and moved into the daylight basement house on the hill November 15, 1959. Jan 4, 1960 Leonard started selling Federal Crop Insurance.

In September 1961 our son, Shad, received his mission call to Denmark. He left in November. Among the many blessings of having a son serve a mission, Leonard went to Boise and got a teaching certificate and started teaching grade school for the Idaho Falls School District. That summer Medena went back to USAC for summer school so she could get her teaching certificate. She also went to work for the Idaho Falls School District. The summer of 1964 Medena got her BS degree. (A newspaper clipping talking about her graduation 40 years after starting college is enclosed). Both Leonard and Medena taught school until their retirement. He taught 5th grade and Medena taught 2nd grade. Medena served in the Primary Organization for many years as their pianist.

Leonard was also known as the "real" Santa Claus. Christmas season was a joyous season in the home because of his Santa Claus doings and efforts. Christmas Eve found most of the family escorting Santa to the many destinations of family and friends who wanted a personal visit. He also worked commercially starting out at Montgomery Wards and working for various other stores for over 15 years. Medena hand made a velvet Santa suit with real fur that he used on those special occasions. That suit was presented to Shad in the late 70's. The same suit in the same condition as it



Leonard, Mary Lyn, Shad, Larry, Medena, Gayla, Colette, Kim, and Glade, March 1958

was new was presented to Shad's oldest son, Kreg in the 1990's. So the legend started by Leonard lives on. During the 50's Leonard was always saying that 70 acres of dry farm that couldn't produce 2 bushel of grain per acre will someday sell for \$1,000 an acre. Many people laughed. By the end of the 60's in their retirement Leonard subdivided into 5 acre parcels, carried the contracts for \$5000 per parcel. Once that was all sold, then they sold the remaining acreage under irrigation to Peterson Bros. who had bought the Russ Everett farm.

They had built up in Island Park a cabin for summer. They then sold the home on the hill and bought a place in Mesa Arizona to spend their winters. As they became older and harder to travel they sold the place in Arizona and bought a lot in Washington, Utah and had a mobile home placed on it. They then sold the cabin up in Island Park. Leonard was diagnosed with lymphoma cancer in 1980. He died March 10, 1982 at home. He is buried in the Ammon Cemetery in Ammon, Idaho. Medena served a mission for the Fort Lauderdale Mission in Florida, sold the place in Washington, Utah. Bought a place in Boise later sold the home in Boise after she could no longer drive and bought a place in Bend Oregon sharing it with her daughter, Gayla. By 2000 her health was such that she needed constant care. The family was consulted, "Did we

want Mom in a rest home”? The answer was an outrageous NO.... So a home was put on acreage that Shad and Linda had in Madras, Oregon all work done by her son Larry, and Medena moved into the home February 2001. Gayla also came with her so that Shad, his wife Linda and Gayla could give Mom the care she needed. Medena had several mini strokes and on the morning of June 21, 2004 she died. She is buried next to Leonard in Ammon.

Special notation by Shad: I was there in their home in Washington, Utah on my father's last day on earth. He was lying in a hospital bed in the living room having trouble breathing and could barely speak. We were living down in Nevada then, and Mom called me because she felt he had worsened a lot that day. At one point in the conversation Mom asked me to give him a priesthood blessing. Her words were, “Fathers always give son's blessings, why can't sons give Father's blessings. It took me a while to compose myself pondering what kind of a blessing could a son give. I finally agreed, stood up and told my mother the blessing would release him, she agreed. I laid my hands upon his head and proceeded to give him a blessing telling him his work on this earth was finished and it was time for him to go. He was gone before I sat back down just as if he had gone to sleep.

Mom when she could still talk said to me many times, “can't you give me a blessing like you did your father?” My inner answer was NO...because it broke my heart to be the instrument that allowed my Dad so peaceably to pass on. The morning she passed, she had no movement in her hands; the many strokes had caused her body no longer to function. That morning as I looked down on her, I took her left hand in my right hand and said to her “Mom, its okay. It's time for you to go.” I felt a squeeze and release and my mother peaceably went to sleep. (Note, they moved 26 times)

Acknowledgements: The narration is by Shad taken from excerpts of Medena's journals through the years.

11

ROY AND MARIE CHRISTENSEN

By Lila Christensen Blatter

What Does Faith Look Like?

The farm is gone now without a trace of the barns, corrals, outdoor toilet and little house that once sheltered the Roy and Marie Christensen family of seven. Today only the memories exist in the minds of Neal and Lila of growing up on the farm off the Ammon Road.

My story begins many years earlier with the parents and grandparents of Roy and Marie.

I am Elizabeth Christina Williams Christensen mother of Roy. I was born May 10th 1875 in Ephriam, Utah. My Dad, John Williams was born in Bristol, England and immigrated to Utah as a convert to Mormonism. He walked with his family most of the way across the plains with the Darwin Richardson Co. to the Salt Lake Valley when he was twelve. My Mother, Christina Mary Overlade, was born in Denmark and also came to Utah because of the church. Not long after their arrival in the Salt Lake Valley, they were directed by Brigham Young to help build the little settlement of Ephriam, Utah.

My Dad was good at many things. He learned the carpenter trade from his Father and built a comfortable little home for us in Ephriam. At first they didn't think they would have any posterity as their first four babies died in infancy. Later they had eight more. I was the seventh child of twelve. While still a child, my older sister Sarah Ann died in a tragic boat accident. My Dad had many trades, one as an excellent teamster. He was called by Brigham Young to make several trips East to help drive ox teams for the Saints coming to Utah. He was called to assist in building the Salt Lake Temple and later worked on the Manti Temple. My Dad was a “Minute Man” to help guard the Saints from

marauding Indians who would sneak in and run off our stock. He was a Captain of the Cavalry during the Black Hawk War.

My parents owned a Mercantile business with two other men in the little town of Mayfield, Utah. One of the partners was called on a Mission. The other partner completely depleted the inventory in secret causing the business to fail. My Dad sold everything he had, even our last cow to pay off the indebtedness and keep his name clear. His motto was "Anything worth doing is worth doing well".

My Dad embraced polygamy and took a second wife. She was Anna Christena Anderson Larson. She was a widow with one son. They had two girls born to their union. Anna Christena was a large woman and she was referred to as "big Tena" my Mother, the first wife, Christina, was small of stature and was called "little Tena". They lived side by side and raised their families together.

Growing up I did not write in a journal but my days were full living in a large family, church & school.

I met Hans Christensen on a sleigh ride. We were later married on June 3, 1896. I was twenty one years old and my Father who was Justice of the Peace married us. Two years later we took out our endowments in the Salt Lake Temple. We made our home in the town of Emery, Utah. Hans built a General Merchandise Store. Here our first child we named Royland was born. The year was May 28, 1897. One year later my husband was made a Seventy in the Church and left for a mission to Norway and the Scandinavian Mission.

I was left with a year old son and pregnant. My growing up with a Father strong in the Church helped me to be able to do what I had to do while my husband was on his mission. Our second son Lee was born while he was gone. I was pregnant, nursing babies, changing diapers, washing clothes, cooking, helping in the store, a large garden and church work for the next eight years. Three more living children and twins that lived only part of a day were born. On May 7 1909 I gave birth to my last child. The midwife didn't use the most sanitary methods and I became very sick. Her life ended five

days later. The baby joined her five months later. She was thirty four years old.

James Christensen, the Father of Marie, moved with his family in 1890 from Utah to Bingham County, Idaho onto a sagebrush flat recently homesteaded by his Father Antone. Rocks were quarried from the hills, sawmills in Wolverine Canyon ten miles away furnished lumber and the kilns on Taylor Creek provided lime for the new rock home built by James & his father Antone. The cedar on the adjoining hills became fence posts and the quaking aspen became corrals.

They had many livestock including large bands of sheep which necessitated the use of much grazing ground. Lambing sheds were built on the foothills and the lush green grass of early spring was used for early range. Later the herds followed the snowline back through the higher mountains to wide open country over unclaimed land. The sheep grazed from the home ranch to Grays Lake. The bucks were taken by boat to the island on the lake for the summer. When it was time to sell the lambs, it took three days to trail them from the home ranch to either Soda Springs or Blackfoot. The price of wool was six cents a pound and a good lamb sold for two dollars.

It was out on the hills at a shearing corral where a romance began that ended in marriage for James and Anna Laura Clark.

Anna Laura Clark was born in a log cabin in Mountain Green, Utah on January 19, 1876. She was the sixth of fifteen children born to Leonadis and Elizabeth Higley. When she was six the family moved to Hooper, Utah where she attended elementary school until it became necessary for her to drop out to help with the many children at home. She lived there until she was eighteen years old. She came to Idaho in the spring of 1895 in a covered wagon with other relatives. On November of that same year she married James Christensen in the rock house he had helped build with his Father. This rock house and surrounding lands was their home for 38 years. Here eight children were born to them. James Vestal, Marie, Luella and Gladys, the other four died as infants. In 1933 they moved to Taylor, Idaho.

Marie was born June 19, 1899 in the old rock house her father had built. She was the second child of the four that lived. Her father owned several valley farms and homestead land in the Sellers Creek mountain area. She learned to work early in life and loved the outdoors and work outside more than the cooking and cleaning inside. They had many good horses that she and her brothers and sisters grew up riding. She homesteaded land in the Sellers Creek area when she was old enough to meet the required qualifications. Her Father and Brother built her a little cabin she called "Dove Cot". The canyon later became known as Marie's Canyon.

Roy Christensen was born May 28, 1897 at Emery, Utah to Hans and Elizabeth Christina Williams. When Roy was twelve years old his Mother died of infections from child birth with her sixth living child. Roy being the oldest child was placed with a great responsibility. His father soon became overwhelmed with trying to care for everyone including a tiny baby. He split the family up among the several relatives and left for a mission. When Roy was 14 he came to Idaho Falls to live with an Uncle who had a large sheep ranch. He became well trained in the sheep business as their operation included a big set-up in Montana, Idaho and Utah. He loved the livestock and the open ranges. When World War I came in 1917 he enlisted in the Army. He served his country well and was given an honorable discharge. After the Armistice he returned home on Christmas Eve of 1918. Roy returned back to the sheep business and was in charge of five bands of sheep which ranged on Mt. Caribou for the summer.

The people who lived on the Homesteads throughout the hills would get together for dances on a Saturday night. It was at one of these dances in Bone, Idaho that Roy Christensen met Marie Christensen. They each had ridden over from their various places on horseback. A romance started that ended in marriage June 17, 1924.

Roy and Marie made their first home on a farm her Father owned ten miles east of Shelley, Idaho. Their five children Madelyn, Neal, Colleen, Lila and

Jim were born there. Because of the Depression of 1929 and hard economic times of the whole country this place was lost to them. In 1935 they moved to the farm off the Ammon Road now known as 17th street.

We all learned to work at a very young age. The chores of milking cows and feeding the animals were Dad and the boys work. Each spring we would have a new crop of bum lambs the girls and Mom would have to raise. A large garden and the field work was shared by all. We didn't get paid for work at home and would have to work for neighbors to earn money. The farm was a good place to grow up learning responsibility and good work ethics. Some of my memories – A cold dip in the swift water of Sand Creek on a hot afternoon. The smell of new mown hay as it lay in the fields to dry. A long row ahead of potatoes to be picked. An aching back from thinning beets with a short handled hoe. The soft warmth of a new born lamb in your arms. The sound of water filling your basement from the flooding of Sand Creek spring ice jams. Dad with his hip boots on taking each one of us out to the road to catch the school bus. On a full moon night making angels in the new fallen snow. A game of "kick the can" with neighbor kids. Just a few of the happy times, hard times; too soon it was school graduations, family members leaving home, weddings and funerals. Life growing up on a farm is a good teacher for future years.

Though the farm is gone now and a busy shopping center takes its place, the memories live on for the rest of our lives.

12

SPENCER AND IDA SOPHIA NELSEN COVERT

Spencer was born 6 April 1908 in Ammon, Idaho. His family had sawmills in Idaho and Wyoming. Ida was born 25 April 1911 in Ammon, Idaho. Ida's father was a saddle maker in Montana and Idaho.

They were married 8 July 1933 in Idaho Falls, Idaho. Spencer worked for Nielsen Brothers for many years. He cultivated many acres of beets. He was a hardworking man. Ida was an excellent cook and expert seamstress. They had 4 children. She made her three young sons dress suits out of old suits she was given. When her children were older, she went to school to be an LPN. She worked many years at the Sacred Heart Hospital in the Emergency Room.

Patsy Catherine Covert was born 7 May 1934 in Idaho Falls. She died 1 May 1994 in Idaho Falls.

Spencer Dean Covert was born 8 April 1936 in Idaho Falls.

John William Covert was born 19 May 1937 in Idaho Falls. He died 27 December 1996 in Oregon.

Terry Val Covert was born 17 May 1939 in Idaho Falls. He died 11 November 2010 in Idaho Falls.

They all attended Ammon Elementary; Patsy graduated from Idaho Falls High School. All the brothers graduated from Bonneville High School.

Ida died 6 October 1975 in Idaho Falls and Spencer died 21 June 1977 in Iona. They are buried in the Ammon Cemetery.

—Submitted by Spencer Dean Covert

13

WALTER AND VILATE CROW

Memories by daughter Elsie Crow

Walter started driving a school bus in the fall of 1922 taking students from the northeastern part of the district to Ammon. He started by driving horses with wagon and sleigh for some time. In 1926 he bought a Ford Model T truck. It had a homemade bed on it. The covered bed had side benches for the children to sit on. He used the truck to haul sugar beets also. He would remove the school bus bed and put the beet hauling bed on during the beet harvest season. He got a lot of use out of the Ford but mentions occasionally having



Walter and the bus

to pull the oil pan and file the engine bearing caps when the engine connecting rod bearings would start to knock. He later traded the Ford for a Chevrolet truck also with a homemade bed. In 1940 he proudly acquired a Dodge truck with a factory installed school bus body. His son LaVerl and a cousin went back to Detroit and drove the bus home. He drove school bus for the school district for 23 years. During World War II he drove German Prisoners of War from their billets on the west side of the Snake River in Idaho Falls to their day labor on farms in the area. One day he was forced off the road and tipped the bus over with a load of prisoners on board. No one was hurt or tried to escape. He was comforted by some of the prisoners who told him not to worry, it wasn't his fault.

He started working as sexton of the Ammon Cemetery when he quit driving the school bus in the spring of 1946. He took pride in this work and desired the cemetery to be a place of beauty. He says, "I have been complimented by many and reprimanded by a few. I was scolded severely once and this time in the dead of winter when I was not employed for the work done there. A terrible blizzard was raging; a body was placed in the grave and left with the hole half filled. I walked through waist deep snow drifts to the cemetery two miles away to finish the work other men had left unfinished.



Walter's 1938 Dodge bus

Some of the closest neighbors were Ben and Esma Crow, (Walter's brother), George and Chloe Mawson, Clayson and Etta Simmons, (Walter's sister), Bill and Marsha Walker, Bert Walker, Leo Romer, and a Grover family. Of the families the Ben Crow family were the closest friends of Walter's children as they were cousins and also geographically closer. Elma and Alberta Mawson were very close friends, Elsie remembers having to go over to Mawsons and call a reluctant Elma home after overstaying her visit.

At the Simmons, Elsie and Eva May and Elma and Nona were also closest friends and cousins. Elsie remembers the tragedy of the drowning of older cousin Relda's child and participating in the search along the canal for the body. Also the near death of cousin Nona. This occurred as she was jumping rope by the mail box, when Walt Davis the mailman somehow caught the jump rope on his car as he was driving away and Nona got tangled in the rope and was drug up the hill toward the George Walkers place. George witnessed the incident and stopped Davis in time to save the girl, who was severely bruised and scratched but survived the trauma. Davis had his car radio turned up and

couldn't hear the girls screams. It was said that he wouldn't listen to the car radio after that while delivering mail. Another memory of Elsie's is the accidental shooting of Lynn Simmons, who was handling a .22 rifle when it discharged, inflicting a minor wound. Apparently someone there was smoking and the in the excitement a cigarette was dropped and left smoldering in a couch and resulted the burning of the home. A church sponsored Elders Quorum work project assisted in the rebuilding of the home.

Elsie remembers the Bill Walker family because her close friend Norma was a granddaughter of Bill whose son George's wife had died and left Norma and her siblings, Jack, Betty and Barbara (who died as a child of a contagious disease) and Ray, all motherless. Bill and Marsha took their grandchildren into their already large family and raised them. Bert Walker who lived to the north of Bill and Marsha Walker had Rose, Wally and another boy that Elsie remembers as neighborhood kids that they associated with. Odetta was a close friend of Joann Romer, Leo's daughter and spent many hours in their home with Joann. The Grover kids Clinton and Mack were friends that

lived below the canal on the Stanger farm to the north of the Crow home who would come and play ball in the summertime and participate with them in other seasonal activities.

Swimming in the canal was a favorite pastime for the whole family in the summer and in the winter it was ice skating. At this time the canals were not drained during the winter and miles in both directions provided access to neighbors and



Top row: Odetta, Elma, La Verl and Elsie Bottom row: Orval, Vilate and Walter

adventure. Drifted snow made for great ice caves along the banks. Many happy hours were spent with the neighborhood friends mentioned above in this little foothill neighborhood.

In 1952 Walter and Vilate sold their foothill farm to William Nielsen for \$10,000 and moved in February to their little brick home in Ammon at 3230 Ammon Rd. He started work on February 15, 1952 as Custodian for the Ammon Ward Church building. The Rheumatic Fever contacted in 1925 had left him with a weakened heart. He suffered a heart attack on October 24, 1961 and was not able to work until the following June. His sons' Orval and LaVerl carried on his work. He tried to return to the Cemetery work in the spring of 1962 but his weakened heart would not allow it so Lyman Pickett took over his duties and he continued to serve as the Church Custodian for a few more years until his health no longer permitted and his brother Jesse took over. Walter died April 6, 1975.

His wife Vilate was a member of the Daughter of the Utah Pioneers as a descendant of LDS Pioneer Simon Morley, his daughter Lucy Diantha Morley being her paternal grandmother. She loved quilting and made many beautiful quilts for the Relief Society and others. She helped cut and entirely pieced 41 Star quilts as well as many other patterns she also made. She passed away April 22, 1980.

14

HENRY DEAN AND NELLIE
ELKINGTON

It was a beautiful early summer day 28 June 1909 when my voice was first heard on this earth. I was the first child born to William Henry and Elzie McLaws Elkington. As was the custom of the day I was born at home on West Third South Street in Tooele City, Utah. I was an extra- large baby weighing just over eleven. Our at the time was a two room yellow brick home. My brother Reed was born 19 November 1910. With the two of us boys so near

the same age we grew up very close together. The s our sister Mary Alice born 11 May 1912 and sister Hazel Louise came next on 5 July 1915. I enjoyed a normal childhood but now it was time to leave home and the familiar surroundings and go to school. I will always remember that first day of school, I had a fight but I don't recall who with or what it was all about. That was my first and last fight. My sister LaVern was born 3 April 1917. On 25 January 1920 my sister Elizie JoAnn was born and my brother Fred William born 28 January 1922.

How well I remember my father coming home from work at the Smelter one evening all enthused with information on a ranch he had heard about that day located in Idaho. We all talked and dreamed for a few weeks, then it was decided Dad would go see the place as we had to know more. It was in the winter of 1922-1923 that he journeyed to Idaho to see the ranch. Of course he had to travel from Idaho Falls to the ranch with the mail, carried at that time with team and sleigh. When Dad returned it didn't take long to convince Mother and the rest of us that we should buy the place and move.

It was in April 1923 (I was 14) when I bid farewell to my Mother (who was in the hospital in Salt Lake City at that time) and Father and the rest of the family, who accompanied me to the train to take my first solo trip, my feelings were very much mixed as I waived good-by. I had grown very close to my baby brother Fred, who I tended and had the responsibility of the home during the time while Mother was in the Sacred Heart Hospital in Salt Lake for an operation.

I had detailed directions and had been instructed as to just what to do. I arrived in Idaho Falls on the mail day about seven in the morning. At that time there was a Café in the building just south of the Central Post Office in Idaho Falls and it was there that I had breakfast, as per instructions, of Ham and Eggs. I then waited for the Bone Mailman, Mitt Beard, to come. About ten A.M. we met and I was on our way to our new home. A boy of Fourteen cooped up in a small Model "T" Ford becomes a good listener and Mitt

Beard told me many stories about the Hills and the people who lived there. Our ranch, I discovered, was located about twenty miles south east of Idaho Falls on the Bone road.

I helped with the spring work, preparation of the fields and planting of the crops. That took care of my days and in as much as I had left school at least six weeks early I wrote all of my lessons and mailed them back to my teachers to get my credits for the ninth grade which took care of the evenings. In those days all of the field work was done with horses of which we had six white ones and one sorrel. Working with horses was a new experience for me although we had a pony at home which we rode. About June first the cows and furniture arrived along with Dad and Reed. They had what was known as an emigrant car. It consisted of a box car, in which one end of it was for the cows and the other end was where the furniture was loaded. Dad and Reed had to take care of the milking and feeding of the cows on the trip. We loaded the furniture on two wagons and driving the cows went as far as Iona, Idaho the first night and the next day the trip was completed. Dad went right back to Tooele to get the family and bring them up to our new home. The trip took two days to make in the car.

During the summer I found out why my Mother and Father were so anxious to move from Tooele. My Father had worked in the Smelter for eleven years. It was a Lead and Zinc Smelter and he had inhaled enough Lead to poison him. He was unable to work hard that first summer. He carried a 22 rifle and shot squirrels and did the irrigating. He told us many times that he felt another year at the Smelter would have finished him. He said he couldn't think of a future for us boys that included working at the Smelter. That first summer in Idaho I will always remember; it seemed the elements were doing their best to discourage us. It never rained and the wind blew every day making it necessary to stack the hay, which was put up loose, from daylight until about nine or ten in the morning and from five or six until dark.

That first summer we attended church at Ozone

and at Bone. We lived about midway between the two. It was at Ozone one Sunday that everyone united in fasting and prayed for rain. Bishop Aaron Judy offered the prayer; when we went into the church house there wasn't a cloud in the sky, after church the clouds started to form and by five that evening it was raining. This experience was very powerful lesson to me of the power of prayer for our prayer was certainly answered that day. Our crop of grain planted that spring had never even sprouted; now it came up making a good fall pasture. When school time came and ours being a stock ranch and cash being in short supply, it was decided Reed would stay on the ranch with our Uncle Howard Elkington (Dad's brother) and help feed and care for the stock, the rest of us moved into a house on South Water Ave. in Idaho Falls where we lived and attended the Idaho Falls schools.

At the ranch we were able to prepare some land for planting so when spring came we were able to plant in fall plowed land and our Heavenly Father blessed us with rain to water the crops making a harvest possible. We dry farmed about 80 acres, half of it each year. Now we irrigate about 100 acres and dry farm about 1500 acres. School time found me on the ranch feeding and caring for the stock and the rest of the family living in the house where my Father and Mother now live at 237 South Ridge Ave in Idaho Falls.

Summer was a busy time on the ranch, summer fallowing the dry land, irrigating and harvesting two crops of hay and binding and thrashing the grain; we also had a small flock of sheep that was pastured around the outside of the ranch proper. We kids had to herd the sheep and also milk from eight to twelve cows by hand. It didn't take too long as there were always at least three of us to milk. Of course all the field work was done with horses and we had to get up early to feed and water them before they could be worked.

Busy as we were school time soon came again and this fall Reed and I both went to school. We were Juniors in Idaho Falls High School. We were always interested in athletics and it seemed only

natural that we try out for the Foot Ball Team. In 1926 Reed played center position and I was left guard. That year I had the ligaments in both ankles torn loose so I played each game with about a dollar's worth of adhesive tape down the side of each leg, under the foot and up the other side to hold my foot strait. I was able to play almost all the time except when the tape would break and it was necessary to replace it. We had a very successful season climaxed by a Letterman banquet sponsored by the Lions Club in the Bonneville Hotel. Just before the close of this school year we of the student body voted to change our government to a business manager type and at the election I was elected Business Manager of the Idaho Falls Student body. We attended church in the Idaho Falls 2nd Ward, there being only two wards in Idaho Falls at the time, the railroad being the boundary line between the two wards.

It was during the Christmas Holidays of 1929 we decided to go back to Tooele and renew old friendships. It seems we were not meant to go. We got stuck in the snow bad and slid off the road down a steep grade and all we had to shovel snow with was a little fire shovel. I will never forget that experience, but by hard work and a lot of it, we finally got back on the road and to Idaho Falls. This experience delayed our departure one day. The trip was uneventful but was anything but satisfying. Old friends grew up and are not as you remember them. We came home satisfied with no desire to return to Tooele.

It was two days after my twenty first birth day that I won the contract to carry the mail from Bone to Idaho Falls and return. The contract called for three trips each week; Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. The Government paid \$1320. dollars each year. The route was designated as a Star Route (meaning freight and passengers were also carried). This part of the job afforded many and varied experiences. To have to do the shopping for the people on the route gave me much valuable experience, even today I do much of the shopping for the family. It was necessary to use horses in the

winter time, generally from about Christmas time to the middle of April. We used a single sleigh with a canvas covered box on it. In the summer time I used a Model "A" Ford truck with a short wheel base. The passenger fare was one dollar and freight charges varied according to the time and trouble to get the material.

It was during the summer of 1931, having found out who lived at each house, that Reed and I finally mustered enough courage to go over to Judy's to get better acquainted with those who lived there; we had a good idea but never had been introduced. We visited with brother Aaron Judy in the back yard for some time then we arranged for a blind date with Nellie and Cora for the next Saturday night. We took them to Grays Lake to the dance. Reed had met Cora that first day we visited so it was decided Nellie was to be my date. I will ever be thankful to my Heavenly Father for prompting my Father to move to that particular place in Idaho and guiding my footsteps so that I might meet Nellie Judy.

Our first date was to a dance in the Eagle Creek Hall at Gray's Lake. It was sixty miles round trip over dirt roads so by the time we got back we were pretty well acquainted. She seemed to have all the qualities I had been expecting in "THE" girl. We had the same interests, likes and dislikes. She was a girl with high ideals with a desire to someday go to the temple to be married for time and all eternity. Our first date was a long one because of the distance traveled and the roads. We didn't get back until the sun was just glowing pink over the hills to the east. Very little sleep was had by anyone for it was Sunday and Stake Conference to which we all had to go. Needless to say very little of what was said did we hear.

Our first date led to many more, each one only serving to convince me more and more that she was the girl for me. I was very bashful. One instance that comes to mind; I drove out to Ammon one night and drove around the block past Judy's house four or five times but didn't have the courage to stop and go in their house and ask for Nellie. I went

home without ever stopping. The winter of 1931 and 32 Cora was teaching school at Glennore and staying with Maiben and Leda Jones. Nellie came up for a short visit that lasted for a month or so. I was carrying the mail and we got to see each other quite frequently during the week and of course over the week ends I was able to go up to Jones place to see her. It was during this time that Nellie and Cora and others planned and executed very well a surprise party on Reed and me. We were batching. There was quite a blizzard on when they walked in on us. We had been neglecting our house work for there were dishes to wash and the house was in need of cleaning. Needless to say we were a little surprised and a little bit embarrassed to have all those people walk in on us. Nellie and Cora soon made things look presentable around the house.

Nellie and my friendship ripened into love and on my birthday 28 June 1932 we became engaged; the happiest day of my life. On the 23 of September 1932 we, Nellie and I along with Cora (Nellie's sister) and Reed and my Father and Mother drove to Salt Lake to be married in the Temple. President George F. Richards performed the ceremony. We had stopped in Logan for the marriage license so the next morning the paper had an account of our double double wedding. This came as a surprise to us. After the wedding we went to Tooele to meet the folks. Nellie has often said it seemed to her like going block teaching, so many homes to stop into and so many people to meet. Three days was

all we could be away for it was threshing time so we rushed home and got there just in time for the threshers, and of course Nellie and Cora cooked for the twenty men and that was their initiation to married life.

Our first child, a son, who we named Vernon Dean, was born 31 May 1933. How happy we were with a healthy baby. By now we had moved a one room house onto the ranch which Nellie and I and the baby moved into. We furnished the house it costing us just over \$100 dollars. Our boy, who seemed so healthy at first but we noticed at twenty months was having trouble getting up when he fell down. We took him to the doctor who told us he had Muscular Dystrophy, a disease of which very little was known and eventually he would get so weak he couldn't even breathe. This struck us like a bolt of lightning. We prayed each morning as a family and quite often Vernon would say "NO" when we asked the Lord to spare him and make him well again. Needless to say this disturbed us very much. We went to many doctors and Doctor Sheets in Salt Lake told us to go ahead and have our family that we would probably never see the disease again. Vernon continued to grow weaker and on 27 September 1935 he passed away in the L.D.S. Hospital in Idaho Falls with pneumonia at the age of 2 years 4 months.

On the 8th of February 1937 our son Larry was born in the LDS hospital in Idaho Falls. The Lord again blessed our home for on 22 November 1939 our daughter Judy Gay was born. While we thought often of our oldest son we now had two wonderful children and our home seemed to be Heaven on earth. We built two more rooms on our house to take care of our growing family. Judy walked and started talking rather young. People commented on her ability to carry on a conversation. One day we noticed she showed the same weakness Vernon had. We couldn't make ourselves believe it. We watched her every move for the next week. The anxiety and fear seemed more than we could bear. We took her to the doctor who confirmed our fears. She too had Muscular Dystrophy. She passed away at home 3



Dean and Nellie Elkington

November 1942 at the age of three and was placed to rest at the Ammon Cemetery by her brother.

Life is filled with many varied experiences. What started out to be a visit to Reed and Cora on the ranch became a near tragedy. It was in February 1943 we left Ammon with the Bone mail man, Basil Fosbinder, in his Snowmobile (a converted vehicle with tracks) headed for the ranch. It was a cold winter day with the temperature just below zero and a little breeze blowing driving the cold right through you. It was warm in his snowmobile



Basil Fosbinder Snowmobile

and before long we were on our way. We had gone quite a distance when Basil remembered

he hadn't transferred his snow shovel from the car to the Snowmobile but decided to go on without it.

All went well until we were within a mile of Clark Judy's ranch, then we got stuck in a big drift and couldn't move. There wasn't anything to do but get out and walk. I carried Larry and the three of us, Nellie, Basel and I walked over to Judy's. There we built a fire and got in some extra wood for the stove. We left Nellie and Larry there and Basil and I started to walk the five miles to our ranch, the nearest place. All went well for about two miles, then Basil started having trouble walking and the farther we went the worse he became. When we were still about two miles from our destination he lost consciousness and I carried him about a mile until I couldn't carry him any farther. I looked for and found a protected place under a hill in some brush and left him. I went as fast as I could the rest of the way to the ranch house and got Reed and the team and sleigh and returned to Basil. We had left word for Cora to heat water. When we brought Basil back he was stiff as could be. We undressed him and put him in the bath tub filled with warm water. We worked with him for an hour or two then wrapped him up in blankets and moved him in by the heater.

Reed then went to Judy's and got Nellie and Larry who long before had begun to worry about us. It was 9 o'clock at night when Reed got Nellie and Larry. Reed also went over and got the rest of the mail, the first class mail was left with Nellie. The next morning Reed and I took the mail onto Bone and brought the return mail back to the ranch where Basel was. Basil didn't regain consciousness except for short intervals until that morning. That day he continued to improve and the next day we took him over and pulled the Snowmobile out of the snow and got him started back to the valley. The Lord again had watched over me and gave me strength and wisdom to do what was to be done. Nellie prayed for our safety as she and Larry stayed behind. They couldn't find enough wood to keep the fire going so she found some rugs on the floor and piled them on the bed and went to sleep.

I have talked to a doctor since that time and he said we did exactly right in thawing Basil Fosbinder out. There isn't anything that will bring a person's temperature up as fast as immersion in hot water. According to the doctor, Basil's trouble had been; his head had got too cold. His cap and hair hadn't protected his head sufficiently from the cold.

After the loss of our Judy Gay the Doctor had advised us to have no more children but to be happy with the son we had. We both came from large families and loved children very much. This didn't seem to be the answer for us. We decided to adopt children but as we went from doctor to doctor we found a long list of parents waiting to adopt children. Nellie wrote a letter to the children's home in Boise to see what could be done there. We watched the mail for three years before the letter came advising us they had a little girl for us. July 1943 we went to Boise to get Christie from the Children's Home. She was a nine year old girl from a broken home. Although we wanted a baby we were happy to get her. We gave her the name of Christie as a new name. She had been known as Florence Aldrich. We were advised to change her name.

That first summer Christie kept reminding us she was Presbyterian but she didn't object going



Elkington barn built by John Empey

to church. The following year she was baptized by her own choice which made us very happy. Twice during the year we had visitors from the Children's Home investigating us and to see how Christie was getting along. On 30 June 1944 we went before the Probate Judge and had the adoption papers filled out making Christie legally our daughter.

In the General election, the fall of 1944, my father was elected State Representative from Bonneville County. February 1945 at the close of the Legislature Mother and Dad went to the Children's home and asked them if they had a baby to send home to Nellie and I. It was very much to our surprise when they walked in with a 15 month old boy and announced he was ours. Of course we were overjoyed to receive him. It took no time at all for him to become adjusted and start gaining weight. He had been sick a short time before. We consulted together as to what to name the baby and it was Larry's suggestion we name him Bruce, we added the initial J.

The summer of 1945 we had the basement dug for our present home here in Ammon. We had purchased the old John Empey property. Building materials were hard to get, for once again the world was at war. I gathered each board I could get and made a deal with the brick plant to let them get clay from the place in the hills in return for brick. The fall of 1945 we started building. Another big day was 7 December 1945 when the adoption became final and Bruce became ours. Another of the happiest days of our live came on 10 January 1946 when we took Christie and Bruce to the

Temple and had them sealed to us for time and all eternity. On March 8, 1949 a new baby boy joined our family. Nellie gave birth to our son whom we named Wade. He was a healthy baby and needless to say the center of attention in our home. There isn't anything that brings a family closer together than a baby in the home.

One of the biggest days of my life came when the Lord through President Cecil E. Hart called me to be Bishop of the Ammon Ward. I was sustained the night the Ward was divided November 2, 1953. In August 1970 we were called to officiate in the Idaho Falls Temple. In this calling Nellie served nine years but because of illness she had to be released. I served eleven and one half years. In January 1972 we received a call to serve a mission for the Church in South Dakota to work with the Sioux Indians. Ours was a work mission. I was to help the Indians use their own land, with a specific assignment to start them by raising gardens. Nellie was to help the women with home making. We had a seventy acre garden in Pine Ridge and taught them to irrigate.

We have both served in many positions in the Church and have been richly blessed. We are now retired. We spend five months in Arizona and the summer months in our home in Ammon.

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REED AND CORA JUDY ELKINGTON

Life Sketch of Reed Elkington

by daughter-Karen Sparks

In the scripture Araham 3:26, we are told that they who keep their first estate shall be added upon with their second estate. Reed Elkington started life on his second estate Nov. 19, 1910. As was the custom of that time, he was born in his parents' home with the aid of the local Doctor, on

West 3rd South Street in Tooele City, Utah. His father was William Henry Elkington Jr. His Mother was Elzie McLaws Elkington. He was the second of seven children. Dean was the oldest, then Reed. Next was his sisters, Alice, Hazel, Laverne, JoAnn, and his youngest brother Fred. Dean and Reed were so near the same age that they grew up always being together. Their father worked at the smelter as a Brick Mason. The family had an acreage with room for a large garden, chickens, a couple of cows and a few sheep. They learned to weed the garden and feed the animals while they were quite young, which was activities he had the rest of his life. He started school in a little one room Stucco building in Tooele. The school years were quite routine until the 7th grade. That year there were too many students for the room. It was decided to advance one class of 7th graders to the 8th grade. Any who could handle the work could remain in the 8th grade. Those who could not had to go back to the 7th grade. He was one of the fortunate ones who stayed in the 8th grade, so Dean and Reed were in the same grade.

Their home was made larger, from a two room yellow brick home, to a nine room two story yellow brick house with a porch on the North front and an upstairs porch also. Their home was on the south side of town close to the hills and canyon. In the summer they had fun days that they spent in the canyons and hills that was their playground. Little Mountain with its "Devils Slide" as they called it, they slid down in the dish pan or scoop shovel. One O'Clock and Two O'Clock Mountains, and Settlement Canyon, is where they would hike, and go fishing, which made an enjoyable boyhood. When he was 12 years old his Uncle Isaac, who had a ranch in Millard Co., Utah gave them a sorrel mare that they trained to ride. They had great times with their new pony.

One evening his Father came home from work at the Smelter and was enthused with information about a ranch he had heard about that was located in Idaho. They were all excited, then it was decided that their Dad would go see the ranch so they

would know more about it. His Father had worked at the Smelter for Eleven years. It was a Lead and Zinc Smelter and he had just about inhaled enough Lead to poison him. He felt that another year at the Smelter would have made him die. He said he couldn't stand to think of a future for his boys that would be for them to work at the Smelter.

It was the winter of 1922-23 that he took the trip to Idaho to see the ranch. It was covered with snow. He had to travel from Idaho Falls to the ranch with the mail, by team and sleigh. When he returned it didn't take long to convince the family that they should buy the ranch, and to move. It was the Spring of his Freshman year when his Father and his brother, Howard bought the ranch near Bone, Idaho. Dad came to Idaho in a freight car on the train, filled with the furniture, 7 milk cows, one bull. He had a lot of enthusiasm thinking about farming. Dean had come with his Uncle Howard in April. His Mother and the other Sisters and brother stayed in Tooele until school was out, before they came to Idaho. His Father had a Willis Knight car. He went back to Tooele to get the family and bring them to their new home. It always took two days to make the trip to Tooele. They all moved to Idaho in April 1924. There were 5 White horses on the ranch, and one bay, baldy face horse to work with or ride.

The first year on their farm in Idaho was very hard There was very little rain. They had plowed about 60 acres of land and planted spring wheat. It was October before there was enough rain to sprout the seeds that they had planted. The first summer, they attended Church at Ozone and at Bone. They lived half-way between the two. It was at Ozone one Sunday that everyone united in fasting and prayed for rain. Bishop Aaron Judy offered the prayer. When they went into the Church house there wasn't a cloud in the sky. After Church the clouds started to form, and by five that evening it was raining. That experience was a very powerful answer to prayers. Their crop of grain planted that spring had never even sprouted, but it came up making good fall pasture. They milked the cows. They put the milk through the separator

to separate the cream from the milk. His Mother churned the cream into butter, which they took into Idaho Falls and exchanged it for groceries.

Their Father went into Southern Utah that summer and bought 300 sheep. It was very cold that winter so half of the sheep froze to death. The snow was deep, too. School time came. It was decided that Dad would stay on the ranch with their Uncle Howard, who had helped to buy the ranch, to help feed and care for the stock. The rest of the family moved into a house on South Water Ave. in Idaho Falls where they lived so they could attend the Idaho Falls School. Their Mother only agreed to move to the ranch if the children could all go to school and graduate from High School, which was not always done, then. When spring came they were able to plant the grain. Father in Heaven blessed them with rain to water the crops making a harvest possible. They dry farmed about 80 acres half each year. Dad went to school for his Sophomore year. Dad and Dean both attended school for their Junior and Senior years. Their family later bought a home on South Ridge Ave. in Idaho Falls. They were very good at playing football. Dean and Dad both were given Football letters. They were both famous for their excellent football skills. Dad played Center on the football team. His Senior year he was named the "All State Center" by the press club. He was also on the Basketball squad and won his letter in Track, throwing the Javelin. They attended Church in the Idaho Falls 2nd Ward There were only two wards in Idaho Falls at that time.

He graduated from Idaho Falls High School in 1928. He was offered scholarships from two Universities to go to school and play football, but he turned them down to live on the ranch. His Mother, sisters, and brother would move to the ranch in the summer. His Father worked as a brick Mason when work was available. Summer was a busy time on the ranch. There was land to irrigate, and harvesting two crops of hay and binding and threshing grain They also had a small flock of sheep that was pastured around the outside of the ranch

that they had to herd. They also milked 8 to 12 cows by hand. All of the field work was done with horses and they had to get up early to feed and water them before they could be worked.

In 1934 Dean got them the four year contract to carry the mail from Idaho Falls to Bone three days a week, on Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Dad drove the sleigh in the winter time from the ranch to Bone and back. He and Dean would then change horses and Dean drove them to the Valley. He then took a car from Ammon to Idaho Falls and back to Ammon. Sometimes the roads were snowed in so he took the sleigh on to Idaho Falls. Dad worked for the U.S. Biological Survey the winter of 1932.

In the Summer of 1931, when they knew who lived in each house, Dad and Dean went over to Aaron Judy's home to get better acquainted with those who lived there. They visited with Aaron Judy in the back yard for some time, and then arranged for a date with Nellie and Cora Judy for the next Saturday night. They took them to Grays Lake to the dance. Dad went with Cora, so Dean went with Nellie for his date. They were grateful that they moved to Idaho so they could meet Cora and Nellie. Their first date lead to more. Cora had gone to Ricks College to become a teacher. She got the job teaching school at Glenore, a small school four miles south of Bone, where they continued to get better acquainted. Nellie came to visit with her. Dad and Dean dated them for a year. The next fall, September 23, 1932, Dad. and Cora Judy, Dean and Nellie Judy went in a car with their Mother and Father to be married in the Salt Lake Temple. They had a double wedding.

After they were married, they all lived in the big house on the ranch. Later they built a small home for Dean and Nellie. Their Dad traded land he owned in Tooele for Howard's share of the ranch, then Dad and Dean bought the ranch from their Dad. They needed more farmland The Homesteaders had nearly all left their farms by then and moved to the valley. The mortgage companies owned some land, but some of the land around the ranch had been taken over by the

county for failure to pay taxes. A man who owned a herd of sheep and had a range near Spencer Idaho also owned 320 acres of land that joined them. He told them that he didn't have any use for the land, but needed some horses. By that time they had extra horses. He offered to trade his land to them for 3 of their work horses, which they did. Their place was called the "Elkington Brother's Farm, and Ranch". They bought a car and shared it. They used work horses to farm with for several years, until tractors became available, then they bought a Caterpillar Tractor to farm with.

Dad and Mom's oldest daughter, Karen, was born in 1933. Their next daughter, Glenna, was born in 1934. Their son, Edwin was born in 1937, Elaine was born in 1941. Keith was born in 1946. Brent was born in 1947. They were all born in the Idaho Falls L.D.S. Hospital. Dad enjoyed trapping, so he had a trap line that he looked at during the day. He caught some coyotes, mink, muskrats, and others which helped get needed money.

Dad and Dean bought 15 registered Corriedale sheep at the U.S. Experiment Station at Dubois, Idaho. They later traded for registered Hampshire Ewes, and bought registered Columbia ewes. They showed them at the fair and the National Ram Sale. Dad helped to organize the Idaho Falls Purebred Sheep Association, and sale at Idaho Falls. He was a member of the Board of Directors for more than 20 years. Dad was on the School Board for the Rock Creek School District, as long as it existed. Karen started school in the Rock Creek School, and then Glenna started school, there, too. There were 8 grades that were taught in the one room school house.

They increased the size of their farm through the years until they had all the land that they could handle. They raised registered sheep for many years. There was a lot to do with the sheep. The sheep were sorted into groups each night, in the fall to prepare them for having lambs in the spring. Sometimes the sheep had twin lambs and couldn't take care of them, and some of the ewes died, so the lambs had to be taken care. They were called Bum Lambs. They were fed with bottles of milk.

The sheep had to be sheared in the Spring. The wool was sold.

Every year when the Yellowstone Park Lake was opened for fishing about the last of June, his family went to Yellowstone Park for about a 3 to 4 day vacation. They camped in the Fishing Bridge camp ground, or would stay in a cabin there. Several of Mom's family, the Judy families would be staying there, too. There would be a lot of family get togethers, and the children all spent time together. Time was also spent fishing from Fishing Bridge. A rubber boat was purchased, and it was taken with them to fish in the Lake and the river. It was also taken to other Lakes to fish in. Fishing was a family activity that was done whenever there was a day available to go. Dad also enjoyed taking his family on rides to see new places. Rides were taken to Grey's Lake, to Soda Springs, and to Star Valley. Deer and Elk hunting was also something that was looked forward to each fall. One year Dad and his brothers, Dean and Fred went hunting at Tanner Pass several miles above Bone. When a bear came near them they shot it. That was an achievement at that time. Fred took the bear fur. They used the meat.

His family started moving to Ammon in 1942 for his children to attend school in Ammon. They rented houses for a couple of years. Dean and his family stayed at the Ranch that winter. The next winter Dad and his family stayed at the ranch while Dean and his family went to help his Dad with his herd of sheep lambing at Hagerman, by Twin Falls. Later Grandma and Grandpa Elkington took their herds of sheep to Imperial Valley, Calif. for the winter. Dad and Mother took a trip to Calif. To see them. In 1951 they took their family for a trip to Calif. Dad and Mom enjoyed going on trips. They took trips to Canada, Hawaii, Alaska, Australia, and New Zealand.

In 1944 Dad and our family moved to Ammon again for the family to attend school at Ammon. In 1945 Dad and Mom bought the large John Empey house from the Empey family, on Sunnyside and Crowley road. The house was remodeled during the 2nd World War when building supplies were

hard to get. Dean and Nellie built a house next to Dad's and Mom's house. Dad served on the School board for the Rock Creek School District. He was elected to serve on the Ammon School board when the schools were consolidated into the Bonneville District #93.

He has served many callings in the Church. He was counselor in the Elder's Quorum Presidency to Parley Field, and was later called to be the Pres. of the Elders quorum. He was ordained to be a 70 and was called to a Stake Mission for 2 years. He was also a member of the 70's quorum Presidency. He served as Counselor in the High Priest Quorum Presidency with Pres. Sudweeks. He was President of the High Priest Quorum when the Ammon Stake was Organized He was set apart by Spencer W. Kimball. He served as Ward M.I.A President, and was the Stake Sunday School President twice. He served on the High Council in the South Idaho Falls Stake and the Ammon Stake.

Dad and Mom had 6 children, Karen, Glenna, Edwin, Elaine, Keith and Brent. Four served full time missions. When the sheep was sold at the ranch, they got registered cattle with his sons, Keith and Brent. Dean sold his share of the farm to Keith and Brent. Dad is also turning his share over to them. Dad stayed involved into his eighties and attended all the bull sales even the one when he was 96. He passed away at his Ammon home



Back row: Glenna, Eddie, Elaine. Middle row: Karen, Reed, Cora. Front row: Keith, Brent.

October 26, 2007 just a few weeks away from his 97th birthday.

Cora Judy Elkington

I was born in Salem, Idaho, a small town north of Rexburg. I was born of L.D.S. parents. At that time very few women had a doctor at the time of child birth. So it was with my mother when I was born she stayed at home with only a midwife to care for her. I was the sixth child in a family of ten. My mother said she didn't weigh me because they had no scales, but she guessed I would weigh about 6 ½ pounds. Two years later on my birthday my sister Nellie was born. My mother always dressed us like twins. We were always as close as any twins could be. I was a small child, very thin, while Nellie was chubby. She soon caught up to me in size.

When I was a year old my father took up a homestead about 18 miles east of Idaho Falls. It was later called Ozone. I started school in Ozone in a one room log school house, where all eight grades were in one room. They later built a better one. We still had all the grades in one room, but it had a library room, lights, water and other conveniences in it. Part of the building was where we held church. When the Ozone school was discontinued the building was moved to Ammon. It was used as a home economic building for a long time. It is now used as a lunch room in Ammon Junior High School.

We lived a mile from school and walked to school every day. One day when I was in first grade on our way to school we met a pack of five coyotes in the road. There were five of us and three neighbors' children walking together. We stopped and watched for them to move on, but they only stopped and looked at us, then started to circle around us. The older boys said the coyotes must be hungry. They said for all of us to yell and see if we could scare them away. We all screamed and started to run toward them and sure enough they started to run away. We ran on down the road a bunch of frightened kids.

On days when a blizzard would come up and there was a lot of them that year, Dad couldn't get

a team and sleigh down the road because it was drifted full of snow. He would walk to meet us and bring extra wraps. Then he got in the lead and broke a trail. He lined us up close behind him and we went home. I always took the diseases harder than the others did. When I was seven years old I had the measles. I was in bed three weeks and very sick. Mother wasn't home at the time as she was staying with her mother because she had a new baby, my sister Floral was born at that time. My oldest sister Melvina was taking care of us. One night I was extremely sick. My father didn't believe in administering to anyone only when they were very sick. He believed in praying for their recovery but not administering to them every time they were ill. This particular night he called a neighbor lady in to ask her advice but they didn't seem to come up with anything that seemed to relieve me. I couldn't sleep. I lay there staring at the ceiling and watching Dad. He would walk over and look at me, then go over and stir the fire. They sat up with me all night. The next morning I felt much better. We lived about 18 miles from a doctor but we only had a horse and buggy to travel in then. I never remember having a doctor called in no matter how sick we were.

One of the things I remember most when I was a child was the 4th of July celebrations. I always had a new dress for the occasion. Father always insisted that I join in most of the races for my age and I won at least one every year. I learned to dance when I was eleven years old. There were dances at the Ozone church house every Friday night in the summer and quite a few in the winter too. We kids would dance a while and then go outside and play hide and seek, then we came back in and danced again.

Dad had the first car in the community. It was a Ford. He tried to get a neighbor lady to ride in it but she said she thought too much of her life to ride in that thing. When all our family got in the car it wouldn't go up the hills so we have to get out and push. Sometimes Dad would turn it around and back up the hill. It seemed to have more pushing power that way. One time when we

were pushing the car up Peterson Hill, which is quite a long hill, my older brother and sister swung around and climbed in after the car got started good. I couldn't do that, I was too small. I ran along holding on behind until the car was going too fast and I was tired, then I let go. After a while I thought they should be to the top and wait for me. But they didn't stop so I thought they had forgotten me. I began to cry and yell as loud as I could. I had forgotten Mother was down the hill below me. When she heard me yell she thought I had gotten run over so she came running up the hill all out of breath. When she saw I was OK she could have spanked me but she didn't. It was then that Mother told Dad if we were going to have a car she wanted one we could ride in and not push. So Dad bought a Dodge and we never had to walk again. Nothing stopped that old Dodge, it had plenty of power.

Dad was made the Presiding Elder when Ozone was made a branch. Then he became Bishop when it became a Ward. He was a very religious man. I never remember a day when we didn't have family prayer. If we had company they were asked to join us in prayer. We always attended our Sunday meeting. Primary was held only a short time in the summer so I didn't get much Primary training. I was baptized in a pond on the Butler Wallace farm at Ozone on 6 July 1918. It was used to hold water for the stock in the summer. All of us who had our birthdays in the winter waited until the water was warm in the summer to be baptized.

I was about eight years old when I began riding the derrick horse that pulled the big Jackson fork up with a load of hay into Dad's big red barn. Then when I was about nine years old I rode a horse to get the cows. The pasture was about a mile long and the cows would hide in the trees at times so I had a hard time finding them. Lots of times I prayed that I could find them and I always did. I started driving three head of horses on a sulky plow when I was nine or ten. By the time I was eleven I drove six head of horses on a gang plow.

My brothers, Lavern and John and I ran the gang plows while Nellie drove 3 horses on a sulky

plow with Clifford using the whip. We thought we were really taking a wide swath each round we made. We tried to get the plowing done before the first of June. I drove horses on a harrow, weeder, roller, and disk and in the fall I ran a header to cut the grain. When my Dad got a tractor I learned to drive that. I also worked on the combine sewing the sacks of wheat. We all worked at our house as well when boys went in the fields. We all had a cow or two to milk each morning and night.

Father always saw to it that every member of our family went on a trip during the summer. We took turns staying home and doing the chores. Dad loved to fish so we all learned to love the out of doors. The time when Dad was Bishop he planned a fishing trip for the whole ward. There were only a few left behind to take care of the chores. We stayed for three days.

We moved to Ammon in the fall when I was thirteen. I was in the eighth grade. We would move back to Ozone in the summer. Most of the people had moved out by this time. There weren't enough children left so we could have school. Most of the people lost their places because they couldn't pay their taxes. Dad kept his place although things were pretty tough at times. He gradually bought more land until he had enough for the boys to each have a farm.

That first year in Ammon was very hard for me. I was timid and didn't make friends very fast. I graduated from Ammon High School and Seminary. It was the second year they had a four year high school there. There were fourteen that graduated the first year. There were only nine of us who graduated the second year. There were twenty four who started in our class as Freshmen but each year some dropped out and others moved away. I attended Ricks College for two years and graduated from there, it was a Junior College.

While I was in high school I saw my first radio. It had earphones and only one could hear it at a time. Then later everyone was invited to the store to hear a radio with a big horn on it. We thought it was really something. Everyone could hear it at once. The silent pictures were changed to talkies

about that time. After graduating from Ricks College I got a job teaching school at Glenore. This school was by Maiben Jones ranch about 25 miles east of Idaho Falls. I taught five grades in one room as there were only twelve students in all. I got \$100 dollars a month. I thought that was pretty good pay but when I went to cash my check the bank would check to see if the school was out of funds. Glenore wasn't one of the schools that couldn't pay their bills, thank goodness. Some of the schools couldn't pay their teachers.

It was while I was teaching at Glenore that I started going with Reed. He and Dean were batching at the ranch that winter. Nellie came up and stayed with me for a while. We always double dated. On September 23, 1932 we were married in the Salt Lake Temple. Nellie and Dean and Reed and I were married the same day. There was a write up in the Salt Lake Tribune that said there was a double double, two sisters marrying two brothers. When we were first married Nellie and Dean and Reed and I all lived in the old ranch house that father Elkington had bought. Grandma and Grandpa Elkington and family moved to town to live both summer and winter after that.

After one year Nellie and Dean moved a one room house just down the hill from us and then built onto it as their family grew. We had a well



Reed and Cora Elkington

at the back porch. We pumped water by hand and carried it in the house. We had gas lamps and lanterns with mantles on them for light. We washed with a washer for a while then we bought a washer run with a gasoline engine. Our first gas washer cost us \$15 dollars. It was a second hand one. In the spring of 1946 we bought a delco plant and put electric lights in the house. Then in 1948 we hooked a pump on the electricity and pumped water in the house. A few years later we put in a bathroom and had hot as well as cold water in the house. In the summer of 1961 the Utah Power and Light put a line up past our ranch. It was in the spring of 1962 that we got our electric appliances up there that we used in the valley in the winter.

We didn't go to church very often when we were first married. We only had one car for Dean's and Nellie's and our families. We thought we lived to far away to make it to church very often. We went occasionally in the summer. Then in the winter we were snowed in so we could only get out with a sleigh. The first four years Dean and Reed took the mail, so we could go to the valley on mail days. Then after they gave up the mail job we would go to town for our Christmas shopping and sometimes got out to see our folks at Christmas time. Then the snow would get too deep and we couldn't get to town again until in April or May. If we needed something we would send out with the mail man, but that wasn't very often. We sent for some things in the catalogue. The mail came up three times a week.

When Elaine was a baby in 1941 we rented a place in the valley for winter. Nellie and Dean stayed at the ranch and did the chores. Then the next year they went to the valley and we stayed at the ranch to feed the stock. That year the family with five children moved out after we had only two months of school so it left only Karen and Glenna to attend school up there. The teacher was living with us so we moved some school desks from the school house and put them in a room upstairs. The teacher taught there. We often told Karen and Glenna they had a private tutor. Karen was in the fifth grade and Glenna was in the third grade at the

time. The fall of 1943 we moved to the valley and in February of 1944 we bought our home in Ammon where we live every winter.

We have six children three girls and three boys, Karen, Glenna, Eddie, Elaine, Keith and Brent. They have all been through the temple. Four have served missions; Eddie to the Southern states, Elaine to Canada, Keith to Brazil, and Brent to the North Central states.

Cora passed away October 12, 2000 at the age of 90. She had been in an automobile accident in June, suffering a broken rib. Liquid in her lungs made breathing difficult all through the summer.

16

AZER EUGINE AND RUBY MYRTLE NEILSON EMPEY

I, Azer Eugene Empey, the third son of John Empey and Almira Norton, was born the twenty second of April in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety two. The place of my birth was a two room log house, which my father had built on his homestead, located one mile east of Ammon. The midwife was Roseanna Denning.

My early education was obtained in a one room school house where all eight grades were held together; our teacher was Floy B. Swank. By the time I graduated from the eighth grade we had a new brick building. I graduated the 20th of May 1910. My teacher was Laney Nielsen. I was the first Empey boy to graduate from public school. I also attended Primary, my teacher being Mrs. Peppers.

In my younger years my father was second counselor to Bishop Christian Anderson. Father was also a sheep man and farmer and I spent my youth on my father's farm helping to take care of the sheep. When I was 19 I went to Ricks Academy for 2 years. While there, I played on the basketball team.

I received a mission call to the Northern States Mission Jan 13, 1914. When I returned home from my mission I was called into the service of my



Azer Empey

country. That was the first part of July 1918. I was sent to Camp Lewis in Washington where I got my basic training, which was two weeks long. I was then sent to Camp Kerney, California for 10 days. Then we were shipped out for over seas. We were on the water 11 days traveling in a convoy consisting of 11 troop ships and 3 destroyers. We landed in Liverpool, England. From there, we were sent to Winchester, England. While there, we didn't seem to mix too well with the English fellows. We had five big free-for-all fights with them, the last being broken up by Australian troops. From Winchester, we were shipped to South Hampton where we took a ship across the channel to Laharve, France. While crossing we were chased by German subs. After landing, we were sent to a small town for an additional month's training. Then we were sent to replace the 28th division. I was put with company E 112 infantry. With them I went into the battle of the Oregon Forest, going in with 250 men coming out with 87. The battle lasted 14 days, most of the missing was wounded, being shot in the legs because the Germans were used to the French crawling in to attack. While in the Oregon Battle I was a dispatch carrier. On one occasion I was called to carry a message to Colonel Rickards. Thirteen men had tried before me and had all been killed because the Germans had all but cut us off. When I came to the hill where the others had been lost the Germans were spraying the ground with machine gun bullets. There I stopped and asked the Lord for help. I then found a small wash, which I crawled along till I was out of danger. When I got to Colonel Rickards, I was so tired I forgot to salute but the old colonel said, "That's O.K. boy," he was more interested in the message than saluting. On one occasion while carrying a message I found that I had eight bullet holes in my raincoat from the crotch to the bottom of the coat and none of them drew blood. On other occasions I was prompted to move and a few seconds after doing so, a shell hit the spot where I was. The Lord was very good to me



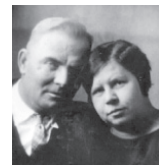
Azer in uniform

for preserving my life during that time. From the Oregon Forest we walked all day and part of the night until we were picked up by trucks and taken to the Theorcor sector south and west of Metz. We were preparing to take Metz on November 14th without artillery, but we were saved by the Armistice being signed November 11, 1918 which saved many of our lives. From here we were sent to a small town near the coast called Pegney Lahyte then to Lamonse where we stayed waiting for our papers and then we sailed home on a small boat called the Princess Irene, a captured German boat.

After arriving home I worked on my father's farm and helped take care of the sheep. At this time I also worked as a revenue officer during prohibition days. We were looking for moon shiners. On one occasion, we had been tipped off about a still and we were coming in from different directions, when I spotted a car behind two big serviceberry bushes; upon sneaking down closer I found it was a fellow running moonshine. I found he was the man we had been trying to catch for a long time, so I took him in and the other men got the other bunch.

Not liking this work, I went back to farming and on May 10, 1923 I bought 52 acres of ground from my father. A little later I started going with Ruby Nielsen. On July 14, 1927, I married Ruby Myrtle Nielsen in the Logan Temple. After a little honeymoon we came back to Ammon and settled on the 52 acres.

These first few years were very hard due to the Depression. On July 6, 1929, we had a son who only lived about an hour after birth. We had a second son On Feb 27, 1931 who we named Paul Eugene. In 1938 my father died. In 1940 we bought 75 acres of ground south of the Ammon cemetery. My



Ruby and Azer

mother died in 1944 and we bought some of the ground from my brothers and sisters making our farm about 150 acres of land.

As a youth I spent much of my time in the mountains with the sheep, and learned to love the outdoors. After Paul got older, I took him with me to herd the sheep and go fishing. I taught Paul how to fish, this was one of my favorite past times. I also enjoyed hunting in the mountains and I liked going fishing with my wife and son.

In January 1951 Paul left on a mission for England. This was one of my dreams come true. When Paul was set apart to go on his mission, Apostle Bowen asked me to assist and he told Paul not to worry about his parents, they would be O.K. These were two happy years for us. Then in April 1953 Paul returned home from his mission. The two of us worked on the farm that summer. In August I became very sick and wasn't able to do very much. In July 30, 1954, Paul was married to Jeaniene Borg in the Idaho Falls Temple.

On the 2nd of October, Azer was taken to the hospital with pneumonia. After three weeks he returned home for a week after which he passed away on Saturday October 30th, 1954 from a heart attack. Azer was always a great lover of children and his life was fullest when he had one on his knee or when he was doing his duty in the church. Azer was always a great storyteller of things he had seen and done. During his last years he greatly enjoyed visiting with friends and relatives.



Azer, Ruby and Paul Empey

Ruby Myrtle Nielsen Empey



*Ruby Myrtle
Nielsen Empey*

I Ruby Myrtle Nielsen was the 3rd child of George Christian Nielsen and Sophia Holm. I was born on August the 8th 1894 in Hyrum Utah.

We lived in Hyrum, Utah until 1905 when my parents decided they wanted more land for my brothers. So they came to Ammon and looked at a nice 160 acre farm. Later they bought this farm in Ammon. So on March 4, 1905 we moved to Ammon. My Father hired a railroad box car and came to Idaho. My Father, George, and William rode in the box car with the livestock so they could take care of them while my Mother and my little brother Irvin, age 5 and I rode on the passenger train. A friend by the name of Heber Jensen met us at the depot and took us to his place. We stayed at their place until my folks were settled on this new farm. The house consisted of a two room log house with a dirt roof, a log corral and a log chicken coop. This was quite a change to move from our nice home in Hyrum to this log cabin. My Father built a tent house and my two brothers George and William slept in the tent house until he built our new 6 room brick house in 1908. This move was very hard with no conveniences. Mother and I had to carry water from a ditch across the road. Sometimes she would have to let it settle before using it. She did this



Log cabin in Ammon



Sophia and the cows

pump the water. My sister Edna was just a baby, not yet a year old, when Father built the new home in 1909. This new home had 3 bed rooms so I had a bed room of my own. We came to Idaho in the spring and my Aunt Anna and her husband and family moved here in the fall. We would visit back and forth real often and stay over night at each others places. Mother would make beds all over the log cabin kitchen floor and all of the children slept on the floor, which we all enjoyed. My Father milked a lot of cows. We would make butter and sell it. Mother also raised chickens which we would sell in town for groceries. The land east of our house was still in sagebrush and I would have to herd the cows out on this sagebrush ground. I would sit and crochet while herding cows. I picked up many stone arrowheads the Indians left. My Father got a real gentle horse called Lumpus and I would herd the cattle on the foot hills up east of the home. This was about 2 miles or more. It was a very frightening task. I would drive them up there in the morning and come and get them at night. Sometimes we would have to hunt for the cows and at times it would storm so awful and lightening and thunder so bad. I was always glad to get home.

My Mother raised a large garden and we would dry corn and raise beans. She would make starch. We would peel the potatoes then scrape the potatoes real fine, cover with water and let settle. She did this many times, and then she would dry the starch and use it for cooking purposes and also to starch cloths with.

This large farm was very run down so the first time we raised hay I had to work in the fields, rake the hay and run the derrick team. We put up 700 tons of hay. I was known by the neighbors as the

until Father got a ditch in back of the log house. As soon as he could afford it he had a well dug and put a gas pump on it to

Nielsen's 3rd boy because I worked out in the field so much. I would thin and hoe beets and ride the cultivator horse to cultivate beets and help top the beets in the fall. I would also come in and help mother with the housework.

My schooling was very limited. The first school I went to in Idaho was in a one room log cabin. Hessie Nielsen was the teacher. Grown boys and girls came there and just sat. Then I went to another log cabin to the north just east of the hill side canal. There we had a better school but some of the boys ran the teacher away and she quit. Then I went a few months to school down in Ammon. There we had a nice building. I would walk with some of the neighbor children. We would cut through the fields and walk to school that way it was about 2 miles. In the winter my brother George would ride a horse to school which was awful cold. We would about freeze and our lunch would freeze and I would get sick. So my Grandma Holm, a widow told my folks to let me come down to her place in Hyrum and go to school. In the winter of 1909 my mother took all of us kids and came down to Hyrum to live. So I went to school down there that winter.

My Father and a friend by the name of Andrew T Hansen stayed on the farm and batched it until after Edna was born. I went to part of the 7th grade and the entire 8th grade in Hyrum. I then graduated and returned home.

They wanted me to come back to High School, but my mother wouldn't let me go. She said an 8th grade education was enough for any girl. So I never went back to school,

On May 30 1921 I received a call to go on a mission to the Western States. I had to report Salt Lake City on June 29, 1921. My Father died of the flue on March 4, 1922 while I was in Denver. I came home to the funeral and stayed home for one month. I got sick with the flue along with most everyone else at home. William my brother's baby died from the flue. The weather was awful and the snow was about 4 ft. deep. Father was buried at Hyrum Utah. After a few years his body was

brought to Ammon Cemetery.

After my mission I stayed home with my mother. A little later I started keeping company with Azer Empey a fine young religious man. On July 14, 1927 we got married in the Logan Temple. We went to Salt Lake for our honeymoon for a few days. After we came home, Mother gave us a nice shower and we received many beautiful gifts. In the mean time Azer had a house moved on his 49 acres farm and we moved there.

Before we got moved in we lived with my Mother. The following is from an excerpt from the newspaper:

A group of friends joined in a gay Charivari party. They captured Mr. and Mrs. Azer (Ruby) Empey while at supper. Succeeding in handcuffing Mr. Empey (a very difficult task) they promenaded through Idaho Falls to the music of a tin tub behind a trailer riding on its rims. They were also allowed to waltz by themselves while the dancers in the auditorium looked on. Mr. and Mrs. Empey were so pleased with the reception given them that they treated the crowd to hot dogs and root beer. Everyone had lots of fun and the newlyweds took it all in fun. They had to have the sheriff take off the handcuffs.

We moved into our new home to start our lives together. Times were very hard. The depression was on but we were very careful and saved our money. Azer got a cow from a man who owed him money for a horse. We had to hobble the cow; we raised lambs, and chickens. Later we sold milk and eggs for a living and finally got the 49 acres paid off. Later we bought land next to us from Azer's sister and brother and we bought another piece by the Ammon Cemetery. We bought 20 acres up there for \$1,000.00. We worked hard and saved all we could to get out of debt.

On July 6, 1929 our first son was born and died at birth we named him Azer Irvin Empey. This was a sad time for us. But on Feb 27, 1931 we were blessed to have another boy and we named him



Ruby and Paul

Paul Eugene Empey. It was a joyous occasion for our family. We both surely loved this little boy that came into our home.

One time William and Mary Nielsen went on a trip. Lois and the other children stayed with us. They all got scarlet fever so I put them all to bed and took care of them. During that time the school caught on fire. We all looked out the window and could see the flames against the sky. Azer went down to help put it out. The kids had to go to school in the church for a couple of years.

We had a Dodge car that had a rumble seat in back. We would go up to my mother's, pick up Marjorie and Morris, and go for a ride. The kids loved being able to ride in the rumble seat.

Azer and I were able to take a few trips together. Sometimes we were able to go to Salt Lake or Yellowstone Park. We did take one trip to California, just Azer and me. But there was

always time for a fishing trip. That was one of the highlights of the year especially as I got older.

One fishing trip that was real funny was when we went up to Cranes Creek. I was fishing when I slipped on a slick bank and slid down in the mud and water. The mud was about three inches deep and I was afraid to move for fear I would slip into the creek. Paul finally came over to me and helped me out. Paul went on down the creek fishing and I took off my clothes and rinsed them off and hung them in the bushes to dry. Well, in the mean time along came a sheepherder and I had to hide behind a willow bush as he passed by. When we got through fishing our old pickup truck wouldn't run. We even tried to pour a little gas in the carburetor but it backfired and started on fire. Azer beat it out with a sack. Then we all had to walk about 5 miles to the Robinson's ranch where they took us home.



Ruby and Azer

doing genealogy on the Empey line, which came from England.

After he returned he met a wonderful girl, Jeaniene Borg who became his wife on July 30, 1954. They were married in the Idaho Falls Temple. Azer and Jeaniene's father Jonas Borg were the



*Sophia Nielsen,
Ruby & Azer*

Paul was called on a mission when he turned 19 years old to the British mission with the headquarters in Manchester England. He left on his mission Jan. 8, 1951. He served well in England and had several baptisms. Before he returned home he was able to tour Europe and spent a month

Azer had some heart trouble when Paul was on his mission. It was only 3 months after Paul and Jeaniene's marriage that Azer had a heart attack and died on Oct. 30 1954. It was a very hard time to lose my sweetheart. But I continued to live on the farm and Paul helped me run it. We

still raised sheep and I helped with the shearing. In 1959 I had a home built in Ammon on Central Avenue. I moved in the fall of 1959. It was sure a nice home. Paul, Jeaniene and the kids moved into the farm house.

In June of 1974 Grandma Ruby was doing some house cleaning. Her grandson John was helping her wash windows. Grandma had a stroke and the paramedics came and took her to the hospital. She passed away July 5, 1974 and was buried in the Ammon Cemetery next to her beloved husband Azer and their infant son Azer Irvin.



Ruby feeding the lambs

17

FLOYD EDWARD AND ELNA MARGARETTE PEARSON EMPEY

by Eileen Edna Empey Jensen

My dad was born July 7, 1897 in Ammon, Bingham (now Bonneville County), Idaho to John and Almira Ceretta Empey. His brothers and sisters consisted of twins who passed away at birth, John Alfred born September 29, 1888, Azer Eugene born April 22, 1892, Ira Leander born March 16, 1894, Ceretta Ann born November 14, 1895, Guy Ephriam born December 15, 1898, Verda Almira born February 18, 1900, Effie Marie born April 20, 1902, and Leatha Elta born September 20, 1903.

My mom and dad went to grade school together and he would always put her braids in the inkwells of the desk. She said, "I will never marry that Floyd Empey." Famous last words! Floyd graduated from eighth grade, and he continued to learn throughout his life. He loved to read and he was a very patient, kind person. He served during WWI.

December 17, 1919, Floyd married Elna Margarette Pearson in the Salt Lake Temple. They



Elna and Floyd Empey

made their home in Ammon. They bought 40 acres of ground from Floyd's dad. Their first home was two rooms with a dirt floor and a dirt roof. Their first son was born at home October 24, 1920, they named him Virgil Elmo. A little later they moved a two room frame home onto a cement foundation.



Floyd Empey

Here their second son, Wayne John, was born February 29, 1924. On July 9, 1927 a baby girl was born. They named her Fern Elna. Two years later another boy, Jarl was born January 3, 1929 (his birth certificate says January 1) but Elna said that was wrong and she knew the date because she was there! Seventeen years later after Jarl was born, they were blessed with a little girl, Eileen Edna. At this time Floyd was 48 years old and he probably felt like passing out, but he was the greatest dad ever and would always let me go with him to do chores or down to Kelly's Market. In the fall, I would ride in the grain trucks and play barefoot in the wheat with the grasshoppers!

Floyd was a very hard worker. He worked from sunrise to sunset. He always had oatmeal for breakfast with homemade bread, a big meal at noon (after lunch he took a little cat nap), and many times we would have bread and milk or soup for dinner.

On Saturday, we would always go to town (Idaho Falls) and my dad would play pool. Mom and I would shop or visit the Public Library. Dad really didn't like going to church, but he always had a testimony and was there when I was blessed and baptized and many other special occasions. He liked to go fishing and he would do this in the fall and winter. He also sorted potatoes for Ernest Martin Produce.

Mom and dad sold the farm to Ed Strobel in 1960 and we moved to Idaho Falls. When the real estate salesman showed them the house at 244 Ninth Street which was for sale, mom said, "This is the place." Shortly after they moved to town, Elna had a heart attack, but she did just as Dr. Harvey told her about diet and exercise and her heart kept going strong until she passed away November 1982. Dad worked for Bonneville County Weed Control until he retired. They enjoyed retirement until Floyd became ill in 1962 and he was operated on for stomach cancer. He recovered and drove out to Washington to see Jarl and his family and Fern and her family. They also went to the Seattle World's Fair. The following Christmas Floyd

entered the hospital again and passed away March 9, 1963. We attended the LDS Church on Boulevard and I remember looking around and the church was so full I don't think another person could fit in the chapel for his funeral.

Elna Margarette Pearson Empey

In April 1897, Orlando Pearson left Lehi, Utah, and came to Ammon, Idaho, to make a new home for his wife Annie and their two sons, Blaine and Carl. They had lost a boy, Elliot, with pneumonia at six months. With Elna's mother grieving so much it almost broke her health. There were two more children. One lived three months and one died the same day.

Their new farm consisted of 80 acres located about 1/2 mile south of the John Empey farm. It was all in sage brush so a lot of work had to be done. He built a new home, planted a small orchard, got some bees, and always had a big garden. August 28, 1900, Elna was born, a girl at last!

In 1903, February 20, another girl arrives. They named her Hilda. At this time everything was coming along very well when her father became ill. He had a bad tooth ache and went to town to have it pulled. The dentist told him to go right to the doctor and they told him he had Bright's disease (kidney disease) in the last stages. He died April 22, 1903, leaving his wife and small children. Elna was two years and 8 months old.

Elna's mother was in poor health weighing only 82 pounds. She had to do extra work that father had always done. The family finally moved back to Lehi, Utah, in 1903. Here she married Peter Nielsen. Later they moved back to Ammon. In summer Elna and Carl used to herd about 200 pigs and Hilda herded about 7 cows. The children had to walk 2 1/2 miles to Empey's and ride with their children in a sleigh to go to school.

In the spring of 1910, Elna's mother sold the farm and moved 2 miles north. Later she moved back to Lehi on the same street to begin a new life. Elna's mother had a strangulated hernia and nearly died but was spared for her small family. She had

surgery and everyone helped to keep things going. Elna at 12 years of age took the main responsibility, staying out of school a month doing cooking, baking bread, and keeping the house really neat.

Her mother's health improved and later when the flu was raging Elna's mother made burial clothes and Elna prepared meals and they took them around to the sick. They were warned if they continued doing this they would get the flu, but they never did.

Elna loved dramatics and loved to dance. She also enjoyed visiting her grandmother and grandfather Larsen in Lehi helping whenever she could. Elna graduated in 1919 from Lehi High School. At this time, this was quite an accomplishment.

Elna had appendicitis and the doctor said to wait until morning to operate and her mother said no, do not wait--so they operated and she had a ruptured appendix and nearly died. They had to prop her bed at about a 45 degree angle in order for the poison to drain. The girls in her home economics class tried to operate on her on the table in their Class.

On Armistice Day they were so happy that her sister, Hilda, pushed her through a big plate glass window. On December 17, 1919 Elna married Floyd E Empey in the Salt Lake Temple. They bought 40 acres of ground from Floyd's dad. Their first home was 2 rooms with a dirt floor and a dirt roof.

Their first son was born at home October 24, 1920; they named him Virgil Elmo Empey. A little later they moved a 2 room frame home onto a cement foundation. Here their second son, Wayne John, was born February 29, 1924. Floyd told Elna to put it off until the next day because the poor kid would only have a birthday every four years, but Elna said, "I'm having this baby right now!"

On July 9, 1927, a baby girl was born. They named her Fern Elna. Two years later another boy was born January 1, 1929. They named him Jarl Floyd. This was the beginning of the depression and money was scarce. Elna was a good manager. The kids remember their mother almost meeting

them at the school bus with their everyday clothes, because of this they never had to wear patched overalls to school.

They had chickens and Elna would take the eggs to town and get 10 cents a dozen. This bought the groceries they needed and she always had enough money left to go to the movie which cost a dime and a treat of five cents at the five cent spot. They also milked cows and sold the cream. Although these were hard times, they always had plenty of food. Elna was a good seamstress and sewed shirts and other things they needed.

This was long before the church instituted Family Home Evening but they popped popcorn and played games many evenings. In the fall when they had a threshing crew, she was good at designating jobs to the kids so that potatoes were dug, chickens were caught and plucked and a delicious dinner was always served. Elna made sure the kids all learned how to work and she was out in the fields with them teaching them. During the War and after she was very busy and faithful to go and roll bandages and whatever else she needed to be done.

Seventeen years after Jarl was born, they were blessed with a little girl, Eileen Edna. At this time Elna was 45 years old and the doctor thought she had a tumor, but she assured him that it wasn't. Elna always had a garden and raspberry patch and did much canning. When they sold their farm and moved to town, June 2, 1960, she had 100 quarts of berries to bring. After moving to town she still had a small garden and also loved working around her house in the flowers. Elna, Floyd, and Eileen would always go to town every Saturday. They would park by the old library and Elna would crochet and Eileen would go in the library. She sold



*Back row: Fern Elna Palmer, Jarl Floyd Empey, and Eileen Edna Jensen.
Front Row: Wayne John Empey and Virgil Elmo Empey*

a few of her crocheted items in Woolworth's.

Elna was a very patriotic person (I guess because she had three sons in service to their country). She belonged to the Ladies auxiliary of the American Legion and the American War Mothers for several years. One of her favorite poems was about Abraham Lincoln, "O Captain, and My Captain." Whenever her kids would misbehave she would recite poetry.

Elna was also a visiting teacher and worked in the Primary. She attended mutual when they had a special adult class and received an award for almost 100% attendance. She loved to play the piano and her favorite songs were, "Let the Rest of the World Go By" and "Love at Home."

When the real estate salesman showed them the house on Ninth Street which was for sale, she said, "This is the place." This was a dream come true because she loved the city life. Shortly after they moved to town, Elna had a heart attack, but she did just as Dr. Harvey told her about diet and exercise. She walked almost everywhere she went.

They enjoyed retirement until Floyd became ill in 1962 and he was operated on for cancer

of the stomach. He recovered and drove out to Washington to see Jarl and his family and Fern and her family. They also went to the Seattle World's Fair. The following Christmas Floyd entered the hospital again and passed away March 9, 1963. Elna was very faithful to visit Floyd while he was in the hospital. After he passed away she kept herself busy baby-sitting. She loved children. She helped her grandson, Robert, with his reading and she also tutored other children with their reading.

July 31, 1967, she had been to the doctors and was walking home. She slipped in some water by the old tabernacle (where Deseret Industries is now located) and broke her ankle. Elna enjoyed her neighbors and they were all so kind to her. Mr. and Mrs. Ballenger were just like a family and always checked on her.

A few years later she broke her hip and June 1976, she had a stroke and fell and cracked her wrist. She came home for a month and stayed with Wayne and Nancy and Terry and Eileen, but she needed specialized care. She went to the Idaho Falls Nursing Home, August 1976. She enjoyed going to Sacrament Meeting there and all the people who came to visit her. She always enjoyed her friends and participating in birthday parties there. Elna Margarette Pearson Empey died in 1982 in the Idaho Falls Nursing Home at age 82.

VIRGIL ELMO EMPEY

By Verda D.M. Empey

Virgil Elmo Empey was the first child born to Floyd and Elna Pearson Empey on October 24, 1920. He attended Ammon Elementary School through the 8th grade. At that time the 8th grade students were given a state test and if they passed they were given a certificate of graduation. Virgil continued through the 12th grade of Ammon High School and graduated May 1938.

In the winter of 1936 after a basketball game the Ammon High School and its new gymnasium burned to the ground. Virgil was playing a clarinet in the band at this time. When he left home for the basketball game he was instructed by his mother to

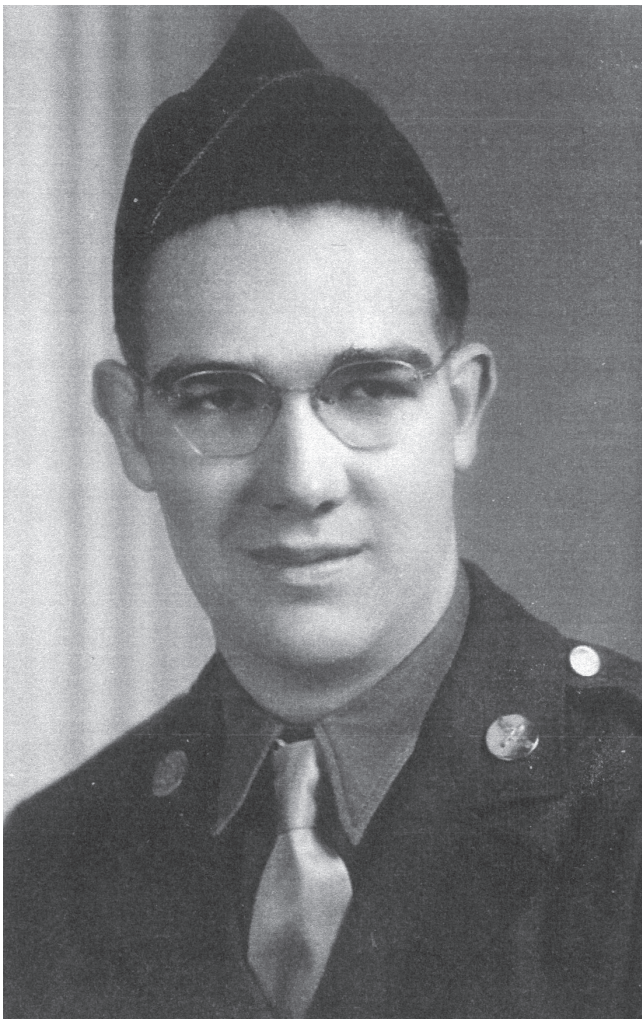
bring home his instrument and also his band suit so she could clean the suit. Virgil's mother told me that his band suit was the only one that had been saved from the fire. She gave the suit to Virgil and me after we were married and it is now in our cedar chest. The clarinet is still around as it was given to our son Roger when he started to take band in Junior High.

A Government Vocational School in Auto Mechanics was being sponsored in the summer at Ammon High School so Virgil enrolled into this program after his Junior year and took about three months of auto mechanics doing this in the evenings from 6:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m. for five days a week.

Virgil's parents owned a sixty acre irrigated farm and there was plenty of work to be done. Virgil helped milk the cows, feed the chickens etc. before school then when school was out he changed his clothes and after a quick snack headed for the fields to do whatever task was needed. He was handling horses and driving them very proficiently when he was eleven years old. He drove from one to six horses abreast (depending on the job) when he plowed, harrowed, leveled, using the Miskin scraper, drove the hay wagon and cultivated potatoes or beets. Virgil's father owned Percheron horses (Percheron is any of a breed of large, usually dapple-gray or black draft horses).

In the spring potatoes had to be cut by hand for planting. After planting the crops and garden, the time came for irrigating the potatoes, hay, grain, garden etc. Before this could be done the ditches had to be cleaned using four head of horses pulling a ditcher down the ditch to loosen and throw the dirt and debris out on the bank and then finish cleaning what the ditcher didn't get by hand using a shovel. Soon every crop begins to grow and the beets must be thinned and hoed by hand. Later the beets and potatoes need to be cultivated. The crops were irrigated about every ten days. It took about this long to get water from one side of the field to the other. So irrigating was a continuous project from the time the crops were planted until it was time to harvest them.

The alfalfa hay was the first crop to start the harvest about the middle of June. It was cut with a mowing machine and put in windrows with a hay rake and let to dry for several days. The hay rake would it into a roll about eight feet wide and then by hand with a pitch fork one end of the roll would be folded over on top of the other side of the roll. This was called bunching hay. This way there was a road between the bunches so a wagon could drive between the bunches and the hay was pitched onto a wagon by men called pitchers, one on each side of the wagon. The load was taken to the barn or hay stack and unloaded with a Jackson fork and derrick to make a stack. There were two crops of hay to harvest in a season and sometimes three if the season permitted.



Virgil Empey

About the first of September it was time to cut and bind the wheat and oats with a binder pulled by horses. The tied bundles called shocks were hand placed against each other to let the grain finish drying. When the kernels were dry the shocks were placed into wagons and hauled to a place where the shocks would be placed into a round stack with the oat or wheat kernels on the shocks placed toward the middle of the stack (this was to keep the birds from eating the wheat and oats). Next came the time for the grain to be threshed. Since most of the work on this farm was done manually with the help of horses when and where needed, it took a lot of help from family members and neighbors exchanging work with each other. It was at threshing time that the neighbors got together to do this project. The women with the help of some of their neighbors cooked and fed the crew that was doing the threshing.

Around the middle of September to the first of October was digging time for the potatoes which was done with a spud digger. After the spuds were dug all members of the family picked up the potatoes from the ground and put them into a potato basket. When the basket was full the basket was dumped into a potato sack which was left sitting in the field to be hauled to the spud cellar to be stored until it was time to sell them.

Now in October after the potatoes were harvested it was time to get the beets to the Sugar Factory in Lincoln, Idaho. The beets were dug with a beet digger which left them lying on the ground. The beets were all topped by hand before throwing them on the wagons for their journey to the beet dump or Sugar Factory. The beet tops were left in the field for the livestock to eat. Now that the crops are all in it is time to do the fall plowing. When Christmas vacation comes around, there is enough family home to start sorting the potatoes so they can be sold. At this time the culls are removed – that is the green, rotten, small and cut ones. These were fed to the pigs.

These small farms had their cows, calves, horses, pigs, chickens and usually a few cats and

a dog. The cows were milked twice a day by hand. The milk was put through a separator to make skimmed milk and cream. The skimmed milk was fed to the calves by them drinking it out of a bucket and what was left over the pigs got. The cream was taken to a creamery in Idaho Falls and sold there. In later years a milk route was established and the separator wasn't needed any more. The milk was taken to a cheese factory and all processing was done there. In the winter the cows and horses were fed the hay put up the summer before. They went to the pasture in the summer time. The pigs had to be slopped and the chickens were given their share of the grain. Eggs were collected at least three times a day. The dog was given the scraps from the table and the cats were expected to earn part of their living by keeping the mice in check.

There was also fun times as well as work in the Empey family. Dances were held in the church hall and most everyone attended them. Some of the children skated on the ice that formed in the canals; water was kept in the canals in the winter to water the stock, (in the summer time the canals were used for swimming). In the winter because of the much wind the roads had lots of high drifts – so one child would get on a horse and tie a long rope to the saddle horn; then another child would get onto a pair of skis and take hold of the rope at the other end. Next the one on the horse would see how fast he could take the other one over the high drifts of snow. This process was swapped around so everyone had a chance to ride the skis.

In the year 1939 Virgil's father bought a Ford-Ferguson tractor and the farming and other chores became much easier than having to curry, brush and harness each horse before work and then un-harness, curry and brush them again when the job was finished. Next the horses would be given water to drink and their share of hay and oats. The tractor did not do away with the horses completely. There were still jobs for them to do.

Virgil was inducted for World War II 8th October 1942 and sent to University of Utah to study to become a Photographic Laboratory

Technician. He was sent to Kimbolton (a small town near Bedford, England. It was here that he worked with a Photography crew to develop the negatives that the mission crews brought back to the base.

Here at Kimbolton air base a catastrophe occurred when a B-17 was taking off for a bombing mission over Germany, suddenly tilted crazily towards the left and headed for the living site of the troops on the base. Without warning and before anyone could move or sound an alarm the plane dropped on the orderly room. Bombs exploded, ammunition was firing in all directions and with each new explosion more buildings collapsed. Every building in the site was either damaged or ruined completely. Nine men were dead and others wounded.

Virgil was in his barracks sitting in bed writing a letter home to his family when this incident happened. He was thrown from his bed onto the cement floor and received a broken lower jaw and lost a few teeth. His jaws were wired closed and he got all of his food drinking liquid through a straw that was placed through the spots where some of his teeth had been. Virgil was released from military duty 20 October 1945 for the convenience of the Government.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints had an old brick Tabernacle and Social hall built in 1912 on E street and Capital Avenue in Idaho Falls. (This building has been torn down and the Desert Industries has taken its place). Dances were held every Saturday night in the social hall in the 1940's. My sister DaNoma Anne Monroe and I Verda Dauhnaroma Monroe were each teaching a first grade in the Shelley Elementary School. This was the fall of 1947. We decided to attend one of the dances and Virgil had come to the same dance. He danced with both of us and at the end of the dance; he asked if he could take me home. This was the beginning of a short courtship. In March of 1948 we became engaged and were married on Saturday April 16, 1948 at my parent's home on Eight Mile, Caribou County, Idaho.

WAYNE JOHN EMPEY

By Robert John Empey (son)

Wayne John Empey was born February 29, 1924, to Floyd and Elna Empey in a small house in Ammon, ID. His dad told his mother to put it off one more day as he would only have a birthday every four years. Boy, he sure liked to tease people with that one! I'm sure as soon as he was born some sort of boots or booties were placed on his feet. Dad was the second child. He had an older brother, Virgil, two younger sisters, Fern and Eileen, and a younger brother, Jarl.

At the age of nine or ten he was taught to accept hard work. If a person was to get anything out of this life. He enjoyed hunting rabbits and pheasants. In the summer when work was at its peak, many a time he was up and out the door by half past four. He milked the cows, slopped the pigs, and curried the horses. He then came in to eat and get ready for a hard day's work in the field. It wasn't always all work. On Saturday, they took a quarter, went to town to see a double bill movie, had a hamburger, and drink.

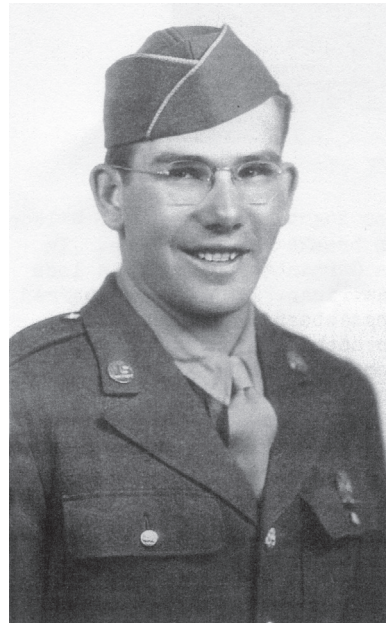
Dad attended elementary school in Ammon. He likes to tell the story about his first day of school. He wasn't able to attend, but on the second day, he was there in full spirit. His teacher was Miss Tracy. One time she had to leave the room and told everyone to be quiet and stay in their seats, as she was going to the building next door. Dad could see her walking down the sidewalk so what did dad do? He ran up one aisle and down the other. When he saw she was coming, he ran back to his seat. When the teacher returned she asked if everyone was quiet and good. A girl held up her hand and said he (and pointed at him) and told what he had done. He had to stand in the corner for half an hour and has been good ever since (ha ha).

Dad graduated from Ammon High School and loved every aspect of it. As a junior, he was President of Future Farmers of America. They would travel to several cities to judge livestock. Dad especially was fond of pigs and patient in handling

them. They won the judging contest at the Eastern Idaho State Fair and went on to Moscow. Dad was Vice-President of his Junior class.

Dad loved school especially drama and sports. He lettered all three years in football, basketball, and track. He even went so far as to hitchhike all the way to Pocatello with a friend, Mead Pickett, to watch a baseball game. He would stand outside Highland Ball Park long enough to catch a foul ball for admission to get in. In drama he had several leading parts in several plays (Remember the Day and Black Derby (senior class play)) and he put his whole heart into it. He and his sister, Fern, would often burn the midnight oil learning his parts. He graduated in 1942, and had the honor of filling the shoes as Senior Class President.

On January 5, 1944, he was called upon by his Country to strap on the Boots of the U.S. Army. Dad was Private First Class, Infantry Division where he was a Rifleman and Sharpshooter. When he was a Sharpshooter he always hit his target, but when they asked him to be a Sniper, he would miss. He didn't like being a Sniper. In September 1944, in Okinawa, he was hit in the head by a stray piece of shrapnel. Before he got hit, Dad was hot and sweating and he had a handkerchief that he folded.



Wayne Empey in uniform

He took off his helmet and put the handkerchief inside and put the helmet back on. He would have died if he hadn't put the handkerchief inside. After being released with an Honorable Discharge, Good Conduct Ribbon, Bronze Star, Asiatic Pacific Theatre Ribbon,



Wayne Empey

Combat Infantryman Badge, and a Purple Heart he went back to school at BYU! He then went on to Santa Rosa Business College and to Salt Lake LDS Business College where he met his wife, Nancy Gerrard, at a church dance. They danced all through their life together.

They were one of the first couples to help start the Promenaders Square Dance Club under the direction of Bill and Elma Brandon.

In 1950, they were blessed with a baby girl they named Kathleen. As life would have it, they were blessed again with another girl, Cheryl Ann. Then with luck of the draw, Robert John was born. When life seemed like nothing but work, work, work, dad took an early medical retirement because of his eyesight. They started to travel, went on a Beacon Church History Tour, and traveled a lot with his brother, Jarl, in his big motor home. They went to Alaska for three months. Dad caught a 90-pound halibut. Boy was it good! They saw Tennessee twice and many other places. The last place they went to was Custer's Last Stand where he always wanted to go.

Mom and dad wintered well in Yuma, AZ for 11 consecutive winters. In 1990, dad was diagnosed with ALS which is Lou Gehrig's disease and told he had four to five years of life left. As much as possible, mom and dad lived their life to the fullest. Under lots of loving care, dad died at his home on December 12, 1994-with his boots on. When our son Colby was little he would always say fix your boot, Grandpa. To this day, when we see someone with their pant leg stuck in their boot, we say, "Fix your boot, Grandpa."

Fern Elna Empey Smith Palmer

As told by Eileen Edna Empey Morgan Jensen (Sister)

Fern was born on July 9, 1927. She had two older brothers, Virgil and Wayne. Jarl was born in 1929, and Eileen was born much later in 1945. She was the surprise for the family. Fern graduated from Ammon High School and married Donald Clifford Smith on January 17, 1946. They moved to Ririe, ID and did farming. They had five brunette children (Kathryn, Don, Eric, Steven, and Karen) while in Ririe and later when they moved to Warden, WA; they had two little blond boys (Blair and Lester). We always teased Fern and said her doctor here had dark hair and the doctor in Washington had blond hair! She just said, "the color ran out!"

It was always fun to play with Fern's kids. They seemed more like brothers and sisters to me than nieces and nephews. Kathryn was only two years younger than me. When they wanted to tease me, they would call me "Aunt Eileen." We would go swimming at Heise, horseback riding on Flicka, play dressups and dolls, and laddie was our constant companion.

They moved to Warden, WA shortly after Jarl and Shirley moved (early 60's). We would go visit every summer. Mom and I would take the train/bus if dad couldn't leave the farm to drive. It was always warmer there and fun to swim in the canals. Kathryn actually saved my life one summer when we decided



Fern Empey

to swim in the pond. I got too far over in the deep end and I couldn't swim! She about lost her life trying to save me, but we made it. I am forever grateful to her and my Heavenly Father that we were OK.

Fern worked at the cafe in Warden and Kathryn couldn't

get away with anything because everyone who came in the cafe would tell Fern. They sold their farm in Warden and moved to Moses Lake, WA in the early 60. Fern still worked at the cafe for a while. She and Don (her husband) both worked at the sugar beet factory. She and Don were divorced in the early 70's. Fern became a Certified Nursing Assistant after that and worked in the nursing home in Moses Lake. She met and married Clayton Palmer. Clayton would always comment that Fern was always ready to go anywhere. She would drive cattle truck for Clayton when his eyes were bad because of diabetes. They would haul cattle, pigs, and sheep, to the Oregon coast. Fern and her friend, Louise, even took the loaded cattle truck to Deer Park in Couer d'Alene, ID and unloaded it. She was 60 at the time. She also loved to fish. Fern took care of Clayton at their home before he died in 1985.

She moved into the Garden Grove Apartments and it was just right for her. They had a Commons room where family and friends could have pot luck dinners and even holiday dinners. She could drive a few blocks and get her hair done every week. Jarl and Shirley would come and visit and take her to the Golden Corral to eat.

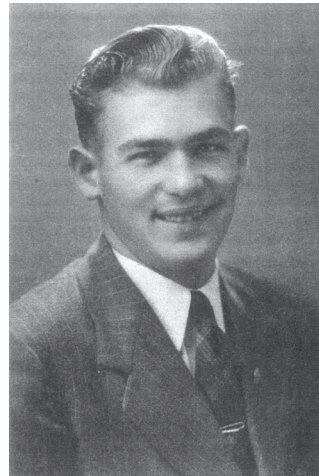
Fern's daughter, Karen, works at an animal clinic. One day a miniature poodle was brought in and the owner told them to put her to sleep because she was a pain in the neck." The owner had kept her in a garage during the freezing winter. Karen saved "Muffin" and gave her to Fern. She was the sweetest dog ever and matched Fern's personality.

When Fern had health problems she went to a nursing home. She got better for a little while, but then had other problems and went to Hospice House in Spokane, WA. It was found through much prayer and a nurse suggesting Hospice House to Kathryn and Karen. It was brand-new and just beautiful. Fern was the first person to pass away at the facility on November 24, 2007. Her name was put on a gold leaf plaque. Kathryn has a special nickname for her mom, "Tough Bird."

Jarl Floyd Empey

by Eileen Empey Morgan Jensen (Sister)

Jarl was born on January 3, 1929 *we think*. His birth certificate says the 1st, but mom always said the third, so we stuck with the third. He was born in Idaho Falls, Idaho. He joined a family of two older brothers, Virgil and Wayne, and an older sister, Fern. I came along as a caboose in the family, 17 years later and Jarl was fortunate (or unfortunate) enough to be my babysitter. My name is Eileen Jensen. Jarl grew up on the family farm in Ammon, Idaho. He spent his time, playing with his dog, Rags,



Jarl Empey

who belonged to sheep herders and came to live with Jarl in the winter months and went back to the sheep herders in the summer. Jarl's dog was named; "Jigs" and he followed Jarl everywhere. If Jarl would eat a raspberry off the bush, Jigs followed and ate one too. My mother didn't like that much.

He did all the things normal farm boys do which included skinny dipping in the canal near their home. He enjoyed pheasant hunting, snow skiing - which consisted of him skiing off the shed roof.

Jarl enjoyed driving the tractor when he was young, but he didn't want dad to know, so every time our parents went to town, Fern and he would drive the tractor around the yard. He didn't want dad to catch him, so after he parked the tractor, he would spread chicken feed around, so the chickens would scratch out the tracks.

When Jarl was a teenager, his brother Wayne and he would go without shirts all summer long and to prove their manliness; they would take turns throwing baby cats on each other's chests, and see who could stand the pain the longest!

As Jarl went to high school, he participated in the Ammon Glee club, and he actually sang a solo at one of their performances.

The first time Shirley laid eyes on Jarl was at a stake conference. The visiting apostle, John A. Widstoe, called Jarl out of the audience to present to him an award for perfect attendance in all church meetings, since he was twelve (seven years). That was no small feat because he usually attended by himself and usually had to walk a mile to the church house. Shirley thought he was quite a hunk after that award was given.

Jarl participated in boy scouts and earned his Eagle scout award but didn't stop there. He then earned three Eagle palms by completing extra merit badges.

Jarl and Shirley first started dating when Shirley was in high school. Once they went on a group date, but not as dates. Jarl's date fell through but he happened to be riding in the same car with Shirley and her date. Jarl explains it this way; I looked over and saw the moonlight in her eyes and couldn't help myself', so he grabbed Shirley's hand and he thought she just lit up. She did light up, but little did he know that light was terror, because she was already holding hands with her date! We never did know how Shirley got out of that, but both dates were thinking they scored!

One time on Halloween, a bunch of their friends were out having fun and accidentally knocked over the neighbor's wagon. This particular farmer was known in the neighborhood for being a little grumpy. After they knocked over the wagon, he caught them and made them stand in a line and he wanted to know their names. Shirley was first... She said her name was, "Pricilla"; soon everyone else followed suit and they escaped a sure death from the mean old farmer.

There were about 8 friends that did everything together and Jarl had the old car. It wouldn't make it up hills, so everyone would climb out and Jarl and Shirley would ride up the hill while they all walked. Jarl tells it this way, while we were waiting for the rest to walk up the hill, it gave us plenty of time to smooch."

When I found out that Jarl and Shirley were getting married I went outside and gave our dog Jigs a big hug and told him that Jarl and Shirley were getting married and said, "it's just you and me Jigs" but I also told him it was ok, because I loved Shirley.

As told by Kim Empey (Son)

When Mom and dad were engaged Dad went down to the local draft board and discovered they were mailing his draft notice into the army that day. He knew he didn't want to be in the army, so without delay and without his Mother's permission, he went and enlisted in the Navy that afternoon. The consequence of that was that they had to postpone the wedding from October to the next June after he finished boot camp.

They were married in the Idaho Falls Temple on June 6, 1951. They went to the temple by themselves because their parents couldn't go with them. But they felt strongly that they wanted to be married in the temple, so they went alone. After they were married they moved to San Diego where Dad was stationed. He would spend 6 months overseas and 6 months at home for the next four years. Dad was stationed aboard the destroyer "USS O'Brien" where he worked as a diesel engineman. This proved to be valuable training for the rest of his life. When he was in port, he worked on a yard oiler, used to refuel ships in port.

When Dad got out of a Navy, they decided to move up to the Columbia Basin. Mom's mother, years previous had purchased some undeveloped, unirrigated land in Warden, WA. They loaded up what little they had in their car and moved up here. Dad brought water to the farm and started farming. Their first Christmas was humble. So humble, they used a tumble weed, spray painted silver, put red ornaments on it, and called it a Christmas tree. To support his farming habit, Dad worked as a carpenter and helped build the missile silos near Warden. While working deep in the silo one day, he escaped serious injury or death when a falling beam nearly hit him. He was prompted to step out of the way, shortly before it landed where he was standing.

Dad raised sheep for a time. We remember many times Dad bringing the lambs into the house and the shower to keep them warm in the winter after the small lambs were born.

During that time in Warden, Nolan and I both came along. Shortly thereafter, Mom and Dad sold the farm in warden and moved to Mesa. That was the same year that Duane and Lois Bird, and Rulon and Renae Hansen did the same thing. We lived in downtown Mesa while Dad was building a shop on the farm. Little did we know that that shop would end up being our home. Dad with little help from his sons cleared the cheat grass and started farming. Soon after that Lance was born. Four years later, Laurie Ann was the last to join the family.

One day Mom was going down to help feed cows and dad told her to hop on the draw-bar of the tractor. He said, 'hold on tight and don't let go'. He was just enjoying himself and singing and driving along when he went over a bump. Mom slipped off but remembered she was told to 'hold on and don't let go' so she didn't let go and was dragged behind the tractor for a considerable distance...Dad just kept driving and singing and when he finally stopped he asked her, "why didn't you just let go?" She simply said, 'because you told me to not let go'.

Dad always had a good sense of humor in everything he did and loved playing tricks on everyone. He passed that love on to all of us, and if you know Lance, you know that his favorite holiday is April Fool's Day. Even mom got into the fun by sewing Dad's pants leg closed and stuffing cinnamon rolls with cotton balls. He also had a jug of cold water in the refrigerator in the shop outside. He got tired of the jug always being empty with everyone drinking his water that he wrote on the jug, "I spit in this jug". Lance one upped him one day by writing, "So did I".

Dad was an incredibly hard worker. All summer long Dad would swathe, bale, and haul hay, and feed cows. We never knew when he found time to sleep. He was never afraid to try new and innovative equipment and techniques. He was one of the first in the area to irrigate with wheel lines,

had one of the first harrow beds in the area, which by the way, we still own both. Through a strange chain of events, Dad ended up buying an apple farm. He thought he was buying a farm to raise corn on, but ended up owning 30 acres of orchard. Growing fruit became dad's newfound passion. Dad encouraged many people into planting apples and hundreds of acres in this area were planted because of his influence. Half the neighborhood used to work picking apples in the fall. When we got old enough to do some real work, dad always had us organized perfectly, with everybody on task. We started to notice that in the afternoons dad seemed to disappear. One day when Nolan was mowing the orchard, he passed a row and saw a hammock strung between two trees with dad asleep and rocking like a baby. After he was caught he made Nolan promise not to tell anybody. We never found the hammock because he kept moving it around the orchard so no one could find him.

Although Dad worked hard, he also knew it was important to do fun things. We always took a vacation in the summer no matter what. Fishing was dad's favorite vacation. We would go camping and fishing in pursuit of the latest hot spot. Wherever we went, dad had to drive to the complete end of the road and that's where we camped whether it was a good place or not.

One year dad decided that we needed to go to New York to visit the Church historical sites. We drove to New York in the pickup and a camper that he had built. Kim took the first shift staying home to man the farm, and then flew to New York to join the family while we toured around. Then Nolan flew home to take care of the farm while the rest of the family drove back. Being gone three weeks in the summer was a real sacrifice but dad felt that it was important for our family. Still today, it is one of our most memorable vacations.

Now we move into the next era of life- the Traveling Era. Dad always had a little bit of gypsy blood in his DNA. He loved to travel and see things. He built two motor homes and pretty much wore them both out, traveling to nearly every state in the

union and 7 trips to Alaska. Dad said he wanted to travel so he had something to think about when he was old and sitting in a rocking chair. And he did. He would often sit with his eyes closed in the chair and when mom would ask if he was ok, he would say, "Yes, I'm just taking a walk down the orchard," or "fishing in Alaska".

When traveling started to slow down, Dad and mom served an 18- month mission in Little Rock, Arkansas. Dad's job was managing the mission's fleet of vehicles. With a couple hundred 19 and 20 year old boys driving cars, that was no easy task. When he first arrived in the mission their mission had a terrible safety record. When he left, they were number two in the Church in safety. Their mission was one of the highlights of their life.

As dad has slowed down, he has kept busy with lots of projects. He loved working with wood and jewelry making. More than that, he loved giving it away. All of us children and our children have numerous beautiful wood mementos'. Every year he would give all of us a Christmas tree ornament. Dad also liked to give away anything and everything that he could grow on the farm or in the garden.

The greatest legacy he left for us was his testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Besides his undying love for mom, the gospel was the very most important thing in his life. It's probably appropriate to say that his life is best revealed in his fruits, for truly "by their fruits, you shall know them." As a family our greatest challenge is to always be what he would want us to be and become. That we may be "fruit" that he would be proud of is our goal. Jarl passed away December 12, 2009.

Eileen Edna Empey Morgan Jensen

I was born on Wednesday, November 28, 1945. This was the year everyone celebrated the end of World War II. The doctor thought I was a tumor, but my mom said, "No it moves!" My mother's best friend, Leora Williams, (I called her Auntie) did not know my mother was expecting me. After I was born, Auntie read it in the newspaper and called my

sister, Fern, to see if she had seen the misprint in the paper. Fern said it was no misprint, it was true. My mother was 45 when she had me and always said I was what kept her young. It never bothered me that my parents were older except that they didn't get to enjoy my children and grandchildren. They probably did this in heaven. Everywhere we went people would ask my parents, "Is this your little granddaughter?" They would proudly answer, "No, this is our daughter." I never knew my Empey grandparents. They had passed away before I was born. My grandma Pearson was in the nursing home and died when I was four. I remember visiting her once in the nursing home.

When I was born, there were three brothers and one sister to greet me-Virgil, Wayne, Fern, and Jarl. Virgil and Wayne had served our country well. Wayne was in school at BYU-Provo. Fern was home (she married in 1946) and Jarl, who was 17 at the time was lucky enough to be my babysitter. Two years after I was born, my sister had Kathryn, and I was an "Aunt" at two., I loved to be called Aunt Eileen now but in my younger years, this is how my nieces and nephews would tease me. We had and still do have a lot of fun. They seem just like brothers and sisters because we grew up together.

My brother Wayne married Nancy on May 14, 1949 when I was three years old. I can remember the salmon colored taffeta dress my mom made and sitting in my rocker trying to rock. I was told I needed to hold still! Nancy was so pretty and I was so excited. They gave me a locket necklace and a bracelet. I took excellent care of them for a long time. They also gave me the biggest sparkler I have ever seen. I still have the play iron they gave me for Christmas when I was five or six years old.

When I was 18 months old my mom noticed a lump on my wrist. Within a week it had grown larger. Dr. Joe Hatch said it was sarcoma cancer. My parents took me to Salt Lake City, UT. The doctors there said I could have radiation and my arm wouldn't grow. I could have my arm amputated or they could do surgery and hope they got it all. May parents agreed to do surgery. I was only given three

months to live, but I made it. I'm sure there were many prayers in my behalf.

Fern lived in Ririe with her family and Virgil and Verda lived across the street. I stayed with Verda and Virgil one night and I can remember having tomato soup. Verda had made the most beautiful cloth dolls with crocheted dresses. She gave me one and I still have it. Later they moved to Bancroft and Mom, Kathryn, and I rode the train to visit them. They lived in a basement house and it was fun to run on the roof. We spent a lot of time at Fern's. My fondest memories are of Flicka, Laddie and making houses from furniture boxes, and playing dressups.

When I was four (1949), it was a very bad winter. The snowplow was plowing the road in front of our house and turned his blade the wrong way toward our house. The snow chunks broke the front picture window and then the window above the bed in the bedroom. I was in bed with my parents and I can recall the big chunk of ice and glass, but no one was hurt. I was told later the driver had been drinking.

I had my tonsils out when I was about four. That was in the days of ether. I remember seeing a black and white spinning bulls-eye target. A couple of days after I got out of the hospital, I was eating supper and got a bloody nose. Yuki! I never had tonsillitis, strep, or a bloody nose again.

We had a dog named Jigs. He was a mutt who was the best ever. When I started to run down the field road to see my dad, and mother was telling me to get back to the house, Jigs would run in front of me to slow me down because he knew I'd get in trouble if I didn't go back. I had a friend named Norma Schmier. It seems I always got in trouble when I got around her. We were making mud pies one April morning in my fourth year out by the ditch. She pushed me in and I had on a wool winter coat. Norma ran home, but Jigs jumped in and pulled me out. It wasn't real deep, but deep enough I could have drowned. Another time about this same age, I went to visit Norma but I didn't tell my mom. I was sitting on the canal cement abutment

swinging my legs and holding my rag doll when Jarl drove by. He took a double take and picked me up and put me in the car, and we went home and I don't know if I got a spanking or not, but I didn't do that again!

When I was older, maybe seven, they were building the Ernest Martin Potato Warehouse. Norma and I decided to explore. All I remember is hanging from a basement window and not wanting to let go because it was really far down. I guess I pulled myself back up and out of there. We used to play around the railcars by the railroad tracks. I always wanted to see a hobo, but never did. Another time, I was chasing a cat through the pasture and he went over to Uncle Jim's and Aunt Stella's house. They lived next to us. I grabbed the electric fence and it grabbed me! It didn't zap me long, but it seemed FOREVER!

Kathryn and I always sat in the poplar tree on tree limbs that were our "horses." We tried to sing "Indian love Song." I must have Indian blood in me because I always wanted to be Sacajawea. Fern gave me some yellow moccasins and I would run along the ditch bank and hide in the tansy weeds. Living on a farm is great for little kids. It develops imagination. You might say I was a tom-GIRL I loved to play outside and loved to play dolls.

Mom was a really good cook and she would cook (lunch) which was called dinner on the farm for the thresher guys. She raised chickens and would kill several and cook them up for "dinner." Mom would also sell eggs to Kelly's Market. She had a garden so we always had fresh vegetables. She would make pies and she loved her raspberries and strawberries. I had the privilege of picking those early in the morning before it got hot. We had honey buckets we would tie around our waists. I also got to cut potatoes, weed potatoes, and pick potatoes. We learned the value of work. It was so fun.

Jarl decided to get married when I was about six years old. I remember telling Jigs it would be just he and I now. The wedding reception was so fun. They had chokecherry or huckleberry blossoms and I got to take the gifts with Shirley's

nephew, Bruce. We had fun running around the church! Shirley was so fun and she let me wear her shoes and jewelry. I probably wore them out through the years.

When I started first grade Mother didn't want me to get lost so she told me to always tell the school bus driver (Logan Bee or Jack Bailey) that "I live in the second house on the south side of the road past the railroad tracks." What is now Sunnyside Road used to be John Empey Road named after my grandpa.

Mom always took me to American War Mothers with her so I learned the Pledge of Allegiance before I started school. We always went to town on Saturday and would usually park by the old Idaho Falls Library which is the Bonneville Museum. Dad would play pool at Snowballs or Fords and mom and I would shop at Newberrys, Kress, Woolworths, Penny's, and C. C. Andersons. My favorite thing was to have a cherry sundae at Woolworths. Sometimes we went to a movie, but usually we ended up at the Library looking at books. Mother crocheted my tablecloth while we sometimes waited in the car. She would also crochet doilies and sell them at Woolworths.

"The car" was a dark green Cadillac with maroon interior. I loved that car. The sun would shine on the upholstery and it would be so warm and feel like satin. I always sat in dad's old Dodge pickup and pretended I was driving to who knows where.

Dad always made me feel important. He let me herd the cows home at night from the field. I always thought I was doing a BIG job when all along they knew their way home by themselves and just wanted to be milked. The old Ford tractor was so fun to drive especially when I got to drive it with a wagon to haul bales of hay that he would throw on while I was driving. I watched dad milk cows and I would ride the baby calves. I loved cats. There were some kittens that I found in the haystack that were frozen. I mean they were not breathing and hard as a rock. I took them downstairs in the house, laid them on a gunnysack, turned on a heater, and actually brought them back to life! Later my

parents found out I was allergic to cats, which I have now outgrown.

First grade we had Mrs. Utley for a teacher. Berdine Pickett, Rose Marie Anderson and I went to the grocery store at lunch time and were late coming back and Mrs. Utley said if we did it again, she would skin us alive! Second grade was a different story. We had Mrs. Joanne Purcell (now Jorgenson). She lived in a little house across from the school. We all loved her. She told the best stories ever, and we made an Alaskan mural out of butcher paper on the wall. I met one of my best friends in second grade. Her name was Sherry Searle. Third Grade was Mrs. Ruby Jeppson. She was another sweetie. I always got the giggles in her class-especially on Friday. I loved to play school and I can remember that I didn't have a red pencil so I stole one from her desk. She never caught me, but every time I used that pencil it was a reminder that I had done wrong but I was too scared to tell her I was sorry and give it back. Fourth grade Mr. Nelson was a dud. He even swore at us, but I liked this cute little kid named Gary Bassett so that helped make up for the teacher. Joyce Ingram moved to Ammon (Hillview) and she was another best friend. Her dad owned Falls Printing. Fifth grade we had Mrs. Southwick for a little while and then we had Mr. Cammack the rest of the year. We also had Mable Hanson who was great. Sixth grade we had Mr. Cammack again and he was the principal. Madeline Beattie and I got in trouble because we each liked Lynn Tawzer. We put on lipstick and she kissed him on one cheek and I kissed him on the other. Needless to say we got to talk to the principal.

The junior high and high school was also in the grade school building. We had lunch before they did. I could not eat raw carrots. They always made me choke, and I would drink all my milk trying to swallow the carrots. After lunch we went out to play on the swings, giant strikes, teeter-totters, and slide. The "big kids" would run to lunch. It was fun to see the operettas that were performed by the "big kids." Mother always made me a new dress for Christmas. It was usually made out of taffeta or

velvet. I loved to watch her sew. She made clothes for the grandkids too. She got a new Kenmore sewing machine when I was in third grade. I took a pin and carved a heart with "I LOVE YOU" on it and an arrow through it. I never got in trouble for doing it, but it stayed there forever. She let me hem dish towels and by the time I was in sixth grade, I made Ginny doll clothes using her machine.

I also liked to play "Primary" and sing the songs. I was baptized when I was eight years old. My friend Pamela Eskew was also baptized. I didn't like to go to church until 7th Grade. I had a great childhood and felt very loved and blessed to have my family. We had a birthday party when Aunt Hilda came to visit. Mother bought Aunt Hilda (her sister) some beer. I took two cans and Kathryn and I went downstairs and drank them. I remember trying to put up a blurry ironing board and a blanket over the clothesline for a tent. It cured me-I never liked beer. That's the only time I remember beer in the house. Wayne and Nancy's daughter Kathleen (Kathy) got some cigarettes off the top of the fridge. Mrs. Woodhouse gave them to my dad when Bill died. Kathy and I went to the barn and lit up. Kathy started to cough and threw hers in the straw which caught on fire. I stomped it out and that was the end of my smoking days! I was about ten and she was younger.

I had two other dogs besides Jigs. Rusty was a German Shepherd that we had to give away because dad rented pasture to Elkington's, and he was afraid Rusty might get too playful with the sheep and kill them. Mother and dad saw him trotting down the street in front of the Bonneville County Courthouse. He still had on the leather collar dad made for him. My prayers were answered-he must have got a good home. I had a black Cocker Spaniel name Queenie. She ran away after about a year and never came back.

I used to babysit when I turned 12. Mainly Wayne and Nancy's kids while they went square dancing. Kathy and I would put Cheryl and Rob to bed then pop popcorn and watch TV while lying on the hide-a bed in the living room. Wayne and

Nancy would always bring home leftover donuts. We used to play dressups, roller-skate, and hide 'n seek. I also babysat for Bruce and Jeanine Lee and Paul and Jeanine Empey.

Wayne, his kids, and I went to visit the Ammon Cemetery late one summer afternoon. Kathleen and I were over by the grave of Kathleen Gardner (she was killed by a drunken driver on Halloween when she saved her brother from getting hit by the car). We looked over in the empty field to the south that was full of weeds and we saw something that looked like "Big Foot." We know it wasn't a horse or a cow, but we ran for the car as fast as we could go because Wayne was in the car waiting for us and we were scared!

I think 7th Grade was really fun. We were the first class in the new Bonneville High School. All the "big kids" went there with us. Mrs. Christensen was my home room teacher and I loved school. We had dances and got to ride the bus one night to the school to watch the movie, "Frankenstein." I really got into mutual and church. I had 90% attendance for all meetings. Eighth grade was OK but 9th grade was altogether new." Mother and dad sold the farm to Ed Strobel. It was getting too hard for dad to farm. We moved to Idaho Falls-244 Ninth Street by the Catholic Church. Dad worked for the Bonneville County Weed Control. During that summer I met Flora Mencke and Linda Perry. We used to go swimming at the pool by the YMCI. Don Wilson Drug was there and a fun place to get ice cream. A&W was also just down the alley off Boulevard. I went to O. E. Bell Junior High. On registration day I met Judy Lloyd and her mom. Little did I know that in the future Judy would be my sister-in-law! Kris Jockens was my friend and her mom would give me a ride to school. I would walk home for lunch then go to seminary after lunch. It was across the street from the Idaho Falls swimming pool on 7th street. Kris's mom would bring me home after school. My mom had a heart attack in 1961. I met Geraldine Pack in mutual and we were also friends along with others in our mutual class. I had not had pizza until our mutual class had a party at Price's home.

Marvin Whiting was my first boyfriend. We loved to dance and I think we attended every stake dance.

I went to Idaho Falls High School my sophomore year. Francis Campbell was my locker mate. She had a brand new pink T-Bird that we got to take to Bowlero when we bowled for PE.

My sophomore and junior years were challenging. My dad kept getting stomach pains and when he had surgery it was discovered he had cancer. They took 3/4th of his stomach. The surgeon cut a nerve so it would help the pain. He was pretty good until January 1963. He had to go to the hospital again. Mom and I would go every day to see him and I would use his electric shaver to shave him. It was really hard to see him suffer. He finally got so he didn't know us and would hallucinate that the ceiling was a wagon wheel. He passed away March 9, 1963. It was a beautiful sunny day for the funeral. President Wirkus was my seminary teacher and he spoke at the funeral. Dona Andrew gave the life sketch. The church was packed because he was loved by so many people.

I met Terry Morgan in driver's education. I thought he was so handsome and something told me I would marry him some day. I think everyone probably lost ten years off their lives when I missed the main 2x4's crossing John Hole Bridge but we survived! We dated through high school and I graduated May 1964. He graduated in 1965. I attended Ricks College and roomed with my friends from grade school, Joyce and Sherry. We had so much fun and are still friends to this day. I graduated in May 1966. Terry and I were married September 2, 1966. We had four children and divorced in August 1988. I married Jeffrey Lynn Jensen August 3, 1991. He has a daughter (Heather) and I have Brett, Ryan, Camile, and Natalie. They are all OURS and nine grandchildren we love with all our hearts. I retired in April 2008 after working at the Idaho National Engineering Laboratory (the site) for the Naval Reactors Facility for 29 years. I did this while raising my family (I took a few years off after each child except Natalie). I also worked for 2 ½ years for the State of Idaho

Department of Public Lands before Ryan was born. I have also enjoyed working in the organizations of the LDS Church. Jeff joined the church after being married to me and a year after his baptism we were able to go through the Idaho Falls Temple and be sealed for time and eternity.

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LIFE HISTORY OF GUY EPHRIUM EMPEY

On the 15th of December 1898 Guy Ephrium Empey was born to Almira Ceretta Norton and John Empey at Ammon, Idaho in the county then known as Bingham County. He was the ninth of twelve children, and was also the youngest boy. He was born in a two room log house that his father had built on the corner of Sunnyside and John Empey Road.



*Top row: Verda, Azer and Jack.
Middle row: Jim, Almira, John,
and Ira. Bottom row: Floyd, Efie,
Cereta and Guy*

In November 1904, when Guy was six, his parents built a new two story brick house in front of the little log house which was later used as a garage. The new house had five bedrooms and three other rooms and is located one mile east of the Ammon Store, one half mile west of the Ammon Cemetery. It later became the Reed

Elkington home. Guy's father, John, always had his eye on the Conant Ranch at Swan Valley, but his mother, Almira, said "My kids aren't going to be raised in that Godforsaken country."



New house

He attended the Ammon School through his grade school years. When a small boy, his mother, Almira Ceretta, and the girls



The barn

had the Small Pox. For six weeks they occupied the house while his Dad, John, and all the boys lived in the barn. The next spring, when he was about fifteen, his Dad and the boys took turns at having the dreaded Small Pox. The fall of 1918 when Guy was about 19 years old he had the flu, which took him until spring to recover from. He lost much of his hair, due in part to this flu and being so ill for so long.

In 1919 at the age of 20 he went to Henry's Lake to work on a ranch for two years. The Sawtelle Ranch sat on what is now Henry's Lake. A ride home on his horse from the ranch to his home in Ammon would take all day. One of his favorite horses that he owned, was stolen; he suspected by the Indians. It was a different life in those times and Guy enjoyed telling of how it once took six men to rope a buffalo to take quills out of its nose.



Guy and his horse

In 1920 he went to California to a Mechanical School. Later he went to work in the shipyards. In 1921 he filed on 640 acres of grazing land at Bone, Idaho and later in December of 1930 he bought Jack Empey's place that joined to his place.

He had a lifetime love of his horses, but he was proud of his vehicles as well. At right is Guy pictured in 1924 at age 25 with his first car.



Guy and his first car

In 1930 Guy met Marcia Berneice Walker at a dance at Wandamere which was a big ballroom south of Idaho Falls. Rumor has it that Berneice put on a cowboy hat and danced all night. She made quite an impression on Guy! It didn't take long for them to decide to be married. Guy was 32 to Berneice's 22 and Berneice

was often teased about going out with an older man. On the 18th of February, 1931 they were married at Ammon. They followed their marriage with a honeymoon to Salt Lake City and came home to set up housekeeping in the rooms upstairs in Guy's parents' home on the John Empey Road and Sunnyside. Guy worked at the potato plant and got \$1.00 a day for his wages.

Later they moved into the two room house below the corrals on his father's farm; "The Empey Incubator". This two room house was where their three girls, Beverley, Lerene and Audrey were born. A good many of the John Empey grandchildren and great grandchildren were born there as well. (At right is the Empey Incubator and below it, how it looked in later years.)

Guy and Berneice had four children. Their first, Beverley was born April 20, 1933. That was one of the hardest winters they had experienced. There was still snow along the side of the roads when he planted grain on his father's place the day she was born. It was the first grain to be planted that year. On the 23rd of September 1934 a daughter, Lerene was born during a hard rainstorm. The 14th of June 1937, the third daughter was born. She was named Audrey Jean. The wind blew so hard the men couldn't work that day.

In the summer of 1937 Guy sold his ground in the hills near Bone to the Neilsen brothers. Then he bought their first home (pictured to the left) in the valley. It was the Leonard Purcell place, 2 ½ miles south of Ammon where Lawrence Volmer later lived.



The Empey Incubator



The Empey Incubator years later



Guy's first home

On October 25, 1939 a son, Dewey Claude was born. He was born about 9:00 in the morning. Fortunately, Claude (Berneice's brother) had come down to help with the chores while Guy was gone hunting. Now Beverley, Lerene and Audrey had a brother. The girls had always wanted a wagon but were told wagons were for little boys. That Christmas they got their wagon.

In the spring of 1940, during the depression,



Guy's second and final home

Guy is pictured above in front of their new home (the old John Volmer home) where Guy and Berneice lived for the remainder of their lives farming and raising sheep. (Also shown is a front view of the home.) It was located two miles south and one mile east of the Ammon Store on



Front view of Guy's home

the corner of York and John Empey Road (Later Named Crowley). This was two miles south of his father's home. In the next two years at the farm Guy had good crops and was able to pay off his farm debt leaving it free and clear.

Guy and Berneice were active in the L.D.S. Church. On September 8, 1942, he, Berneice and their children went to the Logan Temple to be sealed. The girls remember that Berneice sewed white dresses for each of them. Audrey, who was five at the time, remembers getting up while it was still dark to drive there. Beverley remembers the mortification of having two year old Dewey tear apart the toy box which held the toys to keep them entertained.

Guy and Berneice worked side by side farming and raising children. Berneice always spent a

lot of time outside and preferred it to inside housework, although her home was always orderly and welcoming. Together they raked hay, picked potatoes, raised a big garden and irrigated the fields. Guy and Berneice were happiest working right alongside of each other.

Guy and Berneice always raised their own meat and grew their own potatoes and beets. The kids were expected to keep them weeded. They always milked cows and the milk can was placed at the side of the road every day for the milk truck to pick up. Their farm made them self sufficient, which was good during the depression. The children remember the gas and food item stamps that everyone had to have.

They always had sheep and took them to the hills along with sheep belonging to the Andersens and others. They would go up to shear the sheep when it was time, and then they would brand them with paint. Guy's brand was a 3 +. This was so the sheep could be separated in the fall when they brought them back to the various farms. They had a sheepherder watch the sheep throughout the summer and would take supplies to him periodically.

Each year Berneice raised the bum lambs and she would use the money to buy the extras they needed. She raised thirty bum lambs one year and used the money earned to buy her first Pfaff sewing machine with a zig-zag stitch. Prior to the Pfaff, she used her old treadle Singer sewing machine. One year her bum lambs grew to be bigger than Guy's lambs, much to his dismay. Berneice had the uncanny ability to always get the best price for her goods; whether it be sheep, cattle, potatoes or hay. Guy soon learned to go hunting and leave Berneice home to sell the cows.

They worked hard but knew how to play, as



A successful fishing day

well. A real treat was to go to the Bone area in the hills, often on Mill Creek, to fish; especially on the opening day of fishing. Hunting, fishing and camping were the

pleasures of Guy's life. He enjoyed many wonderful trips doing these activities. At the right, are the results of a successful fishing trip. Berneice and Guy are holding a string of fish with Audrey and Dewey behind.

Every Fast Sunday for years Guy and Berneice would take the kids up to Grandma Walker's (Berneice's mother) and all the family would eat dinner together. When it was Christmas they would tie the sleds behind the car and pull the kids up to Grandma Walker's house which was at the end of First Street. Other Sundays they would come home from church, kill a chicken, clean it and had it in the frying pan for a tasty fried chicken dinner. Or they would have venison or beef. Guy liked his meat rare and loved meat and potatoes at every meal. Guy always had a ten minute nap after a hefty noon meal. At bedtime he either had a bowl of cornflakes with heavy cream and sugar or a big dish of ice cream, usually strawberry revel.

In a rare family picture, Berneice and Guy are surrounded by their children, Dewey, Lerene, Beverley and Audrey.



Guy loved his horses and passed this love on to his son Dewey. At left is Guy with Tony and Flynn. Dewey is hamming it up with Turp, the burro, who was a part of all back country pack trips; especially to the Selway.

Guy made sure the children knew the important things, like being able to shoot and hit what you were shooting at. All of the children had



Guy and Dewey with the horses

their turn at target practice. Guy would nail a Kerr canning lid on the big tree by the chicken coop and have them try to hit it. It was an easy target to remove and replace with another lid. He made them keep at it until they could hit the target. Dewey was the best at it, getting really good at hitting the "bull's eye". The girls also benefited from those target practices when they, along with Dewey were instructed to save the cherries on the cherry tree by shooting the birds that were stealing the fruit. Incidentally, in later years, the target practice tree was so full of bullets; it died in the center and ended up hollow except for the outside walls, but still is standing and flourishing.

One day, as Guy was sighting in his rifle in preparation to going out hunting, he shot the power line on the side hill, splitting it in half and knocking out the power. He hated having to call the power company to confess so they could come repair the damages.

Once Guy saw a bobcat and fearing it would get in the chickens, he shot it. He never once thought that it was one of the tame bobcats that Norman Bingham had, until later. Bing had a hard time forgiving him for that, and neither Bing nor Guy ever forgot it.



Guy and the bobcat

Between the years of 1950 and 1960 all of Guy and Berneice's children were married. Beverley married Perry Orval Mortensen, Lerene married Del Roy Earl Hanson, Audrey married Richard Burke and Dewey married Edith Jolene Crawford.

The grandchildren came. Beverley and Perry had four; Evelyn, Penny, Kay and Shane. Shane

lived only two hours, which was a great sadness in their lives. Lerene and Del Roy had four children; Tom, Bonnie, Karen and Cindy. Audrey and Dick had four children; Michael Roy, Koreen, Matthew James and Sherry. Dewey and Edith had four children as well; Claudia Joy, Lyle John, Rodney Guy and LaNae Gaylene.

Guy and Berneice loved all their grandchildren and kept in close touch with each family. All of the children and grandchildren, with the exception of LaNae, who was born two years after Guy's death, dearly loved Guy and have fond memories of fishing and hunting trips, family get-togethers and working alongside of Guy or just tagging along on walks to the pumice pit and back. They remember small things like looking out for the fox or rock chucks or even keeping a lookout for arrowheads along the way. All grandchildren vividly remember Guy's solution to retrieving a sliver with his ever present and trusty pocket knife. All things could be fixed or cured with the help of that pocket knife.

Grandchildren remember the fun times they had at Grandpa and Grandma's. Berneice didn't have to make cookies; her cracker jar was always full and soda crackers were special from it. Guy was always giving a grandchild a short horseback ride, with a child in front of him in the saddle. The farm was a wonderland for grandkids and they loved playing in the canal, the apple orchard and, heaven forbid, the top of the spud cellar which was absolutely off limits. This made it all the more enticing to get up there, always watching out that Grandpa didn't catch them at it. Grandpa always had a bowl of ice cream after dinner. Grandchildren soon learned that if they were there for this ritual, they got a big dish of strawberry revel ice cream as well.

Berneice often had a quilt on and it usually filled the entire front room. Guy would gripe and complain about not being able to live in his own house, but with all the girls' help, a quilt was usually finished in one day. Grandkids that

might be around loved being under the quilt and would happily push up on the quilt to bump the spool of thread over to whoever needed it.

Every spring Guy and Berneice would get some baby chicks to put in the little room in the chicken coop. There would be a large light hanging from the ceiling to keep them warm. The grandchildren remember the fun of newborn chicks and Grandpa telling them to "let them be" as they were not pets. In the fall it would be time to kill the chickens that would not be kept for laying eggs, and all the family would gather around the kitchen table to help clean them. This was a job Edith detested and usually managed to avoid. One spring Guy was insistent that she be there to do her share. He felt this was an experience she needed to have. She managed to arrive just when they were just about done, but Guy made Berneice keep one back for her to do. Berneice took pity on her and when his back was turned, she quickly cleaned the chicken for Edith. Edith was eternally grateful to her for that.

Thanksgiving dinners were held on Thanksgiving evening so that everyone could be there. They were special times of being together as a family. This tradition was carried on until Guy died. Then the families began making their own traditions, but those days of getting together with cousins and siblings are wonderful memories.

For over twenty years Guy enjoyed his hunting trips to the Selway wilderness area on the Idaho Montana border every fall. Dewey was with him whenever he could be. Guy went hunting to the Selway every year until his last trip three weeks before he died. This was his passion and his love.

He claimed if he died out on the trail, he could be tied to his horse and be brought in. He said he would have died happy. Antler trophies were affixed to the garage and Guy could tell you the story behind every one of them. At the left is a picture of Guy and Dewey with the elk both claimed they shot.

In their later years, Guy and



Guy and Dewey hunting

*Berneice and Guy*

Berneice spent nine days in 1964, vacationing with Dewey and Edith over the Christmas holidays, going to Arizona, through the northern part of Mexico and

through California. The next year, in 1965, Guy and Berneice returned to Arizona to visit with his sister Effie and spent the month of January there; taking their new 16' camp trailer and really enjoyed themselves. This was their one and only trip with that trailer, but it was well worth it to them.

Guy enjoyed excellent health until the last seven months of his life. Three weeks before he died, even though he was far from well, and in spite of the fact Berneice really did not want him to go hunting, he did. He enjoyed being in his beloved mountains for the last time. He entered the hospital on the morning of October 21. He passed away in the early morning hours of October 26, 1971.

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JAMES SHADRICK EMPEY

James Shadrick Empey was born to John and Almira Seretta Norton Empey on September 18, 1890. The same year Idaho became a state. He was the first white male to be born in Ammon, Idaho. James was one of ten siblings. He had three sisters and six brothers. James's (Jim) oldest brother John (Jack) was able to go to college and then serve a LDS mission in England. Jim being the second oldest was required to help work the farm. At the age of fourteen he dropped out of the fifth grade and help his father work the Ammon homestead. He was responsible for two bands of sheep. This

included making sure there were herders, and that the herders and sheep were fed. James traveled most of the county to do this. Two of Jim's brothers were enlisted to fight in WWI. James was unable to enlist due to be in charge of the farm.

James Empey married Agnes Estella Lords on December 22, 1909 in the Salt Lake City, Utah LDS Temple. He met Estella at a barn dance in the Taylor area. Empey was 1 of 25 men to homestead the Taylor area. He raised crops such as potatoes, barley, wheat, and later on sugar beets. He also raised stock such as sheep, cattle, pigs, and horses. In addition to being a farmer and a sheep man James was a Bonneville County Special Deputy Sheriff. He was also the star route mail carrier to Bone, Idaho during the winter. Due to his knowledge of the local hill country, he was a valuable worker to the FBI. The FBI employed James to outfit them with sleighs and horses. He served as a guide to help them capture bootleggers in the hills.

James and his brothers acquired their father's Ammon homestead of 160 acres, just before John Empey Sr. passed away. After his father passed away Jim readily took care of his mother. During this time James wanted to create a home on the land given to him. He decided to move a two room schoolhouse that was temporarily built for classes up in the Iona hills. This required a team of eighteen horses and skids. The old schoolhouse, with many additions added later, would serve as James and Estella's home until they passed away. They had seven children together, one boy and six girls.

James believed in keeping his family close and helping others to persevere. He was always willing to help others in need, especially during the great depression. He would often leave half of a sheep and harvested produce on the door steps of the needy. He made sure no one went hungry.

James Empey was a religious man and served in the LDS church. He did two years of temple work for the Mesa, Arizona LDS Temple. He also was a high priest and served in the genealogical society of the Ammon Ward. Jim served as a home teacher for many years.

James Empey has been described as a well respected good man. He had a sense of trust, justice, in fairness. He lived his life honestly and could not understand if no one else lived the same way.

James Shadrack Empey passed away at the age of 87 on December 4, 1977.

James was granted a Land Patent on September 29, 1919 for 320 acres he homesteaded in the Taylor Mountain area.

—Kara Lee Howard Olson

JAMES SHADRACK EMPEY

The first male child born in Ammon

When I was a teenager he lived with us one week a month. Here are some of the stories he told me.

—Galen Harris

Black Bears

When he was 9 or 10 years old he was big for his age. In the spring his father took him with 2 horses to pull the sheep camp wagon. One horse to ride, 3 dogs, a 22 rifle, a 30-30 rifle, a pound of sugar a pound of salt and 5 pounds of flour with a band of sheep. A band of sheep in the spring is 1000 ewes with their 1500 lambs. A total of 2500 sheep and they took them up into the mountains of Bone, Idaho for the summer. There his father left him to take care of the sheep and sheep camp. His father came to find him once a month to bring him flour, salt and sugar. The 22 rifle was to shoot pine chickens, sage hens and rabbits to feed himself. The 30-30 rifle was to protect the sheep.

He saw a black bear stand up in the trees. Well cougars and bears were a sheep herders worst enemies so he ups with his rifle and shoots the bear and it disappeared. Then it immediately reappeared. Well he knew where he was shooting but here was the bear again so he shoots it again. The bear disappeared then it immediately reappeared. Now he was very confused but he was a shepherd so he shoots a 3rd time and the bear disappeared again. This time it stayed down. He walked down to get his camp meat and found a mother bear and her 2 full grown cubs in the trees.

Lambs

One fall when he was a teenager they took the lambs to market. This was a big deal as cash money was very scarce. When it came time to sell his lambs the buyers gave him \$1.00 a head more than the other herders got for their lambs. One of the other sheep men didn't like that and got in Grandpa's face. Now Grandpa was not a small man. He stood 6 foot 4 inches tall and a head higher than most men at that time. When this sheep header got in his face he had to look up to him but he had a valid question and he got an answer. James told him this. "The reason my sheep are worth more than your sheep is because I am a shepherd. You are a sheep herder. Well this did not sit well with the sheep herder so he asked what in the H is the difference?" James told him that in the old country a shepherd leads his sheep. A 6' 4" man can see a lot farther than a 2 foot high sheep so the shepherd would lead his flock to the best feed like wild carrots, flowers and lush grass.

A sheep herder drives his sheep and they go where ever they want to go. That is why my sheep are worth a dollar more than yours. Well this left this sheep herder with nothing left to say.

Moonshiners

James Shadrack Empey was the first Deputy Sherrieff in Bonneville County, Idaho. He was hired for a very special job. Because of his time herding sheep in the Bone area he knew every canyon and draw and how to get into the back country in any place a moon shiner could hide and operate an illegal still. This was during the days of prohibition. He was sent into the back country to search out and destroy the stills, and arrest the owners. He was very good at his job and the still owners put a bounty on his head, DEAD. He was too smart for them and would sneak up on them and get the drop on them then he would tie them to a nearby tree. His job was to destroy the stills and the ingredients included sugar. Sugar is pure carbon and is highly explosive. He carried his own dynamite. Using the sugar and the dynamite he would blow up the still close enough to the tree holding the owners that

they would get a little singed and concussed. It made them a lot more subdued for the trip to jail. Later he worked for the F.B.I. doing the same thing. Because of his knowledge of the lay of the land he became a valuable asset in the laws efforts to shut down the illegal stills until the end of prohibition.

He was also the first mailman to deliver the mail in the winter to the settlers in Bone. There were no cars and the roads were narrow and rough. James had to deliver the mail in a horse drawn sleigh. The people in Bone knew that the mail would come if there was any chance of James getting through. There were many times when James was the angel of life when there were people that were injured and he had a good team and sleigh that could take the injured to town for medical care.

Turkeys

One spring he decided to get some baby turkeys to raise and sell for Thanksgiving. He had a barn that was 75 yards away from the back door to the house. He put up a tall pole with a light on top out by the barn. On the north side of the barn he had a 4 rail pole fence that went out towards the road. When the 100 baby turkeys were big enough he turned them out to scratch and forage for themselves around the cows, sheep and horses.

The turkeys took to roosting on the poles under the light by the barn. When the turkeys were about big enough to butcher one night about 2am James heard a noise out in the turkeys. He had installed a light switch just inside of the back door so he grabbed his 30-30 rifle thinking that a varmint was in the turkeys and stepped out the back door and turned on the light. There in the glow was a neighbor with two hands full of turkey legs. James recognized him and the turkeys he was holding.

The thief dropped the turkeys he was holding and ran for the road. There was a ditch he had to wade through and climb a steep bank but he was a motivated runner so he made the road and was last seen running at top speed. Now James was a deputy sheriff and could have arrested the man. Horse, chicken and turkey stealing were capitol offences in

those days so he could have been hung, but James had another idea. He told me that if the man had gone to prison or been hung. He and a lot of other people would have to help take care of the man's wife and bunch of kids so he decided to do it differently.

The next morning he went to the town of Ammon. Ammon was bigger than Eagle Rock at the time and so there was a general store, livery stable, barber shop, grocery and a bar. James went to the general store and saw the thief from the night before in the store. He walked in and in a voice loud enough for all to hear he asked if anyone knew of any turkeys for sale. They responded with no James you have all of the turkeys in the whole county. Why do you need more turkeys? Oh I am having a problem with a varmint getting into my birds. Well James you have a rifle, shoot the varmint!!!! About this time the thief went from red in the face to white, pale and shaky. He promptly got up and left. A few minutes later James found him in another store and James went in and asked if anyone had any turkeys for sale? The thief promptly left. Over the course of the next 2 months every time James saw this man he brought up turkeys in some way.

One day the turkey thief had had all he could stand. He stood about 5'10" and so when he decided to get into James face he was looking up at a wall. He proceeded to make his point and told James to stop with the turkey talk around him or else. At this point James informed him that he could have arrested him and sent him to jail and he would talk turkey around him anytime he felt like it. The man was not able to take the heat so in the spring he packed up his family and moved out of the valley.

Cow

Grandpa told me about a big old Holstein cow he had that he quit milking due to an udder infection and bad feet. Grandpa decided to eat her but she was so thin that there was no meat on her. At that time he was feeding a band of sheep and their lambs. It was early spring and it would be 6 weeks before he could take them up to Bone for summer grazing. To feed them he would drive a

team and wagon from his farm on Sunnyside road to the Lincoln U and I sugar factory on Lincoln Road, a trip of 4 miles. He made that trip twice every day to get a load of beet pulp to feed the sheep. As he drove into the yard he would fill a #2 wash tub with beet pulp. He turned the old cow out into the yard and she ate the yard weeds and beet pulp. She could drink from the ditch. On Saturday he made the trip to the Lincoln Road Sugar factory 4 times so he had enough feed for the sheep on Sunday without making the trip on the Sabbath.

Every trip he filled that wash tub and in 6 weeks that cow filled out with new flesh and put on several hundred pounds. He had her made into steaks and roasts and told me it was some of the best flavored meat and tender that he had ever had.

Arizona Cows

When Grandpa retired he spent some winters in Yuma Arizona. This is a story he told me. Being from a farming and ranching background he drove out into the desert to look around. What he saw was some of the skinniest cattle he had ever seen. He understood why they were skinny there was no feed for miles on end for them to eat. One day he saw a cattleman checking on the water tank he was filling from a truck. Grandpa confronted this man a little gruffly thinking he was a cow abuser. The man invited him to his feed lot. A trip Grandpa took the next day. When he found the man there he learned the rest of the story.

The cattleman bought young cattle around 500 pounds turned them out on the desert by the water tank to forage for themselves. Then 6 months later they would gather them up and take them to the feed lot. By this time the calves were just big gangly rangy cattle skin and bones was what Grandpa called them. In the feed lot they started them on straw mixed with cotton seed for 2 weeks then straight cotton seed that had been pressed to remove the oils for 4 weeks then they switched them to straight cotton seed un- pressed.

Grandpa picked up a handful of this crushed seed and told me that he could squeeze it in his hand and have the oil drip off the bottom. In 6

months these cattle would fill out and flesh up with new flesh then they went to market as U.S.D.A. grade choice meat and it was in great demand for its flavor. Grandpa understood this process as he had done it himself.

Sage Hens

On Sundays once a month after church we would drive from our home in Lewisville to Ammon to visit Grandpa and Grandma. My dad was very strict about fishing or hunting on the Sabbath. This one Sunday I put the 22 rifle in the trunk of the car to show it to Grandpa. When I told him about it he said that he had an idea. He called out to my Dad and told him to bring his car keys as we were going for a drive. There is no way that my Dad would let me pull a trigger on Sunday. Enter Grand Pa Empey. He had my Dad drive up to Bone and out into an off road willow area with some water in the willows.

In the meadow 50 feet away was a big flock of almost grown Sage Hens. Grandpa told me to poke that rifle out the back window and see how many of those Sage Hens I could shoot in the head before they flew away. I looked at my Dad, he was fit to choke. But since he didn't say anything I was obedient to my Grandpa. I got 3 birds before they flew away. When Grandpa offered one to my Dad he turned it down not because it was shot out of season but because it was shot on Sunday. That was the only time I have hunted on Sunday but it is a special memory for me of my Grandpa Empey.

Polygamy

Grandpa was married and lived at the time that the Prophet received the revelation banning polygamy. One day a small man with slicked back hair and fancy clothes confronted Grandpa about the revelation. He walked right up to Grandpa and asked. "James don't you think that the Prophet is wrong to ban polygamy."

Well now Grandpa just looked down at this little man and said "NO I DON'T" To that the man asked why not. And this was the answer Grandpa gave him. Because if the church keeps Polygamy some slick talking, slick dressing bustard like you

would have all of the women and a big coarse man like me would have no woman at all.

Ducks

When my Mother Idola Empey Harris was a girl, Her Dad James needed some food for the family. The ducks were migrating in the spring and there were a few thousand of them down in her dad's grain field. He left to try and get some and when he came back he had 28 ducks that he had got with one shell. I asked Mom how she knew he got 28 ducks with one shot and she said that she knew he only had one shell for the shot gun and he had 28 ducks.

Swans

My Mom told me about grandpa going up to Swan Valley Idaho in the winter to get swans. They were so plentiful and dumb that it was easy to get a lot of them. He went in the early winter when they were still fat and filled the back of his wagon with them. After he had killed them and pulled the guts out he laid them out over night to freeze. Then he put them into his wagon and when it was full he went back to Ammon where the family and neighbors would all get together to process them for food.

Cedar Wood for the Fire

Grandpa told me about going out to the lava beds west of Shelley in the winter to get cedar wood for the fire to keep his family warm. This was a big undertaking and it involved a lot of the men in Ammon to do it. On the scheduled day they all got together. Teams of horses with wagon sleighs assembled then went to the lava beds we now call Hells Half Acre. They did this in the winter after the snow had accumulated to a depth of 3 to 4 feet. They then they had Grandpas go out in front of the first team to tamp snow into the crevasses tight enough so the horses didn't fall into one and break a leg so it was very important that the lead man did his job. Then the horses followed pulling the sleighs out into the cedars. Grandpa had a dog that would lead the way and this dog would bark if there was a

sink hole that had to be filled. Some sink holes were too big to fill. When they got to a plentiful spot of wood to cut they would camp for two to three weeks until all the wagons were full. This was to be their winter fuel supply for cooking and heating their homes. I remember seeing this wood and the way it burned. In a hot fire they could put in a piece of green cedar at night and it would burn all night. This wood burned real hot and had beautiful colors radiating from it.

To follow in Grandfathers foot steps, my brother Revard and I got a permit from the department of lands and we went out to the lava beds with a 4 wheel drive pickup in the fall before the snow came and complicated things. It gave me a great appreciation for what these early pioneers did to heat their homes.

This wood is very hard and it is full of dirt from the wind and from growing up out of the rocks. It humbled the mightiest of chain saws. The trees not only had dirt in them but they also had rocks imbedded in the middle of the trees. A night mare for a chain saw and they had to cut these with hand saws and cross cut saws. The trees were heavy and hard to handle, they were also rough on gloves and clothes. As an enterprise for wood we both decided to go cut pine. One small pickup load was enough work for the wood we got for us and we never did it again !!!!!

Canals

When Ammon was first settled by Grandpa's father and others there was a need for irrigation water to water the flat land for farming. Grandpas father was John Empey, John was chosen to help in deciding where the canals would be dug to fill the ditches that in turn would water that part of the Snake River Valley. Grandpa John walked ahead of a team of horses that pulled a plow that marked where the canals were to be dug.

Idaho Canal

One of the biggest Canals in the Snake River Valley is the Idaho Canal. This Canal runs from Grant, Idaho south to Idaho Falls on through the city and out the south end where it is used to

water the south side of Bonneville County before the leftovers are returned into the Snake River. Grandpa Empey was closely involved in the digging of the Idaho Canal. They started early in the morning assembling the teams of horses and the Fresno Scrapers that were used to dig the dirt out of where the water would run.

When using a team of horses, after a couple of hours one of the horses will stop to relieve its self and in the process stop all of the horses behind it until it was done and started to move again.

Grandpa would see this happen time after time so at around 9 am he stopped his team and let them take a break and take care of business and Grandpa had the same need so he pulled out of line to do this, it took 10 minutes. Grandpa always had an issue with men that had what we call "small man syndrome". The foreman on the job was a small cocky arrogant man that really liked to crack his whip and show how tough he was. When Grandpa pulled out of line to take his break this small man came running up and laid into grandpa verbally to get his team back in line and get digging ditch again. Grandpa just stood and looked at him until he ran down and then Grandpa told him that they would dig more ditch a day if instead of letting each horse stop the whole procession when it had to go if every 2 hours they could stop and let the horses piddle and let the men piddle too.

When the rest of the diggers saw what was about to take place they all stopped to watch and when Grandpa told him this they all cheered and from that day on whenever Grandpa stopped his team for a break they all stopped for a break the little man would stomp around and mutter under his breath but even he could see that they were moving more dirt in a day and thus digging more ditch. The small man was the foreman but James Empey ran the crew because he wouldn't back down and the men could see that he was smart enough to do what needed to be done so he became the man in charge.

Beavers and Black Bear

Grand Father asked me one day. "In a battle of

strength who would win, 2 beavers or a big Black Bear?" I said the bear. Grand Father said "Not on the day he saw it happen!"

He was up to Big Elk Creek between Palisades, Id. and Alpine, Wy. This was before the Dam was built to dam up the Snake River at Palisades. It was early summer and Big Elk Creek was quite large. If you see it today it dumps into Palisades Reservoir. At one time it carried quite a stream of water into the Snake River. On that day he was on the bank of Big Elk Creek when he saw a big Black Bear come down the bank and begin to swim across the creek. When the bear was in the middle of the creek 2 Beavers saw the Bear.

They apparently did not appreciate this bear intruding into their territory. When the Beavers went to investigate, they swam around the bear and he swatted at them. You see Bears eat Beavers and are a threat to their babies and to their lodges.

When the Beavers felt threatened by the Bear they responded by swimming up behind the Bear one at a time. One jumped on top of his head and pushed his head under the water. The Bear responded by reaching up to swat the Beaver of his head. The Beaver anticipated this and jumped off just in time. When the Bear lifted his head to get some air the other Beaver was there to push his head under. This looked like a game, only it was a dead serious game. The Beavers kept dunking the Bear until they had drowned him.

Grandpa said that on land the Beavers would not have stood a chance but the water is their element. The Bear was bigger and stronger but the Beavers were smart enough to get him into their element where there was no contest. Just a dead Bear.

These are the stories that I remember Grandpa Empey sharing with me.

—Galen Harris

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JOHN AND ALMIRA EMPEY

*John & Almira Empey*

I, John Empey, was born in Lehi, Utah on the 28th of March, 1865 to Shadrack Empey and Ann Athes Empey. They immigrated from Eatonbray, Bedfordshire, England. They crossed the plains in 1852 with the George Kendall Company and settled in Lehi, Utah.

I was told that when I was born I was a very healthy baby, so my mother put me on a bottle and nursed my older brother because he was a very frail child and she was afraid he would die if she took him from the breast. By the time I was two I was larger than my brother.

I spent my early childhood helping my father and attending school and church in the same log building. I only went to the fourth grade. I loved the outdoors so much and my parents couldn't keep me in school. I loved to hunt ducks and chickens. I got so good I was known as the best shot in Lehi.

I was baptized by my father Shadrack in a log and had them hewn to build a cabin. In the fall I returned again to Lehi, this time to ask Almira to be my wife, and she consented.

I was ordained an Elder on December 2, 1886 by my brother Joseph Empey. We then traveled to Logan, Utah in a wagon where I took out my endowments and was married to Almira Ceretta Norton. We were married in the Logan Temple on December 15, 1886.

In the spring of 1887 I drove a team and a wagon back to Iona. Almira came a little later on the train. She came as far as she could which was Pocatello, Idaho. I met her there with the wagon and took her to Iona.

As I traveled to Idaho, I had some chickens in a box. As soon as I stopped in the evening to graze the horses I let the chickens out and when it got dark they would get back in their box. I had fresh eggs all the way.

The house wasn't built yet so we turned the wagon box upside down and propped it up and lived in that for a while.

I worked in a saw mill on Sheep Mountain to get the boards for the roof and the floor of our one roomed log house. We also lived in a barn for a while before we got the house built. We had a garden and my father sent us some dried fruit as payment on some sheep I left in Lehi.

In September of 1887, while we were still living in Iona twins were born to us but died at birth. On September 29, 1888 a son was born to us and we called him John Alfred Empey.

In September of 1889 I sold the claim to Iona and moved to South Iona. On February 12, 1893, the name was changed to Ammon. We purchased a claim in what is now Ammon and settled on the place I now own. We lived in a one room log house $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile east of Ammon on Sunnyside Road. It was built with square nails and a dirt floor and dirt roof.

In this house James Shadrack Empey was born on September 18, 1890. He was the first male child

born in Ammon. We later marked the logs and with the help of Jim Southwick, Joe Empey, and Ephraim Empey we moved it up on the hill in one day. We moved the house a quarter



of a mile east on the North East corner of my place. We then built another room on. Jim Southwick hewed the logs for us. We covered the inside with canvas stretched as tight as we could and then we whitewashed it. Then we added a board floor. I took

a brick and rubbed the rough floor boards until they were smooth.

On April 22, 1892 another son was born to us and we called him Azer Eugene Empey.

We attended the South Iona Branch held in a home just across the road north of our place. This was changed to the South Iona Ward with Bishop Rawson. It was changed again on February 12, 1893, to the Ammon Ward.

Besides the original homestead we bought 73 acres from William Grow. We first farmed the part west of the house and down closer by the railroad because there was water there. We had to grub sage brush and burn it before we could plow the ground. The ditch cane down from the slew through what is now the Phineas Ball place. One of the first things I did on the new homestead was to plant a large orchard of 35 trees just south of our house. For years children loved to come and eat my strawberry crab apples.

We had to go to the hills to get posts to fence the ranch and build stables and corrals. Sometimes Almira would go with me because of the Indians and men who sometimes passed through the valley. We also had to get wood to burn because it was the only fuel we had. One time I was getting wood, I had laid my rifle down by a tree. When I looked up there was a mountain lion a few feet away looking at me. I just stood still and looked at him, and he looked back at me. Finally he turned and ran off into the timber. My legs were so weak I could hardly stand on them.

We had to haul water in wooden barrels from Sand creek or from Rawson's well which was across the road. I decided I would like a well so I got a fellow named Cal Zittings to dig it. He came from the hills and was broke so we paid him a dollar a

day partly paid with deer meat. He worked in the well filling a cut off twenty gallon barrel. I would then pull it up when he gave me a signal by wiggling the rope and empty it. We hauled it up by hooking a horse to a large rope with a pulley over the well and hooked to the barrel. When we got down 83 feet we struck solid lava but we could hear water flowing under the rock. We drilled holes in the rock and blasted it. When Cal went back down the water was waist deep. We hooked a chain on the rock and pulled it out. Something quite curious was the water ran north but the surface water runs Southwest.

I was ordained a Seventy February 14, 1892 by Seymoir B. Young. I was made a High Priest September 22, 1899 and set apart as the Second Counselor to Bishop Christen Anderson by James E. Steel. Then on June 29, 1902, I was made First Counselor by W. F. Owen. I served with Bishop Anderson as his counselor for 14 years. We were released in 1913. During this time we had many wonderful experiences. It seemed that every time there was a funeral I was asked to speak, which I enjoyed doing.

Ammon was not always a quiet place. I remember when the Bishopric was in charge of the dances held in the Old Town Hall and Church. Two fellows, Ead Anderson and Les Curtis, rode their



The barn

horses into the dance hall. Les came in first. I just reached up and grabbed and jerked him down. His head hit the floor so hard it sounded like someone had hit the floor with a sledge hammer, it knocked him out. When I went for Ead he hurried up and rode his horse out. After that it was kind of over. I was a little afraid I had killed Les but he soon came too and the dance went on.

I always liked livestock, perhaps better than the actual raising of crops. One of the things I did was to build a very fine barn just west of the log house. I had a carpenter come from Lehi to build it. We built it 67 feet long and 35 feet wide with a chicken coop on the south side and a cow barn on the north side. The center was for horses. In the top we had a loft for hay so we could drop the hay down directly into the feed racks. We also built sheds for the sheep to lamb in. I built a blacksmith shop with a forge and anvil and other shop equipment needed to shoe horses. There was also all the equipment to rebuild the equipment needed on a ranch.

The rest of our children were born in the old log house before we built the new brick house. They are Azer Eugene born April 22, 1892, Ira Leander born March 16, 1894, Ceretta Ann born November 14, 1895, Floyd Edward born July 7, 1897, Guy Ephraim born December 15, 1898, Verda Almira born February 18, 1900, Effie Marie born April 20, 1902 and Leatha Elta born September 20, 1903.

Our lives were saddened when we lost our little one year old, Leatha. She died on pneumonia on the 27th of October, 1904.

In 1904 we built a very fine brick house. Downstairs we had a parlor for parties and company, a large kitchen, a bedroom for Almira and me, and a pantry. Upstairs we had four bedrooms for the children. In front we had a porch. We planted a pine tree and Almira loved flowers so



New house

we had two large bunches of peonies on either side of our front walk. She also loved to plant pansies on the north side of the house. We had a very fine garden just south of

the brick house. It had raspberries, current bushes, rhubarb and strawberries besides the annual vegetables we planted every year.

I liked working on things other than the farm and I was always interested in the possibilities this valley would have if water was brought to it. In 1895 and until 1902 I was Superintendent of the Eagle Rock and Willow Creek Canal. This was changed to the Progressive Irrigation District in 1902 and I remained superintendent until 1908. During this time we extended the canal from what is now Parley Hansen's place on down to the Holm's place on Cotton Road. This was two miles straight through but we had to wind around to get the water around hills. With the help of the Holy Spirit and an eye for the lay of the land, I walked and they followed with a plow the course the new canal would flow. Then the people came and worked with their teams of horses and slip scrapers to dig the canal. One man would drive the team, another man would hold the handles of the scraper and dump the dirt on the lower bank. In one section we had to blast as there was lava rock there and much hard work was required.

In 1901 and 1902 I helped supervise the building of the first dam on the Snake River. This dam was a diversion dam built a few miles north of what is now Heise. We built this dam by building a crib like a log house with a plank bottom. We floated these out into the river with cables to hold it. Then we hauled rocks on a raft and put them into the crib until it sank. We started from the opposite banks with each crib a little upstream from the one before. When the last crib went into place it wedged the whole thing into place so it wouldn't wash out. From 1908 to 1913 I was on the board of directors of the Progressive Canal.

From 1916 to 1922 I was the Water Master for the Snake River having all the canals in the Upper Snake River under my



The Roberts headgate

jurisdiction. In 1919 we had a very dry year with little snow, in fact people who lived in the hills stopped using their sleighs in March. One time I had to go to Roberts to close their head gate and my son Jim accompanied me. When we arrived there we were met by about 20 men all armed with guns for the purpose of stopping me from turning off the water. At first I was scared but something prompted me and I walked boldly up to the men and said "I don't see a thief among the bunch of you ." This took them back a minute then the one who seemed to be the leader said, "I don't think there are any thieves among us." I then explained how they had had the water several days longer than their share. Now I pulled out a large map of the river and they all crowded around as I showed them how the water had to be turned off in different canals at different times so all could have some and how some canals had a legal right to the water before other canals because they had filed on the river water first. Then the one in charge said, "Well I'm no thief and I'm going to turn off the head gate, if you want to shoot me you will have to shoot me." He turned off the head gate and I locked it and avoided bloodshed. Some people thought I was selling water to Twin Falls but that year the river was so low that just under Blackfoot Bridge you could cross the Snake River without getting your feet wet by stepping from rock to rock. The area stunk from all the dead fish which had died from the lack of oxygen.

In 1910 the state legislatures divided Bingham County and made Bonneville County. I had been elected as a county commissioner in Bingham County, so when they made Bonneville County, Governor Hawley appointed me a commissioner of Bonneville County because I live in the new county. He also appointed W. D. Huffaker and R. L. Bybee as commissioners and instructed us to meet within five days and organize the new county. We met on the 17th day of February, 1911 in the rooms of the Club of Commerce in the city of Idaho Falls.

The official oath of office was first administered to F. W. Jordan Recorder. Then he swore each of us

in as commissioners. I nominated W. D. Huffaker as chairman and R. L. Bybee seconded it. We first met in the Salesbury Earl Building until we could get a permanent place.

We had no jail so we made arrangements with Bingham County to keep them for 50 cents a day until we could build a jail, which we soon decided to build on the rear of the Post Office Building and the second floor was used for a County room and County Attorney and Stenographer. Jail cells were made 6 ½ feet wide 7 ½ feet long and 7 feet high.

I was appointed a Bridge Commissioner April 10, 1911 and my job was to supervise all bridge construction. We built a wagon bridge on the South Fork of the Snake River near the Wyoming line. We also built a bridge on Grays Lake outlet and several bridges on Sand Creek and Little Sand Creek. We built several bridges on canals. Our term of office ended on January 13, 1913.

I never liked to ride horses very well so I drove a buggy. My favorite horses were a big bay team named Chief and Red. We had a white horse I drove on the white top buggy. I traded a horse for this white topped buggy and drove it until it wore out. We also had a black top buggy with two seats and pulled by a team. Almira drove a horse named Sadie on the buggy to Relief Society and to town.

One of the first thrashing machines was driven by horse power. We hooked six teams to an upright shaft. As the teams walked in a circle they turned a shaft which led to the separator. Two men threw the bundles into the separator. Two men held sacks to catch the wheat. The straw was taken out on a long belt and was drug away with two horses hooked to a straw fork. One pulled the straw away from the separator and the other pulled the fork back into position. This machine was owned by my brother Joe, Cal Zittings and Bill Owens.

We did all our plowing and work with horses. We planted potatoes by plowing a furrow with a walking plow then walked along with a bag over our shoulders with seed in it which we dropped into a furrow. Then we went back with a plow to cover the seed. We dug the potatoes by plowing them with a

walking plow and then using a fork to stick in the ground and shake the soil off of the potatoes. I sold some of my first potatoes by hauling them in the wagon up to the Caribou Mountains where there were a lot of Chinese miner workers there, mining for gold. This trip took three days.

We planted grain by hand by taking the seed in a bag around our neck then as we walked we took a handful and broadcast it on the ground, then harrowed it under.

The only tractor I owned we bought in the late 1920's. It was a used twin city tractor. It had large steel wheels and was driven by burning oil. We plowed in a circle going around the field. I was going to conference in Salt Lake and forgot to drain the water out and it froze and broke the block. We had Sheehan weld it.

One story my grandchildren like to tell on me is when I bought a car. It was called a Loushire. When I bought it from the man he explained how to start it, the brakes, how to drive and everything, but when I got home he had forgot to tell me how to turn it off, so I just drove it around and around the wood pile until it ran out of gas.

Almira always said we never had Thanksgiving because it was when we went hunting for our winter's meat. Almira would work every time she got a chance molding bullets and loading them with black powder so I would have plenty of ammunition. Several of my relatives and friends would get together and travel up to Cunnart Valley which is before you get to Irwin, on the south side of the Snake River. Then we would ford the river and cross to the north or the east side of the river to hunt deer. When I was first here there was no deer back in the hills to the east of Ammon and the only deer were in the Palisades area and they were only white-tailed deer. We never heard of mule deer until about 1916 when we heard of a few over on Elk Mountain. Jim, Azer, and Ira went over there one fall and got a couple of them. Hunting for deer would take a week or more until we got enough to last the winter. We would hunt in groups, trying to surround them and kill as many as possible until all

had their winter's meat. A strange thing happened though. One fall all the white tailed deer left in a big herd, traveling south, some people followed their tracks down as far as Blackfoot and they kept going and never returned.

I had the first telephone in Ammon.

We had carbide lights before we got electric lights. The carbide light was made by putting a powder that when dipped in water made a gas which was piped to the light and then lit. We had the gas piped into the barn. The carbide lights were much better than the old kerosene lights we used before we got the carbide lights but not as good as the electric lights.

I always liked livestock, especially sheep. I acquired my first band of sheep not too long after moving to Ammon. At that time it was all open range in the hills east of my place. Everyone had the right to graze their livestock so it was a matter of first come first get the best grass and there was quite a bit of competition to get certain areas that had better feed. My family was always a lot of help with the sheep. Jim, my second son, was always with the sheep from when he was about fourteen until he was married. He would miss some school in the spring and some

in the fall moving camp and helping the herder and I knew when the boys were with the sheep they were looking out for my best interest. As more land went from open range to private I was able to obtain a government forest allotment to graze sheep on the forest land on the head of Bear Creek. Many times we drove our lambs to Soda Springs to sell them. A few times I went in with Andersons and we shipped our band back to Chicago to sell them in the stockyard. One of these times my son Azer went with them to take care of the lambs. The railroad people let them ride in the caboose.

The sheep had to be sheared by hand. There



Sheep herding with the boys

was shearing outfits that would come with fifteen or twenty men to shear the sheep. The shearers used hand clippers and the fleece was tromped into a wool bag and shipped or sold to a wool buyer.

Sheep were almost my financial downfall. I wanted to buy a herd of yearlings so I went to the bank and mortgaged my farm to pay for them. Well it wasn't long until the price went down to nothing because we were in a depression. Well I almost lost the farm. I decided to sell part of the farm to my sons. I sold about 50 acres to Jim down by the railroad and about 50 acres to Floyd next to Jim and 47 acres to Azer on the South part. By doing this and not mortgaging I was able to save the rest of the farm. It seems that when we get to thinking we are smart and thinking of worldly things, the Lord has a way of showing us that there are things more important than land and livestock and that is the gospel of Jesus Christ and a man's family.

After the children were raised and married Grandma and I farmed the place and had some milk cows. Some of the children stayed with us for short periods of time after they were married. Most of them settled in the Ammon area.



John and
Almira

Memories of John Empey from others...

Grandpa always had a strawberry patch out past the big gate and west of the orchard and the big trees. He really had some lovely strawberries. When he came to a big one he said "This is too big to fit in a 6 quart pan". So he put it in his mouth.

—Velda Egan

We lived in the house west of Grandpa's house. We were walking up to Grandpa's house when we heard him trying to crank the car, it wouldn't start. He took the crank and hit the car and said. "Start you S of B start".

—Deltha Empey

Grandpa Empey was at Ira's home in Riverton. He and son Ira and grandson Stirl drove down in the field in a Model T Ford to check on the water.

The route required us to cross the ditch filled with water. There was no bridge. Ira was walking along the ditch back up to the house checking the water. He asked Grandpa to drive the car back and stop it at the ditch. Grandpa Empey not being used to a Model T Ford gear mechanism and when we arrived at the ditch he pushed the pedal down putting it into low gear plowing through the ditch filled with water hollering whoa you SOB and ending up in the haystack across the road.

—Stirl Empey

Dad and Mother sent two sons to the 1st World War and two sons went on missions.

—Verda DeLong

I went with John Empey and some others to Yellowstone Park fishing. While fishing John Empey caught a fish hook in his hand. It was so deep the only way to get it out was to cut it out with my pocket knife.

I asked John if he thought he could stand it. He said "Yes, but do you think you can stand it." So I cut it out and we bandaged it a little and he and I went back to fishing.

—Dean Elkington

Grandfather Empey loved ice cream. Almost every day he had to go to town to a water meeting. My father had the Scarlet Fever and we had to stay with Grandma and Grandpa and go to school. When school was let out for the harvest, the two older girls worked in the potatoes but I was too small. I didn't like to stay with Grandma as she was too stern so Grandpa would take me with him to his meeting. But, every day when the meeting was over Grandpa would have to go for his big dish of Ice Cream, but he would tell me not to tell Grandma. And I must eat my supper, so Grandma wouldn't know we had Ice Cream.

Another thing I remember was Grandma would make us go to bed at 8 o'clock. Velda was about 17 and she wasn't used to going to bed so early. but Grandma would look upstairs and if the light was on over the door she could see it through the transom

and she would holler at us to turn out the light, so one day Grandpa came upstairs with some black tar paper and tacked it over the transom and we could stay up later and Grandma would be happy.

—Nadean Howard

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OREN (JAKE) EMPEY

by Alfred Empey

In 1935 my father Oren (Jake) Empey and my Uncle Earl Empey formed a partnership and began doing business as Empey Brothers. Under an arrangement with a local bank they acquired land, existing structures and livestock that had belonged to my grandfather Alfred Empey. Included in the transaction was a cattle ranch, dry farm land and meadow land located on Sellars Creek about 8 miles south of Bone, Idaho. Also included was homestead land used for grazing located in the Wolverine area. Other homestead land at both locations was acquired as time passed. A hundred and 60 acre irrigated farm located in the Valley about 1 1/2 miles south of the village of Ammon, Idaho was also included.

Without regard to specific time and as a matter of background, Earl and his wife Mildred lived in grand dad's house on the Bone ranch during the summer and warmer months. They spent the



The Empey Ammon farm... Jake and Earl Empey.

winters at their home in Ammon, Idaho. Aunt Mildred kept the records for the partnership. My dad, Jake and mother Vera, lived year-round on the Valley farm. As a general practice Earl manage the Bone ranch and cattle, and Jake manage the Valley Ammon Ranch and sheep operation. They shared work in the winter months on the Valley farm.

The following events and stories are about Jake Empey's history and life on the Valley farm along with my comments and observations. Jake was born in 1901 at Ammon, Idaho and Vera Munsee in 1906 at Cooper Utah. They were married in 1929 at Pocatello, Idaho and lived in a farm house on Granddad's Valley farm south of Ammon, and



Oren, Alfred, and Vera Empey

were residing there in 1935 when the partnership acquired the farm. My mother, Vera, died in 1940. She was only 34 years old. I was only eight years old at the time and have practically no memory of my mother. Dad and I were alone until 1946. During periods of that time several hired man and their families lived in part of the house and provided our board. The last few years we lived alone.

This was an exceptionally difficult and trying time for my Dad. He often commented in our later lives that he didn't know how we made it. In 1946 our lives changed when Jake married Emily Wakley of Pocatello, Idaho and she and her daughter LaRue Coffin made the old house on the Ammon farm their home. LaRue and I were the same age and were freshmen at Ammon high school. LaRue lived on the farm until 1950 when she married David Jones and moved away.



Jake and Emily Empey

In 1950 I went away to college and was only home to work on the farm for several months during the summer until 1954 when I graduated from Utah State University in May. I worked several months in Hebgan Lake, Montana before being called in the Army. I married Kay Matthews of Providence, Utah in August of 1954 and within a week we left for Fort Lee, Virginia. Thus ending my personal contact with the Ammon farm.

Dad continued to work very hard, usually seven days a week. Emily was also a hard worker. She kept a clean house and was a good cook. Somehow she endured this somewhat primitive condition for years. Jake and Emily remained on the farm, living in this old farmhouse until the LDS church bought the Ammon farm and the Bone ranch and cattle in 1959. At that time they bought a house in Idaho Falls where they spent most of their remaining years. Dad passed away in September of 1986 and Emily in January of 1987.

DOWN ON THE FARM

The Ammon farm consisted of 160 acres of which an estimated 20 to 30 acres was non-irrigated land which included the house, an out-house, an unused garage, a coal shed, woodpile, chicken coop and food cellar. The water source was an outside well and hand pump which had to be primed most of the time. Electricity was extended



The old farm house

to the house, but not to any other part of the farm. There was no plumbing in the house. Up until 1949 water had to be pumped and packed to the house for drinking and domestic use. We bathed in a tin tub and heated the water on a wood burning stove for washing and laundry. In 1949 the well had to be deepened and an electric pump installed, however water was only piped to a hydrant adjacent to the house. While this eliminated the manual pumping of water no further improvements were made and living conditions remained the same as in the past for the duration of the Empey Brother's ownership.

A long gentle sloping hill, maybe a quarter of a mile long, extended down the center of the farm and made up the majority of the non-irrigated land. The area nearest the house was used for baled hay storage, had a straw covered horse barn, a milking shed, and an open corral. Adjacent and to the south was a wide-open area used for straw storage and a bedding area for sheep and cows. Near the center was a lambing shed along the peak of the hill. On the west side was a corral used for lambing and feeding lambs and ewes. On the east side was another corral used for fattening steers. On the far end of the hill was a potato cellar and pig pens. A canal meandered along the base of the hill that provided water for the livestock. All of this non-irrigated area was well-drained light loam soil. While not used for crops, this dry land area complemented the livestock operations and was used extensively in the winter and colder months. Dad always claimed this non irrigated hill was the most valuable land on the farm. Unusable land also included a railroad track that dissected the southwest corner of the crop area.



Old farm house and the horse

Crops grown on the irrigated land included alfalfa, wheat, barley, sugar beets and potatoes. During my time on the farm, equipment such as tractors, a hay bailer and other haying machinery was used and shared with the Bone ranch. Only one farm truck and one pickup was available. Therefore, draft horses were used extensively to complement the machinery requirement. Some of the tasks horses were used for was to rake hay, cultivating beets and potatoes, harrowing, cleaning ditches and cutting grain with a binder and beet puller. Dad was very fond of horses and had used them all his working life. He was an excellent teamster. We had a team of mares named Floss and Blondie that I believe Dad preferred over tractors. In addition to the summer work they were used in the winter to pull a wagon or sleigh to feed sheep. Until dry beet pulp became available, Dad used a team of horses to haul wet pulp from the Utah Idaho sugar company in Lincoln, Idaho. As late as 1950 I worked on a threshing crew driving a bundle wagon with the team of mares. They were the only horses on the thrashing run and it turned out to be the last year a stationary thrashing machine was used.

They were also used in acts of kindness and emergencies. The winter of 1948 was one of the worst on record. Most people living out in the country were snowed in and the roads closed for several weeks. Parker Richards was the Ammon High School coach and he and his wife Verna, who was pregnant, lived near us on a country road that was closed. Nature took its course and it became

time for Verna to have her baby. Dad hitched up Floss and Blondie to the sleigh, made a bed of straw and blankets and hauled Verna and family to a place where the Ammon- Idaho Falls Hwy. was opened and she could be transported to the hospital. Everything went well and Verna gave birth to a daughter, Annett. Parker also came thru the ordeal in good shape. The team was still being used when the farm was sold and it probably was a sad moment when Dad had to part with them.



Empey kids on the sleigh

Dad's true liking was the sheep operation and he took pride in maintaining a quality heard. White faced sheep that produce large quantities of high-quality white wool was preferred over the small black faced meat breeds. Early on, Rambouillet's, a large rugged white faced sheep were raised. Later during the late 1940s and early 50s that USDA sheep experiment station at Dubois, Idaho developed whiteface breeds name Columbia and Targee that had good quality wool, good meat



Jake and his horses feeding the sheep

characteristics and were adapted to Western rugged range conditions. Dad was a proponent of these breeds and over a period of time the herd was comprised mainly of Targee sheep. Dad was a past president of the Idaho Wool Growers Association and was able to share his expertise with other wool growers in the trade. The sheep and grazing land was sold independently of the Ammon farm and the Bone ranch and cattle.

The Empey Brother's Ammon farm lasted nearly 30 years from the depths of the Great Depression, through the World War II years to better times. Sacrifice and work was the order of the day, every day. Living conditions were never improved to any extent. Modernization of the farm and equipment was lacking and behind the time. Under these conditions the Partnership managed to keep above water and become self-sufficient. Some years prior to disposition everyone learned how to get along and cope with whatever the situation may be. Fortitude and diversification was their greatest asset.

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PARLEY AND MELBA SOUTHWICK FIELD

Written by Sonia Field Landon 2012

My mom was born to Alfred Leroy and Permilia Losser Southwick. She was second born of four children. Glen, Melba, Gail and Royle. My mom always said they grew up doing the usual things kids of those days did. They worked hard and played hard. They all graduated from high school in the new school building in Ammon, Idaho.

My father was born to John Joseph (JJ) Field and Marie Elizabeth Rushton. He was third of six children. (Clara Marie, Joseph Allen, Parley R, Edna Verl, Etta Vera, Ivy Lavender). Dad went to school until he was 17 years old, when he joined the U.S. Marine Corps and served four years. He served on the USS Arizona which was later sunk in the ocean

with the bombing of Pearl Harbor.

Melba had been out of high school two years when she met Parley and kinda liked what she saw. They dated off and on for two years when Parley found out she was also dating someone else. He didn't like this at all

and figured he had better do something about it real quick. He put on a grand rush and asked her to marry him. She said yes and so on 1 June 1934 they were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple.

He and Melba ran his father's farm, (3 miles south of Ammon), which he later bought one small parcel at a time as he could afford it. Life on the farm was hard. Melba was very lonely at times as Parley would be out in the field from sunup to sundown. Even though it was only 3 miles to her parents place, it was too far for her to walk. She was always afraid to be alone. Especially after dark. Parley always made it a habit to be in the house before dark.

They were blessed with five children. Monte born 22 July 1936, Sonia born 6 May 1939 and Roy Joe (RJ) born 1 July 1941 then they thought the Lord wasn't going to send them any more children. Ten years went by before they were blessed again. Then in April- May Melba got quite sick. By June she still wasn't feeling very well so Parley took her to a doctor. Imagine their surprise when after an x-ray the doctor told them she was pregnant again and this time it was twins. Mom told me that dad was so excited and she was terrified. On November 27, 1950 Kayleen and Kathleen made our family complete.

Until the third baby (RJ) was born we lived in a little 1 1/2 bedroom home. I say 1/2 bedroom because Monte's bedroom was only about 5' x 8' in size. It later became the bathroom.

When R.J. was about one year old they built in the front porch so the boys could have their own bedroom and I got the tiny room. With the news



*Parley and
Melba Southwick Field*

that twins were on the way Dad knew that things around the house had to change again. So another room was added to the tiny little house on the farm. Mom was thrilled that her home was now so much bigger - imagine it was now three bedrooms! We even got wall-to-wall carpet in the front room and the tiny little room was turned into a bathroom! No more "thunder mug" and no more running down the path on a cold stormy night. Also no more Saturday night baths in the round metal tub!

After Monte left for the Army and I (Sonia) left for college and R.J. went on a mission; Mom and Dad found it hard to find hired help for the farm so they sold it and built a new white brick home in the city of Ammon, Idaho.

Some years later they served a mission in Nashville, Tennessee. They loved their 18 months there and met some lifelong friends. For the last 10 years of Dad's life he was legally blind and almost totally deaf. Mom cared for him very tenderly the whole 10 years until he passed away on 5 November 1999. One year later my younger brother R.J. passed away after a long hard battle with cancer.

Mom continued to stay alone in her home in Ammon for another five years. Somehow all the fear of being alone went away. For the last four years of her life Delon and I had the joy of having her live with us in our home in the Rigby, Idaho area. She very peacefully passed away on 11 December 2008 at the age of 97 years and nine months.

On 2 June 2011 my brother Monte passed away. Now it's just me and Kayleen and Kathleen. Life on the farm was hard but it was a good place to raise kids. We learned some good values.

Edinburgh, Scotland. They were convinced that a better future would be in store for them if they immigrated to the USA. In 1842 the two brothers left Scotland and eventually made their way to Utah. Peter went south to help settle southern Utah and his brother James went north in 1860 to settle in the Cache valley. James was one of the early founders of the Providence area south of Logan, Utah.

They raised a large family in Providence and about this time in the 1890's much interest was generated in the availability of free land in eastern Idaho. One needs only to file and prove up on the land to be the owner of homestead land. Good soil and plenty of irrigation water were the main draws to eastern Idaho for homesteaders.

Nearly all of the children of James Fife took out homesteads in the Idaho Falls area.

My grandfather Robert Harris Fife claimed 160 acres located 2 miles south and east of Iona. He taught school in Iona and also helped run the Iona Mercantile store. They raised a large family in Iona, but most of the children went back to Logan to attend college and go into various other professions.

My father Robert Lee Fife was the oldest son of that family and he did not have the opportunity to go to college. He went into the business of farming. In 1916 Lee Fife met and married Zenobia Soelberg. Zenobia lived in Ammon and had gone to school in Ammon and Idaho Falls. Zenobia graduated from high school in Idaho Falls and then attended advanced schooling at Albion State College where she became qualified as a schoolteacher. Zenobia's father's name was J.C. Soelberg. J.C. had been converted to the Mormon Church in Aalborg, Denmark in 1890. J.C. wanted to go to America and as a young man at age 21 was finally able to get the money necessary for the trip to the USA. He arrived in New York in 1891 and made his way to Brigham City, Utah.

He learned of a Danish settlement in Mantua just a few miles east of Brigham City. He made his way to Mantua and lived with a family that had emigrated from Denmark. In Mantua he met and

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LEE AND ZENOBIA SOELBERG FIFE

The Fifes were early converts to the Mormon Church. Peter Fife and his brother James Fife joined the Mormon Church while living in

fell in love with Marie Anderson. Marie was the younger sister of Chris and Joe Anderson. They were married in 1891 and made their home in Mantua where J.C. herded sheep and worked various other jobs.

In 1903 the Solberg's moved to Idaho Falls to

take advantage of the opportunities of cheap land and available jobs. They could also be close to the Anderson brothers who now lived in Ammon.

The Solberg's farmed and worked at different jobs but eventually bought the Galbraith or Rock House in Ammon along with 80 acres of adjacent farmland. They eventually lost this farm and home due to conditions associated with the great depression.

Zenobia Soelberg and Robert Lee Fife began their life together by renting some farmland around Ammon. They later acquired a farm in the St Leon area. In the early 1920's Zenobia and Lee had an opportunity to purchase 180 acres located 1 mile south and 1½ miles west of the Ammon town site. In the early 1920's the prices of land became inflated and the price Robert Lee Fife paid for this land was above its real worth. (Similar to 2008- when people paid more for real estate than it is worth.)

The Fifes soon encountered extreme difficulty in being able to make the payments on the farm. They were determined to make a success of their plight even though potatoes sold for 15 cents/100 lbs. and wheat sold for 19 cents a bushel.

Things got so difficult that the banker who held the deed to Dad's farm came out several times to tell him to make his payments or they would take over the farm. One time in frustration Dad replied. "If you think you can run this farm better than I can, here is my irrigating shovel, go to it." The banker backed down and told Dad to just do the best he could.

Times were very difficult for us, and I'm sure it was no different for all the other farmers in the



Dump rake

area. We were able to hold onto the farm and as the depression faded things took a turn for the better.

One story told by my older siblings illustrates a turning point in our farming success. It occurred when things looked very bleak. Dad

was harvesting the first crop of hay on the farm. He had cut the hay and it was ready to be hauled in from the field to be stacked in the yard. It looked nice and green and promised to be a good crop. They had started to "haul" the hay on a Saturday, but they did not work Sunday. The forecast was for rain the following week and they were sorely tempted to work on Sunday to get more hay in the stack. The family decided not to work on Sunday as it was a day of rest. The following Monday it began to rain and continued raining for the next two weeks. When the rain finally stopped and the hay was able to dry out, it was a disaster. The hay was black and spoiled. They went ahead and harvested the hay but were very discouraged because of the severe damage caused by the rain. Dad tried to sell that bad hay for anything he could get for it, but to no avail. No one wanted spoiled hay. That was the bad news—now for the good news. That fall and winter all the hay in the valley got used up for feed, and with a late spring the scarcity of hay pushed the price of hay to new highs not seen in years. Very little hay was available except the worthless hay the Fifes had. Dad went on to sell that hay. As bad as it was, cattlemen were desperate to get it. That bad luck became a turning point in our finances.

Not all of our farming ventures were successful. In fact we were not the best farmers in the area. However, Dad did have a sense of markets and when to buy and when to sell.

My dad's brother came to live with our family for a short time and he tells the following story of Dad's early farming exploits.

Uncle Austin Fife, my dad's brother writes: One year in 1923 or 1924 Lee decided there was money to be earned from fattening hogs. He bought 30 or 40 "wieners". He pastured them for a while but decided they needed supplemental feed to fatten them up. Lee learned that in Shelley some 6 miles south of his farm he could purchase beans at a very cheap price. Lee figured if he could purchase cheap beans and feed his hogs it would be a win, win situation.

I (Uncle Austin) was sent with a team and wagon to Shelley to get a load of beans. How well I remember the first day of feeding. We filled the hog trough with those shiny kidney beans and Lee called the pigs from the adjacent field. "pig—pig—pig—pig," he shouted, starting in his highest and loudest tone and following with three short, quick notes of lower intensity and pitch. The pigs turned about, authenticated the call, and took off at full speed for their evening meal. But how confused they were when they buried their snouts in a trough heaping full of hard red beans. Refusing absolutely to eat them, they arched their backs, sucked in their empty flanks, and walked away insulted.

Lee was disappointed and perplexed, but also challenged. It had never occurred to him that hogs might not like beans!

But he was not the kind to give up easily. So he resolved to show those damn critters who was maître d'. He shut them up in the pen feeding them water but nothing more until feeding time the next day. Then we opened the gates. Those hogs dashed out and made a beeline for the feeding trough. They buried their snouts up to their ears in the beans and nuzzled them about. But not a single bean made it into the stomach of a single hog.

Lee was undeterred. The next day he decided to sweeten the lunch. He had several barrels of beet molasses that was a bi product of the sugar making process. We then poured the sweet molasses over the beans and anxiously awaited the results. What happened? Those pigs licked each and every bean perfectly clean of the sweet molasses but ate not one single bean.

Lee still had confidence he could feed them the beans. All he needed to do was make them more palatable. We took a large steel vat used for scalding pigs for killing, filled it up with water and built a fire under it. We placed the beans therein and added a few onions and some garlic. When the beans were perfectly done and tasty enough for our own table we poured them into the feeding trough and called the pigs. The pigs came running for something to eat, they sniffed around and nosed the beans for a few minutes, but defiantly refused to eat, resigning themselves to starvation rather than eat.

For the next several years we were still eating those damn beans in an effort to recoup some of our losses. In this case the contact between man



Back row: LaVon, Marlyn, Roine, Leland, Reed. Front row: Ronald, Lee, Allen, Zenobia, Merrill, Lynn

and beast was definitely won by the hogs!

In 1936 we could no longer contain our family in the small home that had been on the home place for so long. With help from the kids and anyone else we could conscript we built a nice new home and happily moved in.

Dad made good money after 1936 by feeding cattle and sheep. With the advent of World War II the price of commodities also became profitable.

In 1941 we bought the Nord place, which was adjacent to our farm, and we connected the two farms by a diagonal road to make access easier.

The older boys, Leland and LaVon went into officers training programs and became officers on

an aircraft carrier and battle ship respectively. Later Reed and Marlyn also served in the military.

Mom became sick in the 1950's and was in and out of the hospital many times. She felt it was her calling in life to raise a large family and she paid for this with her life. In February 1955 she died from the ramifications of hard work and sacrifice. She was only 58 years of age. Zenobia was well known for her work with social problems in the community. She took several classes in Salt Lake City to qualify herself in the area of social problems. She helped many young people and even took one young lady into our home to help her become a success in her life.

After Mom's death, life took on a new and different challenge for Dad and those of us left at home. A huge void was left in the family when mother passed away.

Mom and Dad had always felt that education was an extremely important thing in our lives. Mom had been a strong advocate of consolidation of the rural school in the area and when that occurred in 1952 she was very pleased.

The older siblings went to college and also to professional school so we younger children had a good example to follow—besides anything looked better to us than milking cows for a living.

Lee Fife passed away in 1959.

The Fifes have much love and appreciation to all the people of Ammon. Those people shaped our lives as educators, neighbors, and friends. It takes a community to raise a child and we were blessed with one of the finest communities on the earth. We will always be proud to say we are from Ammon.

—Ronald Fife, Ogden, UT, November 2011

LEE AND ZENOBIA FIFE FAMILY

by Lynn Fife

Surviving the Great Depression and WWII

The years included in this narrative span the last years of the Great Depression and the universal trauma and disruption associated with WWII when service age brothers, sisters, relatives and parents

were drafted, leaving a skeleton crews behind to maintain and operate their farms by: 1) sharing machinery, labor, wagons, tractors and teams of horses with, and among, neighbors; 2) using Japanese internees, German POW's and migrant Mexican laborers to supplement the loss of family help.



Grain Drill

During the War years it was impossible to buy new machinery and it was often difficult to get new parts for our old machinery. We survived by cooperating with neighbors, sharing work loads, growing up fast and operating tractors and farm equipment at a very early age (in my case, about 7 years old). Fortunately we had, in the village of Ammon, a very good black-smith and later a great welder/fabricator by the name of Rowland Romrell to help us keep our old equipment working.

This time period contains some of my most vivid memories and happiest times. We were relatively poor, but we younger children did not know it. In many respects we were better off than most of our friends and neighbors. We younger boys had to grow up fast. I loved being involved in every aspect of farming. It helped forge a respectful and appreciative memory of my father who taught us how to work hard-- until the task was finished. We did not necessarily stop when the clock struck 5 P.M. He had a reputation of being fair and honest. I witnessed it often, first hand. He had a good business sense and was often able to sell livestock and crops at near the top of the market and buying at or near the bottom of the market.



The Fife's tractor

Cooperative Efforts to Harvest Grain

During the 1930's and 40's, our neighbors (as many as 6 to 10 each year) would get together each summer to arrange for a threshing machine (separator), powered by a huge, single-cylinder Advance Rumley tractor to come and thrash the grains that each farmer had made ready. Farmers with larger acreages to be harvested were expected to provide, more wagons, teams and manpower—and less from those with smaller acreages. Grains included: seed peas, (usually ready by late July to early August); followed by oats, wheat and barley (in that order, from mid-August to early September). Who owned the tractor and separator, and how many years the neighbors had used his services before I was conscious of the process, I do not know. I suppose that the cooperative strategy our farm neighbors employed, in order to survive, was replicated throughout the valley.

Our cooperating neighborhood consisted of most of the farmers who lived within roughly $\frac{1}{4}$ mile of the section (640 acres) bordered by Sunnyside road on the north, Township road on the south, Hackman road on the east and St. Clair road on the west. The names I remember best during the period from 1940 to 1947, included; the Asper's, Bodily's, Barzee's, Bateman's, Williams', Kerkendahl's, Moser's, Mark Purcell, Goodson's, Seaman's, Brown's, Leonard Purcell, Baird's, Judy's, Miles', Wright's, Gentle's and the Fife's. Most

were active members of the Ammon Ward and two were members of Idaho Falls Wards. Several were inactive LDS members. One was Methodists. Several were renters of the lands they farmed on. The owners and/or renters changed from year to year as their individual circumstances changed. For instance, the Fifes bought the Jack Priest farm in 1942. Not everyone grew seed peas each year—the same with the other grains.

When Marlyn, Ronald, Merrill and I would see this huge thrashing machine rumble down Township road and set up in our barnyard, (between about 1939 and 1946) it would be the high point of the summer. It meant that on the morrow the men of neighborhood would be there with their wagons and helpers to “bring in the sheaf's” so to say. The women and girls of the neighborhood would be there to prepare the noon meal for the men. The youngest boys and girls would stay close to their mothers in or near the kitchen, and mostly go to the garden to pick and shell fresh peas, pick and husk corn, dig and wash new potatoes, etc. Main courses usually included ham, pot-roast, chicken, potatoes and gravy and the aforementioned vegetables. After the men had eaten, the young boys would sit with the mothers and older daughters and eat the leftovers, which were always in surplus. I remember best the lemon meringue pies.

By the time I was 6 or 7, I was more interested in “helping?” in the barnyard by watching and studying the huge machinery and the men who brought their loads to the separator and unloaded them into this behemoth which magically devoured the vines or sheaf's. Out of the bottom of the



Thresher

thrashing machine came a pile of weed seeds and small stones. Out of the far end of the thrasher came the straw and chaff through the blow pipe which piled it directly on the ground in something of a pyramid. From an elevator and auger came the valuable grains into another wagon where it was bagged or collected bulk in a truck bed or wagon bed. By 1942, I was 8 years old and could drive our tractor to pull the loaded wagon to the separator and return it to the field to be reloaded.

Readying the Grains for Threshing

Approximately one week ahead of the scheduled thrash day(s) farmers who raised seed peas would, mow their nearly-dried vines with a 6 ft cutter bar with attached, flexible steel “tines”. These upward-turned “tines”, which were shorter on the far-end of the cutter-bar and longer at the near-end, would roll the vines into a continuous row called wind-rows. These rows were much easier to work with. Immediately after the vines were cut and rolled, the farmer would straddle two such rows with a “dump rake”, usually pulled by one horse and convert the continuous rows into convenient piles, which were easy and convenient to pitch onto the wagon on thrash day. Two men (one on each side of the wagon) would pitch the two rows onto the wagon where a 3rd man would carefully arrange the vines on the wagon while directing the horses (or tractor driver) to stop, start or turn as appropriate.

Those farmers who had grown high standing grains (oats, wheat or barley) would cut the semi-ripened grains with a so-called “binder”, a device that was pulled by a team of horses or by a small tractor that would cut a 6 ft swath and tie the grains into sheaf’s of 8 to 10 pounds each, using hemp binder twine. The “binder”, controlled by a person seated thereon, would dump them in piles of 5 or 6 which the farmer would later come by and stand them up (stems down and heads up) in “shocks” of 10 to 12 to dry for a week or so before the wagons would come and bring the grains to the separator on thrash-day.

In 1941-2, my two oldest brothers (Leland and

LaVon) were drafted into the US Navy. Because of their college training at the University of Idaho, they became Commissioned Officers (Ensigns). Reed, who contracted polio at age 4, was considered 4F and was allowed to stay in college during the war years. He graduated in 1945, entered Medical School at Portland Oregon and eventually became a practicing Physician in the Idaho Falls area.

Using Mexican ‘bras ceros’ at grain harvest time.

When our older brothers and sisters were called into the military during WWII we needed supplemental labor to help with the farm work. The Federal government encouraged Mexican males (bras ceros) to come to America and be employed in field work. The ‘bras ceros’ came as migrant workers and mostly followed the threshing machine from farm to farm. I remember how clumsy they were at handling a pitch fork to load the sheaves of grain into the threshing machine. They just couldn’t get the hang of it. Finally, in frustration, they would pick up the sheaves by hand and throw them into the feeder. They were friendly to us little boys and they enjoyed teaching us how to say several Spanish words and how to count, as in Uno, Dos, Tress, Quattro, etc. Where these migrants stayed at night, I never learned.

By 1947 farm machinery companies had retooled their plants to make, among other things, individual combines suitable for harvesting standing grains in the field. I recall Earl Southwick bringing his new 6 ft. John Deere combine to our farm and harvesting our wheat crop. And by 1949



Farm hand

we had purchased our own (6 ft cut) J.I. Case combine, with which we harvested our own oats, barley and wheat. It did not work for harvesting seed peas. So we used a neighbor’s separator till at least 1947. It was impossible to justify owning a combine to harvest 20 or even 50 acres of grain. We therefore contracted to combine several of our

*Cultivator*

neighbor's grain crops as well. Again, it was just another example of forging informal, cooperative arrangements between and among neighbors.

Sugar Beets

Sugar beets had been a staple in the Intermountain West since the early 1860's when LDS Apostle John Taylor brought sugar beet seeds and primitive processing machinery to Utah from France. The technology had advanced greatly from those early years and sugar was in very high demand during WWI and WWII as it was used in making certain kinds of explosives as well as food for our soldiers and our allies. The LDS Church was heavily invested in the sugar industry and operated under the name of U & I Sugar Co. The U & I Sugar Company contracted with farmers in the area to grow sugar beets. They had sugar factories in Blackfoot, Shelley, Lincoln, Rigby and Sugar City in the upper Snake River Valley and had several other factories across the lower Snake River Plain into eastern Oregon.

We grew 10 to 20 acres of sugar beets and were contracted to haul the beet roots to the Lincoln plant. After preparing the soil for planting, we seeded 4 rows at a time about 12 inches between each row. As soon as the beet plants were about 2 inches tall, we had to thin the seedlings to one plant one per 10 inches using a short-handled hoe. A 14 year-old might aspire to "thin" one acre per 12 hour day. To accomplish this feat earned one considerable bragging rights. I personally never did that much in one day. I was satisfied to be able to do ½ acre/day. That was hot, tedious and back-breaking work. Memorable, but not fun!!

In-as-much as we planted the acreage in 2 days or less, the seedlings reached the thinning stage at nearly the same time. Had our 3 oldest brothers not been mustered into the military, we would have been able to thin the acreage in a timely fashion without having to hire help. With German POW's and Japanese Internees available, we survived just fine. I don't know if or how they were compensated by my father.

Furrows were dug between each row with a horse drawn cultivator down which we would send water from the near-by canal to slake the thirst of the growing beets. As the seedlings continued to grow we had to cultivate between rows and also go over the beet rows and cut out the weeds that may have taken root. This again was hot and tiring work. An ambitious 15 year-old could do two acres per day depending upon the population and the size of said weeds, using a long-handled hoe.

Sugar Beet Harvest Time

Harvesting beets usually started in late October and might last into Thanksgiving. It was often wet and cold, even snowing, before the harvest was over. The process included drawing a cultivator equipped with two pullers that would tear the beet root loose from its capillary roots but would leave the beet loosely in the ground. "Toppers" would come along with a large knife, approx. 16 inches in length, with a hook on the end. The topper would thrust the hook into the top of the beet, lift it out of the ground and, while grasping the beet in one hand, would cut off the crown of the beet with the knife in his other hand. (On several occasions the knife missed its intended mark and cut a piece of a finger or a toe.) He would throw the scalped beet into a row to await the wagon or truck to come along. Workers would then throw the rows of beets into the wagon to be hauled to the Sugar factory some 5 miles away.

During the War much of the sugar beet work was done by German and Italian POW's who were brought to our fields and guarded by MP's equipped with sawed-off shotguns. I never heard of and attempts of prisoners to cause trouble or to try to escape. I think they knew that they were better off in an American POW camp, living in safety, with a warm shelter to sleep in and good food to eat. Their comrades in arms in Europe were being killed and frozen to death-- if not also starved.

When our soldiers returned from the War theaters and the POW's returned to Europe, we were forced to mechanize more of the field work. Our brothers were granted scholarships to go to



New tractor

College under the so-called "G I Bill". The John Deere tractor company developed a topping machine for their tractors that would top, pull and knock the dirt off the beet root and load the beets

into a wagon pulled behind the tractor. Two men could dig, top and haul beets to the sugar factory faster than a crew of 20 men could using the technology of the early 1940's. In the end, the cost of buying and maintaining such equipment made it increasingly difficult to get a decent return from sugar beets. Sugar prices fell sharply as a result of the decreased military demand and the increase in sugar supplies coming from Florida, Louisiana, the Caribbean and Hawaii-- flooding the domestic and international markets.

It is important to point out that the sugar beet industry in Southeastern Idaho died of natural causes. While we were in the business we were lucky if we could get 7 or 8 tons per acre. Over in the Hagerman Valley and Nyssa and Ontario Oregon the farmers were getting twice the tonnage we could achieve. Most of the sugar factories in the lower Snake River Plain were owned and operated by the Amalgamated Sugar Co. (Owned, incidentally, by the Stoddard/Eccles families). The Lincoln factory was the last to close down in the upper-Snake River Valley. Now, in the 21st Century, people are getting their sugar fix from high fructose corn syrup or from artificial sweeteners. Now even the sugar cane factories in Hawaii and the Caribbean are now going out of business.

Using German and Italian Prisoners During the War

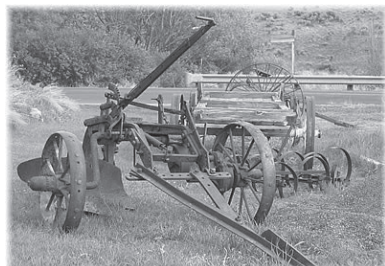
POW's were brought daily from their prison camps each morning during sugar beet thinning and hoeing season, always under the watchful eyes of armed MP guards. We younger boys were not allowed to go into those fields lest they would take us hostage in an effort to escape. The same was

true for us when it was time to harvest or “top” the sugar beets. Many of the farms they worked on were owned by LDS German Immigrants or returned missionaries who spoke the German language. Some actually read the Book of Mormon and were baptized members before returning to Germany after the War. To my knowledge, POW’s were never used in the thrashing crews or in the potato harvest work on our farm.

I do not recall many Japanese internees working on our farm either, but I do know that several families worked for farmers in Osgood. After the war ended, several of these Japanese ended up purchasing the farms that they had worked on during the war. Because, when the Angelo American boys returned from the War they often signed up under the Servicemen’s Readjustment Act of 1944, commonly referred to as the GI Bill of Rights which paid tuition and a living allowance for Veterans enrolled in approved institutions and approved courses of study. Many decided to become accountants, lawyers or school teachers rather than return to the confining and often unprofitable business of farming. The four oldest Fife boys took advantage of that opportunity to earn advanced degrees.

Potatoes:

Growing and harvesting potatoes was one of the most challenging and, at times, exciting enterprises on our farm. For us boys it started in the early spring when we attached the two-bottomed moldboard to our F-20 Farmall Tractor and plowed under the roots of the alfalfa field in late April or early May. Then in early June we would cut the seed potatoes into smaller pieces,



Plow

then haul them to the fields and put them into our two-row potato planter which would deposit one “set” per foot about 3 inches deep and

cover the row with about 4 inches of soil using a pair of disks angled to make a hill high enough that we could direct water between the rows when the soil was too dry to promote and sustain growth. This covering protected the young shoots from being killed by a late frost.

As the vines began to grow, we would go into the fields with cultivators which would dig the furrow between rows and throw the soil up around the new vines – being careful not to kill the vines with too much soil. That process aided the control of voluntary weeds—usually pig-weeds and mustard. The weeds we didn’t eliminate mechanically, we had to control by pulling them out by hand. Again, not easy and not fun!!

Harvest time was the most grueling. Schools in the area usually suspended school for 2 to 3 weeks each fall so that farmers could have help available and so that young boys and girls could earn \$60 to \$100 for spending money. Typically, 20 or 30 students from Idaho Falls and Ammon High Schools would come to our fields to work.

During the War years we had a single row digger that was pulled by our F-20 tractor. It had a blade in front that would elevate the soil, potatoes and vines up onto a continuously moving chain-link platform that shook the soil so that the potatoes and vines would be separated from the soil. What came out the back of the digger could be easily picked up by hand. My father and I would dig from 6 AM till about 3:00 PM

Picking the potatoes was usually accomplished by a team of two persons who would load their respective basket with 30 pounds of potatoes then dump both baskets into a burlap bag which was thrown at appropriate intervals by the person on the tractor pulling the digger. At 3PM we would stop digging



Hauling potatoes

and hook the tractor to a wagon and begin hauling the bags of potatoes to the cellar to store for the winter. The hauling process would last till about 8 or 9 PM. After quick snack of bread and milk we would fall asleep almost the instant our heads hit the pillow. Then up at 5AM to do it all over again for two or three weeks.

After the War ended, we purchased a primitive potato combine that was pulled behind the digger. It would receive the potatoes and vines and elevate the potatoes up and dump them into burlap bags which were attached to the back of the "combine". Workers would pull the vines, rocks, and clods off the elevator chain so that there was a minimum of dirt or stones to haul into the cellar.

The First Potato Combine

In 1947 we bought a 2 ½ ton Army-surplus GMC, 10 wheel drive, truck which we remodeled to become a dump truck. At the same time my father and Jack McKlasky built a "combine" that was pulled behind a two-row digger. It elevated the potatoes directly into the truck which ran to the side of the digger as it moved up and down the rows. A crew of 2 or 3 persons were required to remove the vines and clods from the combine plus two persons to drive the tractor and the truck. Five persons could harvest about twice as many acres as the 30 + persons could harvest in the earlier more primitive hand picking process.

So far as I have been able to learn, ours was the first such combine used in the upper-

Snake River valley. It was Jack McKlasky who pioneered the manufacture of the self-contained combines that removed the vines, stones and clods automatically and which harvested six rows at a time with a crew of two truck drivers and two persons on the combine itself. Now the large farms in the Terreton, Shelley, Blackfoot, Fort Hall areas as well as the vast potato growing areas along the lower-Snake river plains have all adopted the mega potato harvesting machinery. But much of the technology incorporated into the modern potato combine was an adaptation of the one my father and Jack built in 1947.

Foot note) It was also a common practice to trade tractor services, or potato harvesting equipment to facilitate getting the ground preparation done or the harvesting done on time. On more than one occasion when a neighbor was sick or injured, a group of neighbors would assemble and harvest their potato crop or sugar beet crop. Several of the LDS farmers brought their tractors or potato diggers to the LDS Stake Farm where the Eastern Idaho Medical Center now sits, north of Sunny Side Rd.

Foot note) Several German POW's became friends with LDS farmers who were immigrants From Germany and Austria, or were returned Missionaries from that area. Several POW's became converts to the Church and returned to Germany and Switzerland and helped rebuild the Church in that part of the World. The same held true for Japanese Intern's. In 1987, I visited my daughters at BYU and noticed a poster in their rented house with the name of Kinji Nukia on it. He was playing in a band back in the 1950's. He was a classmate to Kay and me in Ammon from 1942 till 1945. He and his family lived in the Japanese Intern compound a mile east and a mile north of the Ammon Village.

Raising Sheep

The Fife's and the Solberg's were in the sheep business in Idaho and Utah from the late 1800's. As a boy, my father and grandfather, trailed sheep from northern Utah up to the rail head at Billings Montana. They then rode the train to Omaha, Nebraska, feeding and watering the sheep along the way. In the 1940's raw wool sold for as much as 44 cents per pound. (That is the equivalent of about \$9.00 per pound today.)

We were "in-and-out" sheep ranchers in the mid- '40 and early 50's. When the USDA Crop Reporting Board Survey showed an unusually high number farmers planning to plant more potatoes, my father would get out of potatoes and buy feeder lambs. We would buy them in the spring or late summer when the feed stock in the mountains was scarce. They would eat the still standing 3rd crop of alfalfa and/or the sugar beet tops in the fall. We

would feed them dried hay during the winter. Come the following spring we would shear their coat of wool and feed them in the fields till they were about 95 pounds. We would then sell them to a packing company who would feed them some grain for a month or so and then slaughter them. My father developed a reputation for being able to get in and out of the sheep business and make above average profits in the process.

Stray dogs and an occasional family of Coyotes would get into our sheep band at night and kill or tear the flank or several sheep. Dog packs generally molested the sheep for sport rather than out of hunger. I, with our German/Collie dog and our 12-gauge shotgun at the ready, would spend many a summer night with the sheep in the field. Our dog would bark when he sensed something amiss. That would wake me and I would shoot in the direction of the disturbance. That would usually scare the predators away.

Shearing Sheep

What I like least about the sheep business was shearing, the lambs, tying the fleeces and bagging the wool. My job was to tie each fleece as soon as it came from each lamb. I would then throw the fleece up over a platform that stood about 8 feet high with a 2.5 foot diameter wool bag attached. Then I, or Ronald, would climb up the platform, drop down to the bottom of the bag and tromp the fleeces tight—repeating that process until the bag was filled with about 200 pounds of dirty, greasy, tick-infested wool. At the end of each day we would take off all our clothing and inspect every inch of our skin to find and remove the ticks, lest they burrow into our skin and cause us to be very sick.

Artell Suttter was a professional sheep shearer before he married and became a Latter-day Saint. One summer we had a fellow who had won the National Championship as the fastest and cleanest shearer at the Chicago World's Fair in the late twenties. He was amazing to watch. He could shear a lamb in about 3 minutes, or about 150 per day. He really kept us busy tying and tromping fleeces. I never learned to use a sheep shearing device well.

It was too hard on my back. Much better to hire a real professional.

Beef Cattle

Like in the sheep business, my father was an “in-and-outer”. He tried to find out what the majority of cattle feeders were going to do and he would do just the opposite. In modern economic parlance he would be called a “contrarian”. But it treated him well financially. The other thing that characterized my father was that he wasn't interested in buying and feeding expensive, trophy breeds. He bought Holstein feeder steers, put them on grass and alfalfa pasturage and brought them to about 1600 pounds then sold them to finish-feeders in Nebraska who gave them a diet of cracked corn to put a nice marbled fat finish on the meat. Holsteins are known for their efficiency of converting fodder to muscle, bones and fat. We sometimes fed them through the summer and other times we fed them through the winter. We would often go to the Sugar factory in Lincoln and purchase beet pulp and Molasses which the cattle liked and which was relatively cheap. We were never major cattle feeders. We seldom, if ever, fed more than 30 head at a time.

Dairy Cattle

In 1949 my father got the idea that the farmers in Wisconsin had better milking stock than we had in Idaho and he was convinced that there was a good market for “Springer” heifers in the upper Snake River Valley. So he traveled back to Wisconsin, purchased 2 rail-road car-loads of Holstein heifers and brought them to Ammon and offered them for sale. He sold a few of them at a small profit, but soon realized that he was not going to make a profit by feeding them while waiting for them to sell.

Long story short, we decided to build a barn and a milking parlor and milk the heifers ourselves. Bad idea! Even though we had stainless steel equipment and produced a Grade- A product, the local milk bottlers already had more Grade-A milk than they could sell. We found a fellow who

promised to buy our milk as soon as he could build a processing plant and could develop a market the milk. Long story short: He was unable to handle and sell all the milk we produced. So we started to sell milk in glass gallon jugs at our home on the “Nord Place”. We installed a cooler on the back porch and allowed people to take the milk and leave the money in an “Honor Box”, Word spread quite rapidly in the Idaho Falls area and we were able to move almost all of our milk at the Fluid Milk Price. We sold the surplus to the Challenge plant to be made into cheese and butter.

We milked cows every morning and every evening, 365 days per year- whether the temperature was 98 degrees hot or 45 below zero cold. Sundays, Christmas, Funerals, Marriages, whatever-- the cows came first!! No more vacations--ever!! In retrospect, I might have opted to become a farmer, because I had so many enjoyable experiences doing it as a boy. But the thought of being tied 24-7-365 made me look to another way to be involved in agriculture. That was a fortunate decision.

*Brief Synopsis of the Lives of the Children
of Lee and Zenobia Fife*

Roine: Graduated from Ammon High School, enrolled at Ricks College and BYU. Was married in 1940 and taught Home Economics in Ammon from 1942 till 1945. She and her husband moved to St. Paul Minnesota where her husband was enrolled in the University of Minnesota. They divorced in 1952. She stayed at the University and received her PhD and moved with her two boys to Covina, CA – close to where she taught at Long Beach State College for two decades before returning to teach at BYU until she retired. Two Children.

Leland: Following his marriage and discharge from the Navy in 1945, Leland in Ammon and Roberts till 1953. He was appointed as Deputy Secretary of Agriculture for the State of Idaho, and served for 16 years as Commissioner of Plant Industry under Governor’s Smiley and Andrus. After retiring from Government Service

he was hired as Manager of the Del Monte Foods farm in Caldwell. He later purchased a farm in central Nevada and later still, moved to a farm in Nampa, Idaho. He and his wife served as the Senior missionary couple in charge of the Martin Harris farm and home in Palmyra, New York. Seven children.

Reed: Contracted Polio at age 3 and spent several years in the Shriner’s Hospital in Salt Lake receiving extensive and painful surgical procedures to accommodate his uneven growth. He walked on crutches for the next 23 years. Graduated from the University of Idaho in 1944 and, because of his 4F classification, was allowed to stay in School. He enrolled in the University of Oregon Medical School—graduating in 1948. He did his Pediatric Residency at Iowa Methodist Hospital in Ames, Iowa. He met and married a vivacious young nurse, Dorothy Augustine. They returned to Idaho Falls and set up his practice beginning in 1951. He was subsequently (1954 to 1957) called into the Air Force, given the rank of Captain and served as the Chief of Pediatric Care at the Cape Canaveral Rocket Research Facility in Florida-- later renamed Cape Kennedy. He returned to Idaho Falls and became a prominent pediatrician in the area. He retired in 1997. He and two other Idaho Falls physicians, and their wives who were nurses, were called by the LDS Church to go to Bucharest, Romania to work in the orphanages following the bloody overthrow of the Nicolae Ceausescu regime. The group of LDS physicians and nurses were responsible for starting a Branch of the Church in Bucharest. There are now Wards and a Stake headquartered there as of 2011. Reed suffered a stroke in 2003 and died in 2006. Five children.

LaVon: One of the first jobs LaVon had after graduating from High School was to work during the summers for Reed Blatter on their dry-farm on Taylor Mountain. He often told of how Rattle Snakes would crawl into the bunk-house at night to stay warm and to catch rodents. He was drafted into the Navy in 1942 and sent to Officer’s Training school at Columbia University and LSU. He served as a

turret gunner on a Heavy Cruiser in the Pacific Theatre. Upon returning from the war in 1946, he served as a missionary (1946-48) in the Central Atlantic States Mission, then enrolled at Utah State College and received a MS degree in Ag Engineering and a PhD in Agricultural Economics from Cornell University in 1952. He taught at Purdue University for two years and then took a job as an economist at Ford Tractor and Implement Division in Dearborn, MI and later was hired by International Harvester in Chicago-- eventually becoming VP of Marketing over the Tractor and Implement Division. He served as a Bishop, Counselor in the Stake Presidency and Counselor in the Chicago Temple Presidency. Five children.

Marlyn: Attended BYU, Called on Mission to Central Atlantic States, (1947-9). Attended Utah State Agr. College. Received Army commission as a 2nd Lieutenant and served as distribution officer at the Materiel Depot in Quantico, Virginia. He married Elitza Ruff in 1952 and operated the Fife "home place" till 1964. He returned to Utah State, received a MS degree in Agricultural Economics and took a job in Alberta, Canada as an Extension Agent. He is now a part-time real estate broker in the Salt Lake area. Ten children.

Lynn: Graduated from Bonneville H.S. in 1953, enrolled in BYU and was called on a Mission in 1955 shortly after our mother died. Married in 1958, graduated from BYU in 1959, received a MS degree from Oregon State College 1961 and a PhD in 1966 from Purdue University. Taught Farm Management, Small Business Management at the University of Vermont, retiring in 1997. Taught Small Business Management at the Volga River Technical Institute in Saratov, Russia, in the summer of 1998 under the auspices of the U.S. State Department. Served with Geniel as the Country Director for LDS Humanitarian Services in Serbia and Montenegro, 2005-2007. Raised 8 children who have given us 30 grandchildren.

Ronald: An outstanding athlete at Bonneville H.S. graduating in 1955. Enrolled at BYU for 2 years served a Mission for the Church in the

Wyoming and Montana. Graduated in 1962, graduated from the St. Louis School of Dentistry in 1968. Practiced in Rolla Missouri for two years before moving to Rexburg where he practiced until 2002. He and his wife, Faye Thane have 8 children and 17 grandchildren.

Merrill: Graduated from Bonneville High in 1956. Worked on the home farm with Marlyn till he graduated from Bonneville High School. Enrolled at BYU in 1959. Graduated with an engineering degree, working with Dr. Tracy Hall, who designed the tetra-dihedral press that made diamonds from a pure carbon substrate. Moved to California and worked with the Bendix Corporation, designing a side-stream radar mechanism that, when toed behind a small military craft, could find and identify enemy submarines that may be hiding or lurking in shallow waters. It was and is currently used to locate and identify various debris on the bottom of the oceans including the wreckage of the Titanic in recent months. He is a superb wood craftsman making and selling mountain dulcimers. He writes poetry and music. He and Maxine Christiansen are the parents of 8 children.

Allen: was 10 years old when our mother died in February of 1958. Dad was not a cook. Without his mother it was seemed better to let him live with his sister Roine and his two nephews in Covina, CA. Allen served a mission, received a PhD in Psychology from BYU and was employed in the Utah County Mental Health facility in Provo. He married Joyce Ingram from Ammon. Three children.

FIFE FAMILY AND ECONOMIC HISTORY

by Lynn Fife

Surviving the Great Depression on the Farm: How Some Did, and Why Some Didn't The Politics and Economic Policies of The Twenties.

In the early twenties, the U.S. was experiencing a massive economic expansion brought on by two major forces:

1) WW I (1914-1917) soldiers had sent home most of their paycheck to their parents or wives who, because of the severe rationing during the war, had saved most of that money. Upon their return they typically wanted to form their new families, purchase domestic goods such as radios, refrigerators, automobiles, farm machinery, furniture, clothing etc.

2) Manufacturers were in the process of retooling their facilities to produce domestic wares to meet the pent-up demand. To accommodate this transition and to speed up the repair and building of needed infrastructure, the government instituted an EASY MONEY policy. The result was a massive expansion of the money supply and a massive demand for laborers, both male and female. Many chose to move off the farm and move into the cities where the jobs were.

Nearly everyone was making money! Stocks and bonds increased in value-- almost daily. There was also a land boom, the likes of which Americans had not seen since the gold rush days. Farm commodities were still in short supply as Americans shipped food and fiber to the war-torn areas of the world. That period was aptly called the "ROARING TWENTIES". America was in the midst of a royal BOOM! And nowhere was it more evident than in the agricultural sector.

But, as night follows day, BUSTS follow BOOMS! By the late 1920's foreign nations had succeeded in expanding their own industrial and agricultural output by building new and modern manufacturing facilities in place of their outdated and/or bombed out ones. Combined with lower cost labor, foreign countries could now under-sell the US manufacturers, not only in America but in foreign markets as well. As a result, US imports increased by roughly 2/3's and US exports fell by 1/2. By the late 20's, most middle class Americans had purchased a new home, a refrigerator, a radio, new furniture and perhaps a new car as well. It had not occurred to the manufacturers that they ought to advertise to encourage people to buy a 2nd refrigerator, radio, car, etc.

As domestic demand waned and Americans bought cheaper foreign goods, (cars, trucks, rubber tires, optical and electrical appliances), domestic manufacturers began to lay off many of their workers and/or went into bankruptcy. By September of 1928 about 28% of the non-farm work force was unemployed! Soon a few medium-sized US and foreign banks became insolvent. Many hoped and believed that these bank failures were just a bump in the road to the prosperity they had dreamed of attaining. It was a time for caution, but not necessarily a time for panic.

The Fife's Move to Ammon

It was during this heady period (1923) that Lee and Zenobia Soelberg Fife moved from St. Leon and purchased a 160+/- acre farm one mile south and a mile and one-half west of the village of Ammon. The farm was situated along the Sand Creek canal system—95 acres of it north of the Township road and half south of it-- and about halfway between St Claire Rd. and Hackman Rd. (now called Hitt Rd.). The farm was not a particularly good farm. The top-soil was shallow, mostly clay, and was under-laid with one to thirty feet of gravel. The southern 64 acres was losing ground to a restless chain of sand dunes that were advancing north at from 2 to 5 feet per year. Several large out-cropping of Basalt further reduced the actual tillable acreage.

There was another serious problem associated its location. It was in the path of the ancient Grey's Lake/Willow Creek outlet as it splayed out willy-nilly on to the flat lands of the Upper, Snake River Plain from Iona in the north to Firth in the South. Willow Creek drained about 700 square miles of high lands of the Caribou National Forrest lands from Grey's Lake to Iona. It was prone to heavy flooding and scouring whenever heavy rains or rapid snow-melts in the highlands overwhelmed the canals that the early settlers had dug to channel the water into more or less straight lines. Those canals were no match for the forces of nature. The Fife home and barn yard were flooded nearly every spring, and manure from the feed

lots washed into our basement and pump house, compromising our domestic water source-- and our family's health.

Township Road was neither paved nor graveled—more like a two-rut road. There was a small 2 room wooden home, a few primitive animal shelters, a granary, a potato cellar and a small blacksmith shop used to fix broken wagons, sharpen plow-shears and bend and fit horse shoes.

Speculation and the Failure of the US Banking System

Lee and Zenobia paid about \$17,000 for the farm and its buildings, and had taken out a mortgage of about \$15,000. [Adjusted for inflation since that time, that purchase price was close to \$800,000 in 2012 dollars.] But, who was counting? At the rate things were progressing, in the early 20's, surely within a few years, it would be worth \$20,000, approximately \$1 million in 2012 dollars.). "Millionaires" were appearing like daisies following the spring rains. Americans were experiencing the euphoria of a real-life economic BOOM— on steroids!

But, in October of 1929 the Bank of the United States in New York failed. When this lynch-pin bank folded, depositors across the land rushed to withdraw their savings and checking accounts, fearing that their own bank might be next. That fear, and the actions that it induced, brought on a tidal wave of customer withdrawals and resulting bank failures. Thousands of US banks, large and small, went bankrupt!

Those who did not know what was happening and, therefore, did not get their cash out soon enough, lost it all. Banks that had been flush with cash, and eager to lend money before, now had no reserves and no more cash to lend or to redeem their customer's savings accounts. All of a sudden, these newly minted "millionaires," disappeared faster than they had appeared. Herbert Hoover and the Republican dominated Congress were blamed for their failure to stem the tide of economic collapse. They were thoroughly trounced in the 1932 election.

Tariff Legislation and the "New Deal"

Early in the first term of the Roosevelt administration, the democratically controlled Congress passed a draconian package of import quotas, embargos, and tariffs against selected countries and goods. The authors of this legislation were none other than Sen. Reed Smoot (D-UT) and Sen. Willis Holley (R-OR). This imposition was interpreted by our foreign trading partners as an act of economic warfare and they, in turn, retaliated with counter measures.

Farm commodity prices were some of the worst affected by the tariff--embargo package. The resulting retaliatory blow-back made it nearly impossible for farmers to live, pay their taxes and service their debt obligations. The value of farms across America fell to the point that the market value of many farms was well below their mortgage balances. In the economic parlance of the 21st century, they were "under water" and the Fife farm was one of them.

Congress and the Roosevelt Administration took aggressive steps to rebuild the broken banking system in the United States. A Scottish Mormon, polygamist, immigrant by the name of David Eccles had amassed a huge fortune (and a large posterity from his three wives) in the western states. David anticipated the need to connect the west by rails. He and his friend James Nibley, his son Mariner Eccles and his Stoddard children acquired timber cutting rights in southern Oregon and northern California. This extended family group provided the ties and timbers to build the intermountain and pacific coastal rail system in the 1860's and 70's.

He had also put together a holding company of 17 banks (First Security) throughout the western states. He (David Eccles) also owned a huge aggregate/construction firm that supplied the concrete for the Hoover Dam on the Colorado River and other major construction projects in the West. He eventually turned the business over to his oldest son Mariner Stoddard Eccles, who had received a Law degree and an MBA from the University of Michigan.

Mariner lived in and ran the family enterprise out of his office in Ogden, UT.

Mariner, in 1932, was Chairman of the Utah Democratic Party. To make a long story short he was recommended to Pres. Roosevelt, by Henry Morgenthau, to be the Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board. In that office Mariner restructured the US Banking System, authorized massive monetization of the debt, and sold the Roosevelt Administration on adopting the Social Security System, and the social safety net that, in one form or another, still holds to this day. **

The Fife's farm mortgage was held by the First Security Bank of Idaho, (one of the 17 Eccles' banks). My father, like most of his neighbors, could not continue to meet his mortgage repayment obligations. One day in the summer of 1931, as the story goes, one of the senior officers in the bank came to our farm and demanded that my father make the payments that were overdue or they would take the farm away and evict his wife and family of five children. Lee was in the field setting the water on a new stretch of potato rows. He handed the officer the shovel and told him that he could have the 'damn farm'. He told the officer that he should change the water in about 6 more hours, then milk, by hand, the 12 cows, separate the cream, feed the cows, the horses, the pigs and geese. Then in the morning, do the same thing and begin to mow the first crop of alfalfa, etc.

The officer, not wanting to become an active farmer, suggested that my father come to the Bank office in Idaho Falls the next day and they would see what could be worked out. In its simplest terms, the bank required my father to surrender title to the farm. In turn, the bank would "hire" the Fife family at a reasonable salary to operate the farm for, and in behalf of, First Security Bank. The family would be allowed to occupy the house. The bank would pay for the electricity and the coal to heat the home. The family could plant a garden and eat from its bounty. We could also drink milk and eat the eggs and meat from the various animals. In addition, the Bank would supply the seed, the feed,

the fertilizer and equipment necessary to operate the farm. What a deal!!

With portfolios loaded with non-performing loans, banks were wont to foreclose on those farms that had a positive ratio of market value to loan balance but were still unable to make the required monthly payments. The bank would keep the difference to pay the costs of foreclosure-- and in the process, strengthen its Balance Sheet. On the other hand, banks were loath to foreclose on farms whose fair market value was below the loan balance (As was the case for the Fife farm). To do so, would reduce the Asset side of their Balance Sheet more than it would reduce their Liabilities. The net effect of such a transaction would reduce the Net Worth of said bank-- further exacerbating the bank's solvency problem.

Although the Fife agreement was not a profitable proposition for the bank in the short-run, it did allow the bank to keep a relatively large Asset on its books as a "performing loan". And, with a little reallocation of operating expenses to cover the operating losses on the Fife farm, First Security Bank could still declare the "Fife loan" as a "performing Asset". I could name a number of Ammon farms which were taken over by the bank and sold causing the farmers to move elsewhere and/or try to find employment in any kind of job.

Preparing to Fight a War in Europe: The Lend-Lease Program

As WWII approached in the late 1930's it became easier to re-pay the mortgage as farm commodities prices spiked due, in part, to the US's commitment to support our European Allies and their soldiers. As a result, our family not only survived the pre-war years, but we were also able to build a new home. By 1941, Lee and Zenobia paid off their mortgage and regained title to the farm.

Things were so good, in fact, that my parents purchased another 160 acre farm from Jack Priest that was located on the northwest quadrant of the afore-mentioned square mile section, bordered on the north by Sunnyside road and by St. Claire

road on the west. Jack had purchased the farm from Emer, the son of Neils Nord who had built the large home, several imposing outbuildings, and several acres of fruit trees in the late teens and early 20's. In 1930 a hail storm came through the upper-Snake River Valley and destroyed his fruit and grain crops. Now, unable to pay the substantial debt obligations and the inevitable loss of the farm, he went to the pump house and put a shot-gun into his mouth and pulled the trigger! As I understand the circumstance, the Bank repossessed the "Nord farm" and sold it to Jack Priest.

**The Federal Government now had a huge inventory of bankrupt banks to get rid of. Mariner Eccles called David M. Kennedy, one of his partners in First Security Bank of Utah (Logan) and told him that he could have Continental Illinois Bank of Chicago if he wanted it, provided he could submit to the Committee a plausible reorganization plan. David moved to Chicago, took it over, restructured it and made it into one of the largest banks in America. Eccles also called two of his half-brothers, Howard and Ivan W. Stoddard, and offered them the Michigan National Bank in Lansing and Grand Rapids—the largest bank group in Michigan—on the same terms.

The Dime Savings Bank of New York was offered to a friend and business associate, Melvin Miller, who took it over and reorganized it. The Dime Bank operated in Brooklyn and New York City until 2002 when it was bought out by Chase Manhattan. To another set of Stoddard brothers, Eccles offered the National Bank of Oregon with headquarters in Portland.

In my (Lynn Fife) opinion, the Lord put into the hands of the above named faithful, Latter-day Saints, billions of dollars of assets that they, to my certain knowledge, used to build up the Church in each of those areas mentioned. I knew that the Stoddard's in Michigan and watched them match the local building funds of all the Wards and Branches in Michigan during the 1950's through the mid-1970's. When I was there in 1956 as a missionary I was witness to the dramatic increase

in the number of buildings built throughout Michigan and was personally acquainted with Ivan and his family. It was Ivan who told me the story of how the Stoddard's and their business partners became owners of such a vast array of major banks in the United States.

I think it is fair to say that this tragedy in the US banking system resulted in the largest transfer of wealth to the Church in its history, to that point. In today's terms it would easily amount to 10's of Billions of dollars.

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JACOB AND MAUD
HORMAN GOODSON

Jacob William Goodson's parents immigrated to Lehi, Utah from Norfolk County, England in 1875. Jacob was born 26 April 1890 in Utah the youngest of nine children. The summer of 1890 the family went by covered wagon to the Snake River Valley to Eagle Rock (now Idaho Falls), then to Iona and then took up a homestead at Butler Island just west of Heise Hot Springs. When Jacob was three years old his father died leaving his mother a widow. She gave up the homestead and moved back to Iona where she helped in many pioneer homes when they had a new baby. Jacob worked around different places living at home part of the time. He always helped with the family living expenses. His mother remarried when Jacob was 12 years old.

Maud Lindholm Horman was born 15 November 1895 in Tooele, Utah. Her father as a 12 year old boy came by train to Benton, Wyoming and then by covered wagon to Salt Lake City with his family from the island of Jersey of the Channel Islands and then settled in Tooele, Utah. Her mother's parents immigrated from Sweden and also settled in Tooele where Maud's parents met and married. They were the parents of twelve children, six boys and six girls. Maud was the fifth child. The family moved to Idaho

September 1902 when Maud was almost seven years old to Iona, Idaho.

Jacob and Maud met in Iona, dated and then went by train to Salt Lake City to be married in the temple in 1916. They started their married life in Iona, Jacob working for other farmers and then farming on shares in St. Leon area, New Sweden, back to St. Leon and then to Ammon in the spring of 1935. The farm they lived on was located on what is now the SE corner of 17th Street and Ammon-Lincoln Road, known as the "Hammer Corner".



Back row: Eva, Melva, Wilma. Middle row: Joan, Earl, Dale, Ruth. Front row: Maud, Carolyn, Marie, Jacob, 1942

They came with seven children, Melva, Wilma, Eva, Dale and Earl (twins), Ruth and Joan. Maud's father Francis Horman also lived with them for a year or so while living there. Wilma recalls the winter of 1935-36 many times the quarantine signs graced the front door with whooping cough, scarlet fever or measles. A new daughter Marie was born in March 1936 and Melva the eldest daughter married in July 1936. Wilma and Eva attended Ammon High School and both graduated in May 1938. Dale and Earl attended the fourth through seventh grades in Ammon. The farm they lived on sold so they packed up and moved to Taylor east of Shelley in the spring of 1939. Carolyn joined their family in September 1939 and while living there two more daughters, Wilma and Eva each married.

The spring of 1941 they rented a farm and moved the family back to Ammon. The farm was

located on the north side of Sunnyside Road with Sand Creek on the east border and what is now Hoopes Ave. on the west and the north boundary an irrigation ditch a half mile in from Sunnyside Road. Quoting Joan, "Our house was located about a half mile off the main road, back in the field. There were two lanes leading to our house, one on the south and one on the west. If it rained or snowed it was difficult to get through the deep muddy ruts. To keep the animals from wandering, there were gates to open and close whenever we went anywhere."

The house did not have running water or electricity when we first moved in, so we carried water from the well in the yard which we pumped by hand to the house as a daily chore. On Mondays and Saturdays water was carried to the house then heated on the coal/wood stove in a tub for laundry day on Mondays and baths on Saturdays. It was a great day when we finally got electricity with light bulbs hanging from the ceiling and eventually a refrigerator, an electric pump for the well water, an electric washing machine and other conveniences. It was a while longer before we got running water and a bathroom in the house.

The summer of 1943 Gary came to live with us. His mother was killed in an auto/train collision and his father, who was Maud's brother, was unable to care for the three children. Gary was eventually legally adopted.

Jake (or Jacob) was known especially for the fine potatoes he raised and the well matched teams of horses he drove until an Oliver tractor was purchased. All the family worked and helped on the farm, cutting, weeding and picking potatoes, thinning beets, putting up hay, shocking grain, milking cows, feeding the animals etc. The neighbors all helped each other at hay time and threshing the grain such as Mark Purcell and Artell Suttter. Maud always fixed a good meal for the workers. A large garden was always planted, watered and weeded and when the harvest came Maud with the help of the girls did much canning filling all the jars. There was also a large apple



The Goodson farm house

orchard and much canning of apples. Maud was a very good cook and knew how to fix many different delicious dishes from potatoes or apples which we had plenty of. But one fun thing was swimming in Sand Creek east of our home. In a bend in the creek was a nice swimming hole which our family and others enjoyed in the summer between the work.

Dale and Earl attended Ammon High School and played on the basketball and football teams earning letters in those sports and graduated from Ammon High School in May 1944. World War II was going on so they both decided to join the Navy and went to Farragut, Idaho for boot camp November 1944. They spent two years in the service and returned home safely because the war had ended. Dale attended BYU for one year then was called on a LDS Mission to Hawaii to work with the Japanese people for two and half years and then back to school at Ricks College where he graduated and he continued in schooling until he received his doctorate and during this time also married. Earl had come home on leave from the service and met his future wife. They got married the summer after he got

discharged from the Navy and he went to Ricks College and received his bachelor's degree.

Quoting Ruth from the "Jacob and Maud Goodson Family History" book: "I remember that during the war years in Ammon, farm laborers were scarce as the young men served in the military. The Stake Welfare Farm was adjacent to our farm Dad spent countless days working the church farm and using his own machinery."

Ruth graduated from Ammon High School in 1948. She had met her future husband at a Seminary Youth Conference her junior year held at Ricks College. After high school graduation they both attended Ricks College for one year then Ruth worked for two years while he went on a mission. They were married in 1952.

Joan graduated from Ammon High School in 1950. During high school she served on the student council, was president of the Pep Club, took part in plays and sang in the choir. Her senior year she was chosen "Girl Most Likely to Succeed". She attended Ricks College for one year and then went to work. She served a mission to the Southwest Indian Mission. In the spring of 1956 she enrolled at BYU and this is where she met her husband and was married the summer of 1957.

Gary graduated from Bonneville High School



Back row: Carolyn, Eva, Melva, Joan, Ruth, Wilma, Marie.

Front row: Earl, Dale, Maud, Jacob, Gary

in 1954. Ammon High School became Bonneville High School his sophomore year. He was active in FFA, speech and drama, class offices, and student body president his senior year. He enrolled at BYU attending two years, served a LDS mission to Hawaii, received a bachelor's degree from BYU in 1961, attended George Washington University Law School and graduated in 1965 and took a job as a patent attorney in Trenton, New Jersey. He met and married his wife in 1967.

Marie also attended Ammon High School and Bonneville High where she participated in Pep Club, choir, and helped on the school paper. She met and dated her husband to be her junior year and they married in the fall of 1953. They had four children then in 1960 Marie took sick having severe convulsions and she was just starting a pregnancy but the baby girl was born healthy. She saw doctors in Salt Lake City and the Mayo Clinic but they didn't understand her sickness. She had good times but the convulsions would hit again and this caused her health to deteriorate through the years and she passed away March 1969. Mo

Carolyn attended all her school years while living in Ammon. Her 7th grade she traveled to Ucon to attend Bonneville Jr. High for three years in the newly consolidated school district. Bonneville High School was still using the top floor of the Ammon School when she attended high school. She was the first female student body president her senior year 1956-57. After graduation she attended Ricks College and then married in 1958.

Jacob and Maud left the farm the spring of 1956 and moved to the town site of Ammon in the Porter home while they were serving a mission. It was located on the northeast corner of Sunnyside Road and Western Ave. The Fox family lived on the southeast corner of Sunnyside and Hitt road for several years until they moved into our farm home in 1956 because they were in need of a home for their large family. Melva, the eldest child of Jacob and Maud, had married Darrell Fox who was from Lehi, Utah and when Melva died in 1962 Darrell moved to Lehi, Utah in 1963. Jacob continued



Back row: Louise, Erwin, Darwin, Chyrol. Middle row: Calvin, Myrna, Milton. Front row: Kevin, Darrell, Melva, Julie

farming on the farm 1956 and 1957. The fall of 1957 they bought the little home on 2648 Central Avenue. Jacob retired from farming but had an interest in a hay baler with Mark Purcell where he did custom baling for other farmers. He started work spraying weeds for Bonneville County the summer of 1959 and worked the summers until October 1973 when he quit at the age of 83.

When the present LDS church on Central Avenue was being built, Jacob spent many hours helping to build it and was honored as the ward member with the most hours working on the building. Jacob was always a hard worker and a good provider for his family and a good neighbor.



Goodson Central Ave. home

Maud was an excellent cook, seamstress, belonged to the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers and enjoyed doing family history. They loved their family dearly and the wonderful times we all had together. They had 52 grandchildren and now many, many great and great-great grandchildren.

Jacob had a stroke and a week later passed away on February 9, 1982 at the age of 91. The family each took care of Maud the next five years and she passed away March 21, 1987 also at the age of 91. They are buried side by side in the Ammon Cemetery.

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DENZEL AND VERLA HANSEN

compiled by Jerald Hansen

Denzel Lawrence Hansen was born March 22, 1908 in Taylor, Idaho to Lawrence Alfred (L.A.) Hansen and Katie Vinnie Humpherys. Denzel was the oldest child and spent his early childhood on his Grandfather's Ranch in Taylor and the Idaho Falls area.

Denzel related a story of his childhood. At the age of 12 he was sent out with a herd of cattle for the summer. At this time, Denzel and his family resided on his grandfather's ranch in Taylor, Idaho. The cattle grazed around Taylor Mountain and Camp Cumorah. The herd had milk cows that were milked twice a day. Once a week Denzel's mother would harness up her buggy and drive over the hills from Taylor to the summer range. She brought fresh baked bread and other food supplies. His mother picked up the cream from the milk cows and took it back to sell.

Can you imagine a 12 year old boy living alone all summer with a herd of cows? My, how times have changed. When Denzel was asked about what he ate that summer he didn't recall much but stated, "I suppose I ate a lot of bread and milk". Stewed prunes were also on his diet.

One day Denzel lost his horse and chased it to a

ridge above the Taylor ranch house, where he could see the ranch house but he didn't go down for some food or a visit because he was afraid his grandpa would whip him for losing his horse. Times have changed "For better or for worse"??

Verla Fay Wheeler was born December 2, 1913 in LaBelle, Idaho, the oldest child of John Etsel Wheeler and Myra Fay Morgan. Verla was raised in the Poplar, Ririe and Antelope area east of Ririe, Idaho. Verla was her father's hired man, in fact her father said, "She was better than a hired man". Verla was her father's gopher, helped feed and water the horses and stock and she did many other outside jobs.

Verla and Denzel's married life began in the home of Denzel's parent's home near Beeches Corner, North and East of Idaho Falls. This area is now known as the intersection of North Ammon Rd. and Highway 26. Their first child, Jerald Denzel Hansen was born there. After a year or so Denzel got a job on the Leon Contor farm.

Denzel and Verla moved into a large brick home on the Leon Contor farm. The Contor farm encompassed ½ Section of land on the north east corner of First Street and Ammon Road. Three hundred and twenty acres is a lot of ground for a couple of horses to plow. The large brick house was located on the farm near what is now 200 Wilson Drive in Mobile Homes Estates. Denzel worked on the Contor farm for 5 or 6 years. Two more children were born, so there were three children in the family, Jerry, Renee and Arlene. In the spring of 1946, with a team of horses and some old equipment, Denzel began farming on his own. The Hansen's moved to a 40 acre farm, 1/4 mile East of the Iona Cemetery on First Street and 1/4 South on 5200 East. This land is on the south side of 1st Street. After the first year Denzel rented another 40 acre farm, the Pete Westergard farm, which was just to the north of Denzel's 40 acres, encompassing the land between 5200 East and the Iona Cemetery.

Denzel bought a third horse to assist the team for the heavy work. About 1949 Denzel bought a



*Back row: Renee, Donna, Jerald, Arlene.
Front row: Verla, Karla, Denzel, and Janice*

new Case tractor and needless to say the team of horses lost some of their work. Denzel modified the tongues of the equipment so they could be pulled by the tractor.

Another child, Janice joined the family making a family of four children.

A grain combine edged out the threshing machine starting a new era of farming. The hay baler also made big changes. In the olden days the hay mower was pulled by a team of horses. The same mower was used, pulled by a tractor. Along came the wire tied hay baler, with its own engine to operate the baler, and towed by the same little Case tractor. A man rode on each side of the baler to slip the length of wire through the hay and tie the wire while the hay was still compressed. The bales were lifted onto a wagon and hauled to the stack. A Jackson fork was used to lift four bales of hay off at a time and a derrick lifted the hay to the top of the haystack. Haying was a four man crew, a tractor driver pulling the wagon, a man on each side to lift bales onto the wagon and one man on the wagon to load it.

After a few years Denzel and his brother, Cecil, purchased a farm hand, removed the tines and built new shorter tines. A man rode on a slip behind the baler stacking the bales with three bales on the bottom and two bales on the top. He would then use a crowbar to slide the pile of bales off of the slip. A slip was made by securing two planks to a short cross piece and dragging it along the ground behind

the baler. There was a 4" space between the planks. When the five bales were stacked, the worker placed a crowbar in the ground through the four inch crack and the pile of bales would slide off. The farm hand would then pick up two piles of bales and dump the ten bales on top of the stack. This proved to be much faster and less labor than the old hand tie and bucking heavy bales onto a wagon. This is much different than today's haying operation.

Potatoes were dug with a one row digger and handpicked by students and adults. The little Case tractor pulled the one row digger. Two rounds through the field would plow out four rows. Potato pickers would work in pairs picking two rows each. When each picker had filled their basket, one would hold a sack and the other person would dump both buckets of potatoes in the sack. The potato pickers were mostly children and teenagers. Schools were closed for potato harvest so there could be workers out in the fields. The pickers were happy as they had the opportunity to earn some cash. Pickers were paid by the number of sacks of potatoes they picked. Every 10th sack was set out to assist in the sack counting. The potato harvesters of today pick up 12 rows of potatoes and no one rides on the harvester. Straight potato rows were very important to Dad. He was noted for having the straightest rows in the valley. Dad said, "When he first came to Ammon the sage brush was as tall as a man on a horse."

Denzel worked in the winters at a potato house sorting potatoes. Verla went back to school at Brigham Young University to become a teacher.

In February 1962, a flood occurred in the Ammon area. The ground was frozen hard with snow on top when a rain storm came in and melted the snow. Water couldn't run into the frozen ground, so the rain water accumulated on top and began running off of the ground causing deep water in the lower areas.

In 1962, after the flood, Denzel left farming and built a home at 3190 Meadow Lane in Ammon. Verla graduated from BYU and taught school for 20 years at Ammon and Hillview Elementary

schools. Denzel also worked at Ammon and Hillview Elementary Schools as he was hired as Maintenance and Custodian by the School District.

Denzel and Verla raised four children, Jerald, Renee, Arlene and Janice.

Dad had a hard time getting use to the amount of auto traffic on Sunnyside. Dad passed away in 1993. In 2012 Bonneville County estimated the vehicle traffic at the intersection of First Street and Ammon Road at 44,000 cars per day. Now this sounds like a pretty high estimate but just a visual inspection of Sunnyside and Ammon Road would have sent Dad packing for the hills.

26

HANSON AND LEINWEBER HOMESTEAD

Compiled and written by Nancy Leinweber Melander

In 1863, Lars Hanson (born: Dec. 28, 1861) immigrated to America with his parents from Gaarslev, Veite, Denmark. Their dream was to establish a home in Zion and to better the family fortunes in a prosperous new land. They came west across the plains by ox-caravan with the John R. Young 1863 ox company. But tragedy struck. Lars' mother and another woman were killed enroute—being run over by stampeding oxen!

Lars' father bereaved at the loss of his dear wife. With the responsibility of three older children he felt it best to entrust the eighteen-month-old Lars with a foster mother. He was given away to the Anderson family who lived on the Sevir River in Utah. Lars lived with the Anderson family until he was eight years old. Then when his father remarried, he persuaded the Andersons to give the eight-year-old boy back to him again in exchange for a cow.

The new Mrs. Hanson was an affectionate mother, and Lars

grew up somewhat of a spoiled boy.

Once he thought he wanted to run away from home, but his wise step mother quickly dislodged that idea from his young mind by helping him pack his clothing and going with him a ways down the road.

He was living at that time at Fountain Green, Utah where his father had taken up homesteading. Schooling then, in that town, was by tuition. Lars studied to the third or fourth grade, and from then on, acquired education outside the schools.

When about seventeen Lars had another boyish escapade. He left Fountain Green and herded sheep and worked in timber for a time. Then he carried mail by horseback over the 75 miles long old Paradox trail. It was a trail blocked by unbridged rivers and infested by rattle snakes but he overcame every hazard and carried the mail safely through. Then he worked on the railroad, helping with the grading near Promontory Point. Later, he made a contract to get out ties for the railroad.

At 23 years of age he married Laura Margaret Lund, also a native of Denmark and Fountain Green, Utah, Nov. 3, 1884. Laura came to Utah when she was about three years of age with her mother and stepfather. His father gave them a whole city block as a wedding gift. They built a log house on it and farmed a small 15-acre tract of land from 1884-1889. Lars also took on other jobs to make a go of it.

But he could not see much future in their prospects in Fountain Green. So in 1889 Lars and Laura loaded all their belongings into a covered wagon. There was a charter-oak stove, some bedding, scant furniture, and a suitcase or two. With wife and two year old child, they started out

for The Snake River Valley in Idaho in spite of the warnings from his family that they could be heading for "starvation."

There were troubles enroute. One horse was stolen near Salt Lake. Another one was poisoned near Fort Hall. After nearly six weeks of slow going



Lars and Laura Hanson

the Hansons reached Eagle Rock (later named Idaho Falls.)

Idaho was still a territory when Lars and Laura arrived. There were only two stores, Anderson Bros. and Z.C.M.I. Lars immediately looked for a place to take up a homestead. He headed east from Eagle Rock for a couple of hours journey and found a 160 acre tract of land (First Street and Crowley Road) covered with sagebrush as tall as trees. There were only a few homesteads in the Ammon region then, but the water had been brought in, and the flourishing sage indicated good soil. The cost of the land was one dollar and twenty- five cents an acre.

Lars got busy at once cutting timber and floating logs down from Blacks Canyon to the dry beds. He built himself a two-room log house in that first fall of 1889. Several of their children were born there.



1889 - Two room log house

Then winter hit early and severely! The forecast that they would “starve to death” was almost fulfilled for the Hanson family. There was no fuel only sagebrush which when green burned poorly. There was no medicine except sagebrush tea, which was very bitter. Luckily none of the family took ill. The larder (pantry) ran low so Lars shot jackrabbits to eat and supplement their fare. There was no hay for the horses so they fed on straw, which was \$3.00 a wagon box full.

They could not go to town because the team was too weak to buck the heavy snows. There was no well on the place, so snow was melted for both the family and the horses. Somehow they wintered through.

After every winter there is a spring. Little by little with the old two- wheel Gilpin plow, Lars tore the sagebrush loose, piled, and burned it. After he cleared



1890 Hanson barn

the land he put in irrigation ditches, drilled a well, planted trees and started a herd of beef cattle mostly the short-horned Durhams, heavy Perchons and Shires. He always had a saddle horse around as well.

Laura knew all the loneliness and hardships of the pioneer woman’s lot. With her two little ones, she often walked through the sage to their nearest neighbors four miles away. When her husband was away in the hills getting the logs for the buildings, sometimes it was only her courage and brave determination of a faithful dog that afforded protection against the menace of prowlers.

Within five years (1894) they built a substantial two-story brick home. They got the bricks from a



1894 Hanson brick home

kiln across the road to the east. He planted trees: cotton woods, poplars, hardwoods, and Siberian elm trees. (The cotton wood trees and 2 pine trees in front of the house and land grew enormous.

They became landmarks in Ammon and Idaho Falls.) A big red barn and fine grainery were built. Together the couple worked hard and did not cease until their united labor changed the 160 acres of sagebrush into one of the finest farms of the Ammon district. On September 29, 1896, President Grover Cleveland signed the patent on the place.

Lars and Laura had ten children: Louis Peter (died as a baby in Fountain Green) Edward, Eleanore, Walter, Margaret, Lester, Laura, Clara, William, and Raymond (Ray). The nine living children all grew up on the farm.

In 1928 after laboring together as pioneers of the old school, the Hansons leased the farm and moved to town, renting and later buying the property at 458, 4th Street, Idaho Falls.

This is where Lena Rammell comes into the picture. She helped take care of Mrs. Hanson when her health was failing her. Lena was born Jan. 4, 1921 to Alma Henry Rammell and Lenora Little. She was given a blessing at home by her Uncle

Parley Rammell because she was very sick as a new born. Her life in the Teton Basin was very harsh but she and her sisters always found time to play make-believe with their dolls. At an early age her mother died Nov. 5, 1931 leaving 6 of the 8 children still at home. Lena was 10 years old. She knew something was wrong when her mother kissed them all and told Gene (their older brother) to take good care of her little girls. Then she got in the car and was taken to the Idaho Falls hospital where she later died of pneumonia.

When her father remarried the 3 youngest girls took care of themselves. While one would go out to work the others would stay at home. They spent much of their time with their older sister Ruby and her husband Frank Hogan. The Hogans helped them over many difficult times.

Lena said, "While visiting my sister Marcia Jenson, Walt Hanson ask me if I would consider going to Idaho Falls and help his folks. His mother wasn't doing well. I was just planning to stay with Marcia for a while then return home to Tetonia. So I was happy to consent to go and help them out."

"I wasn't sure what was expected of me, but when I arrived Clara was there and talked to me about her mother's health. She was semi-invalid due to rheumatism and elderly."

"I wasn't very old (about 15) and I began to panic. I felt I could not take care of this frail little lady and her needs. They reassured me so I stayed at the Hanson's place. I experienced joy, love, and compassion with sweet Laura. She was always grateful for everything I did. My fears soon left me."

Lena continues, "Clara, her daughter, lived across the street and came often to see her mother and Dad. After some time, the medicine didn't seem to help Mrs. Hanson. The only thing that kept her going was waiting to see Ray on the weekend when he would stay with them. I would take that time to stay with my sister Marcia in Idaho Falls. The time came when she needed more help than we could give her. She soon passed away Sept. 18, 1937."

"I was thankful I had been given an opportunity to get to know her and also meet Ray. Ray and I

fell in love and later married." Jan. 24, 1938. We had Delbert Ray Hanson Jan. 30, 1939. We lived and farmed in Shelley until 1940 when Lars took the homestead farm back and asked Ray and me to move there and farm it. We agreed and moved into the two-story brick house."

Lena stated, "Trees were especially important to early settlers. Lars had planted Siberian Elm trees around the whole yard. I was given the job to keep them watered. It was easy to get busy with all there was to do and forget the trees. However, I could hear Grandpa in his old Oakland car with the wooden spoke wheels coming down the gravel road. It gave me just enough time to grab a bucket and run to the ditch for water. By the time the car came in the driveway the trees were watered. They were the first things he checked on. He would praise me on the good job I was doing keeping the trees watered. I hated those trees because of all the nasty seeds they dropped. What a mess!"

Lena remembered: "Lars was also very conservative. When I was working for them I learned that when it got dark you went to bed. I wasn't ready to go to bed so I would turn the light on in my room and read. The next morning, Lars told me I was burning the light too much. My door was shut but I guess that he could see under the door."

Lena continues, "Lars did not do anything poorly. He was helping Ray do some fencing. A big rock was placed under each post and when they stretched the wire it had to be perfectly straight."

"I was happy he liked to come out to the place. He was a good eater and easy to cook for. He was a meat and potatoes man. We enjoyed our visits. Then back to town he went."

Lena stated, "Lars would walk down town almost everyday, one mile down and one mile back. On Monday, the 17th, he walked down town for the last time. His strength failed, and a taxi brought him home. He passed away Dec. 24, 1945. This closed Lars' chapter in the story of the Ammon, Idaho Pioneers."

In 1945 Ray and Lena bought the 80-acres on which stood the orange brick two-story home.

With the help of Lena and Delbert, Ray raised a good crop in spite of his illnesses. Ray grew up in Ammon and received his education there. As a young boy he enjoyed the out-of-doors and took great pride in his ability of being a good horseman and Broncobuster. He loved riding the range after cattle. Ray was fond of rodeos and seldom missed such an event. At times he tried his luck at riding the wild rodeo stock and roping calves. He was a good friend and neighbor to all who came along. Ray had a very cheery disposition.

During the fall and winter of 1947, the home missionaries of the Church of Latter Day Saints of Jesus Christ came to see Ray and talk to him about the gospel. Up to this time Ray had not taken much interest in any one religion. But he became interest in what the missionaries had to say. So after much thought and reading Mormon literature and books, he became converted. He was baptized March 27, 1948 and ordained an Elder December 19, 1948.

On Ray's birthday, January 26, 1949, Ray and Lena went to the newly built Idaho Falls temple where they were sealed together for time and eternity. Little Delbert was also sealed to them at this time.

Because of much sickness with diabetes and Brights disease, Ray passed away Nov. 2, 1949, born Jan. 26, 1911 in Idaho Falls, Idaho. Lena had worked very hard on the farm and at the Sugar Factory in order to pay for the doctor and hospital bills.

After Ray's death Lena sold the milk cows and rented the farm to Mr. Hatton. Delbert and Lena continued to live in the old house. It seemed very large with just the two of them—very lonely.



*Al and Lena
Leinweber Wedding*

In 1950 Lena met Albert Leinweber while working at the Utah Idaho Sugar Company. They fell in love and were married Feb. 3, 1951.

Al was born Feb. 7, 1912 in Longmont, Colorado, the son of John and Mary

Stuckert Leinweber, German immigrants from Russia. He grew up in Wheatland, Wyoming until the family moved to Oshkosh, Wisconsin. At the age of 18 he left Oshkosh and rode the rails. He landed in Bremerton, Washington and worked in the shipyards and in the apple orchards. Later, he moved to Rigby, Idaho and worked for the U&I Sugar Company. He also played on a semi-pro baseball team in the Eastern Idaho area. Al also served for the United States Army. He was trained as a rifleman and stock clerk at Fort Lewis, Washington. Al later served in Okinawa. He had three children by his first marriage: Carlene Hadley, Linda Labrum, and Don Leinweber.

Within a few years Al (Albert) took over the farm. He also bought a head of milk cows and farmed the 80 acres. This meant that Lena had to milk cows again when Al was on swing shift at the Sugar Factory. They raised mostly grain, potatoes and hay along with the milk cows and a small head of cattle and chickens.

They had three children: Albert Jr., born Dec. 15, 1951; Nancy Joyce, born June 18, 1953; and Wendell Roy, born March 9, 1956. Delbert moved away from the farm when he married Helen DeAnne Olsen, Oct. 22, 1958. They had four children: Tony Ray born April 8 1960, Layne D. born Sept. 10 1961, Bradley, and Stanford Lars born May 8, 1970 Hanson. The kids all went to Ammon Elementary, Hidden View Elementary, Ammon junior high and Bonneville high school. They all attended Ammon Ward. (Although through the years Lena lived at the Ammon homestead, she had eight ward changes.)

The farm had always been HARD WORK from the time Lars homesteaded it. (I wonder if he envisioned at that time how many lives would be effect by learning how to work because of the farm.)

Besides farming, a big garden was raised. The children, learned at an early age, to do house work, farm chores and gardening. But the best heart to heart talks and learning lessons came when the children were working next to their mother. She somehow made working kind of fun! One day when

Nancy was 5 years old and Albert was at school (6 years old) Lena came outside and found her sitting on the front step. Lena looked over at the field where Al was bucking hay alone and running up every 3 or 4 bales to straighten out the wheel of the tractor. Lena looked at Nancy and asked why she wasn't out on the tractor holding the wheel. She responded, "Daddy didn't like how I was doing it and I was doing the best I could so I told him to just fire me. So he did!")

Besides work, the trees were a big part of the Leinweber's lives, whether it was raking up pine needles and seeds from the Elm and pine trees or playing hide-and-seek around them. One day Albert was mad about something he was asked to do so he hid in the willow tree. He watched from above for a couple of hours as his parents and neighbors combed the ditches and canals for him. He quite enjoyed this. After he felt they had suffered enough he came down the tree and just showed up. His parents and the neighbors were so glad that he was found that they did not punish him.

The smell of fresh bread or rolls was the best feeling to come home to almost everyday. Lena was always offering neighbors and strangers a meal. She could find something in the refrigerator or freezer to make a delicious meal at the last minute. Lena was well known for her wonderful pies, too.

Lena had a great love for the earth. Flowers were her specialty. She and Al both loved roses. He would pick one almost daily and bring it to Lena to enjoy indoors. She would often comment for him to leave a few for the outside rose beds. (I always thought that it was an endearing gesture.)

The farm became a gathering place, one of peace and comfort, for Albert, Nancy, and Wendell along with their friends. Then as they moved away, went to school and college and got married it was always the place to come back to whenever there was some vacation time. This continued with grandchildren who loved to golf on grandpa's rough lawn, catch frogs in the ditches, swim in the irrigation water, kayak on the lawn when it was irrigation day, play on the never ending steps,

(front and back), twirl in the hot wind filled with Siberian Elm seeds, explore upstairs in the old house and continue to build the old tree house started many years before. The barn had become off limits due to the deteriorated boards on the upper level. Al was always looking out for the safety of his family on the old farm.

The garden, west of the house, had been a main staple for the family growing up. Al and Lena canned enough for the married children to stock up on when they came home too. Al continued raising the garden until he was 88 years old giving most of it away (shelled, snapped and cleaned).

In 1980 Lena and Al rented out the farm. It was just too much for them alone at their ages. June



Hanson Century Farm

14, 1990 Lena Hanson Leinweber was honored as one of the Farmers and Ranchers whose property had been in the hands of one of Idaho's special pioneer families for 100 years or more. The Hanson Homestead became an Idaho Century Farm during the celebration of Idaho's Centennial (1890-

1990). Shortly after, the 74 acres of farm area was sold for housing. It was named Centennial Ranch.

Al and Lena celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary at the farm Feb. 3, 2001 with family and friends.

The rest of the farm, home, and buildings were sold in 2006 due to the age and health of Al and Lena and no children around to take over. Shortly after that the new owners began to tear down the original homestead log house and other builds piece by piece in the name of progress. The massive trees were cut down and burned. The two-story home was to remain but with broken promises the home was destroyed Sun. Sept. 20, 2009 by the fire department. It was used as practice for the firemen. Many family members and neighbors were disheartened to see what was left of this long

standing Century Farm. The memories of the farm and Ammon will live on forever in the Hanson and Leinweber posterity.

Al Leinweber Feb. 4, 1912--April 2, 2003 died at 91.

Delbert Ray Hanson Jan. 30, 1939--Sept. 2, 2011 died at 72.

Lena Hanson Leinweber is the young age of 91. She presently resides at Ashford Memory Care in Highland, UT.

Sources: "Our Kin" a Hanson Family History, "Descendants of George Edwin Little and Martha Taylor", "Lars and Laura Hanson Memories" and "Lars Hanson Homestead" by Lena Leinweber, "Ray Hanson Eulogy" by Wilma Hanson, "Army of the United States", and "Celebrating Ammon Pioneers".

27

GEORGE PARLEY AND ZENOBIA HANSEN

In August of 1908, George Parley Hansen came to Eagle Rock, now Idaho Falls, with a team of horses to get supplies. The streets were alive with sheepherders and cowboys coming in from their summer jobs and spending their money. There were plenty of drunks and fist fighting. He slept in the livery stable barn the first night, and the next morning went to the residential part of town on the east side of the railroad tracks. He was looking for a new job.

In his own words, he writes, "I saw a dairy wagon delivering milk, so I asked the man if he needed any help. 'Yes,' he said, 'he did', but wanted to know what kind of guy I was. I told him of the experiences in dairying I had had, and that I had been brought up in an L.D.S. home, and that I observed the Word of Wisdom. Well, he said, that was the kind of man he needed as I would have to live right in with his family. I had a small suitcase full of two shirts and underwear and \$26 in my pocket.

They took me into their home and made me welcome to all they had. Mrs. Hammer, Sarah, did

my washing and treated me just like one of the family. I worked with J.J. Hammer for 3 1/2 years. I was paid \$25 a month and room and board. By July 1901 I had saved up \$200.

Joe Poulson told me of a "Homestead" that was for sale. He took me out to look it over. It was 7 1/2 miles west of Idaho Falls. Then I went down home, bought a team, wagon, and harness from Johansson for \$350. I paid \$200 down and he gave me a year to pay the other \$150. I came back to Ammon and got work hauling spuds out of the field for Leonard and Arthur Ball at \$2.75 a day, if we made two loads a day.

I met Leonard Purcell in town and asked him if he was looking for work. "Yes," he said, "Work is my middle name." So he came out with me. He and I worked all the spud harvest, and slept on the floor of Leonard Ball's granary. That fall I paid \$100 for the Homestead relinquishment west of Idaho Falls.

While living with the Hammers, Parley participated in the Mutual plays and dances which were held in the old Assembly Hall. He stated, "I became very friendly with the young people. Zenobia was the 'Belle of the Ball', a very popular and charming person." She had plenty of boyfriends so I had to primp up and act like a real nice kid to get a dance with her at all. I made dates with her, and we finally decided to get married. Her father, Bishop Christian Anderson, took us down to Salt Lake City and we were married in the L. D. S. Temple there, December 20, 1911.

That winter we lived in Leonard Ball's two room frame house. Orial Anderson, one of Zenobia's brothers and I called week for Jack Deline and Bishop Anderson. We had four horses on bob sleighs. I worked all of the winter of 1912.

During the late summer of 1911 I bought enough plain lumber to build a 10 x 12 frame house, or shanty, out on the dry farm. So in the spring of 1912, the last of March, we got all we had together to move out. While we were at Zenobia's house packing up, I remember Iola started crying and turned and ran to Deloraus, her sister, saying, "Don't let Zenobia go with him. He will take her

out there, and she will starve to death!" But she (Zenobia) was willing to do, so that is the way we started out to make a home of our own.

It was sure dry and dusty, with the wind blowing through miles of sagebrush on the Southwest. I had a hand plow and two horses, but the sagebrush was so big and close together that the horses could not pull the plow. I would have to get the ax and cut it out, then plow again. We got about 9 acres done that year. We spent nine months out there. That year we came back to Ammon for the winter and lived on Bishop Anderson's farm, in a two- room house on the hill east of (what is now) Arland Purcell's place.

Arleen was born that fall, November 9, 1912. Dr. Mellor came out for the delivery. Zenobia had gone down to her mother's to stay when the baby was born. Mrs. Shupe was the nurse who took care of her. After six weeks she came home to keep house and tend her new baby.

On March 26, 1913 we packed up and went back to the Dry Farm. That winter I had bought a saddle horse from Chris Anderson, so now I had three horses on the hand plow, and it was much better. I plowed 15 acres that summer. I also had the first 9 acres in wheat, so we got our first crop of about 118 bushels. We had to haul water 21/2 miles. We had two barrels on the side of the wagon for the horses. We got our drinking water from Bill Hislop's well 1/2 mile north of us.

Duane Allen was born in the farmhouse on the hill in Ammon. He was born June 3, 1915. During this period of time we were living in Ammon in the winters and out on the dry farm in New Sweden in the summers. We stayed with the dry farm until 1917, and then sold it for \$1500. On March 17, 1917 I bought the George Webster farm at Grant and we moved up there. It had a nice five- room house on it.

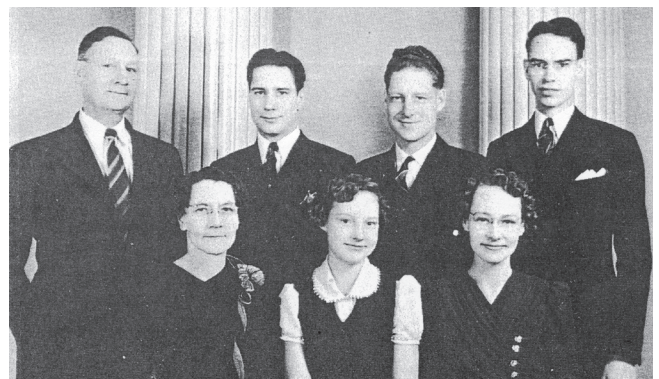
While living in Grant, Parley continued his occupation of farming. During this period he served in the Bishopric of the Grant Ward of the Rigby Stake. John Lee was the Bishop, and P.W. Dabell was the other counselor. During the 1918

flu epidemic, he was always helping others who were sick or dying. Luckily he never contracted the flu himself. Burrell Fenton was born October 7, 1918 at his grandparents' home in Ammon. They were still living in Grant.

In 1921 Parley and Zenobia bought the farm from Chris Anderson which had formerly been owned by Joe Farnsworth. This was located 3 miles east of Ammon. The home was a large two-story red brick home with four bedrooms-- one downstairs and three upstairs. It was known in the area as 'the Farnsworth place'. It was on this farm and in that home, that Parley spent most of the rest of his life.

Their son, Keith Miles, was born March 12, 1921 in that house. Their daughter, Enid, was born August 19, 1927, in the L.D.S. Hospital in Idaho Falls. She was the first of the children to come into the world within a hospital.

During the winter of 1928 Parley was called to serve a six-month mission for the L.D.S. church. One Sunday after dinner Parley announced that the bishop had talked with him and asked if he'd like a "vacation." Everyone was excited and eager for that until it turned out that the "vacation" was only for their father, and that it really was a mission that he was being called to. Zenobia cried over that but it was arranged, and he served in the Northern States Mission, and spent most of his missionary time in the city of Des Moines, Iowa. The family at home, directed and guided by their mother, kept the livestock fed and watered by working the



Parley, Zenobia, Keith, Enid, Duane, Arleen, Burrell, 1939

hand pump, milked the cows, and saw to it that the potato crop was sold for their father in his absence from the farm.

After returning from his mission and as money became available, the farm house was remodeled, electricity was installed, an electric pump was put on the well, a furnace with a stoker which burned slack coal was installed in a basement dug for that purpose, and a steam heating system for the house was installed which provided heat and plenty of hot water for a modern kitchen and bathroom. These were luxuries that all the family enjoyed.

Parley was always active in the church, having served in a Bishopric, as a Sunday School Superintendent, and a teacher of many classes. He loved the young people and many of them thanked him for helping to guide their lives. In addition to his mission in the Northern States he also served as a Stake Missionary in the Idaho Falls Stake in 1944.

He was also active in civic affairs. For 16 years he served on the district # 93 School Board. He also drove a school bus for the Ammon Elementary and High Schools for 12 years.

During most of the time that Parley ran his own farm, horses provided the power needed to draw the farm equipment used. In the hay mowing season the day would often begin at 4:00 a.m., and proceed as long at the other end of the day as there was light to see by. In putting up the hay, Parley would almost always be found with the hardest, hottest job, that of the "stacker." The hay was lifted off the wagons with a Jackson Fork and carried to the top of the stack with cables pulled by a "derrick horse." The stacker would then push the Jackson Fork with hay where it was needed and then yell, "Trip er." When released by the man on the hay wagon below, the hay would fall the seven or eight feet from the Jackson Fork to the top of the haystack, often burying the stacker

beneath it. He would then have to fight his way out from under the batch of hay. Pushing that heavy Jackson Fork into place, and then hand pitching the hay about to even

up and straighten up the stack took a tremendous amount of effort and energy. On a hot day it would seem twice as hot upon the stack where the sun shone on one directly as well as reflecting off the surrounding hay.

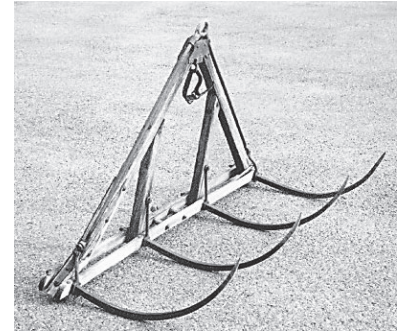
In regards to the haying operation, Parley used to plant the alfalfa by hand sowing it. He cut out a gunnysack to fit over his shoulder and would carry seed around his waist. As you walked up and down the field he would take a handful of seed, and cast it on the ground. He usually got a very good stand of hay.

Livestock on the farm usually consisted of a couple of teams of workhorses, sometimes a pony, a herd of Holstein milk cows-- with one Jersey for cream production for family use, a flock of chickens, a herd of pigs, and a herd of about 200 sheep.

In those days the cows were milked by hand. The milk was then poured through a cloth strainer into ten-gallon cans, set in the stream of running water to cool down, and then set out by the road for pickup by the milk truck for delivery to the

creamery. Besides the milk checks that came in handy twice monthly, there was real butter and cheese for the table that the milk truck would deliver along with your empty cans.

The chickens, pigs, and sometimes turkeys, had to be taken care of and fed. The eggs were



Jackson fork



Stacking hay with derrick

“gathered” from the chicken coop each night and morning. And, of course, in the spring the “bum” or “pet” lambs whose mothers had been lost were often revived in the kitchen by the warmth of the wood and coal burning stove. The lambs were then nursed with bottles and nipples with warm milk from the cows.

In 1934, Parley drove his wife, Zenobia, and several other members of the Anderson family to Logan to attend the Temple. On the way home they had a collision with a drunken driver. Parley received a serious blow to the head, but it seemed there was no serious damage. A few years later, however, it became apparent that scar tissue and other physical damage to the brain were preventing him from carrying on with his regular regimen of hard work on the farm. Ten years later, Parley had another accident, this time on the farm. While driving a team of horses hitched to a beet cultivator he had a run-away. He was dragged and badly bumped and bruised.

Probably a number of other things happened along the way, which although unnoticed at the time, contributed to his health problems. He began having brief black-outs. These could occur while he was on the haystack, stacking hay, or even while driving the car. Doctors felt it could be “Petit mal”, a form of epilepsy. They advised him to give up his strenuous labors since heavy work seem to precipitate the black-outs. He was forced to give up driving, which he loved, and all farm work, except

for milking a few cows and caring and for some barnyard livestock.

In 1959 at the age of 73, Parley retired from farming, and they moved into a new brick home they built on 2705 Central Ave. It was one block north from the church and school, so they could walk to all the community activities. He stayed busy working in the yard and garden.

He was taken to the L.D.S. Hospital in January 1968 with kidney problems and pneumonia. After a siege in the hospital he was allowed to return home, but thereafter he was confined to a bed or wheelchair. He died in his home from septicemia on August 5, 1968 at the age of 82. His wife, Zenobia stayed in the home until her passing on October 27, 1979 at the age of 91.

Information edited from autobiography written by George Parley Hansen, and biography completed by Burrell F. Hansen.

28

RULAND AND EVA HATTON

My mother Eva Haroldsen was born in Hyrum, Utah in 1898. My Grandma’s sister Sophia Nelson had come from Utah to Idaho and purchased a farm just East of Ammon, and later, in 1904, the Haroldsen family bought a farm in St. Leon. When Mother’s family came to visit the Nelsons, Mother remembered passing a two story house and thinking it was one of the most beautiful houses around. She had no idea that years later she and my Dad would buy that house and the 40 acre farm. Back then a farmer with a team of horses could make a living for a family on a 40 acre farm.

My father Ruland Hatton was born in Fillmore Utah in 1904. They first meet while both serving missions in the Northwestern States Mission. Mother returned to Utah State and graduated during the depression. Jobs were scarce so she went to Fillmore, Utah to teach Home Economics in the high school. She had no idea Elder Hatton was from Fillmore, but



Parley and Zenobia

when he returned home, their friendship grew and they were married the following May.

They lived for a short time in Fillmore and then came to Idaho, first buying a farm in Coltman--just North of Idaho Falls. Times were hard during the depression, and the government, in an attempt to keep prices high, required farmers to destroy part of their crops and animals before they could sell the remaining portion. The folks had seen so much want in the cities during their missions that they could not stand to see the waste. They refused to follow the government's plan, were unable to sell their crops to obtain the money to make the payments, and therefore lost their farm.

A few years later, in about 1936, Mother and Daddy bought the farm in Ammon that Mother had seen as a young girl. By this time, they had three children, Richard, Marlene and LeOra. Carole joined the family after they moved to Ammon.

By today's standards, we were very poor, but I never felt poor. Yes, there were people who had more than we did, but many were even worse off.

I knew families that didn't have inside bathrooms, and we did. We didn't have heat in every room, just two coal stoves so we had to get up early and make a fire to have one warm room. When we got our first oil burner, we thought it was great--a room would already be warm when we got up. Years later, we finally got a furnace and the whole house would be warm. Although it may be impossible for people today to understand how we could live without such "luxuries," we didn't even know what we were missing, and were very happy.

Before we moved in, the ward used to hold dances in the three main-floor rooms of our house, since the church had not yet been expanded. As I think back to our church, one of my main memories is all the steps--steps to get in, steps to get into the chapel, the Relief Society Room, the Recreation Hall--it seemed like you had to take steps to get anywhere. As I've gotten older and struggled with health problems, it has made me wonder how those who were sick or crippled were able to attend church, but I didn't think of that back then.



Back row: Richard, Marlene, LeOra, Carole; Front row: Ruland (Daddy), Eve (Mother)

One of my main memories of growing up is how the neighbors all worked together. No one rested until everyone had their crops in. Farming was hard work and harvesting required a crew. I remember as a little girl, the crew of neighbors (even wives) harvesting beets. First, a digger, drawn by horses would soften the dirt. Next, people would go through, and using long handled knives with a hook on the end, would hook the beet, pop it out of the ground, catch it with their other hand, chop off the top with their knife, and then throw the beets in a row. Others would then follow and throw the beets into a wagon to be taken to the sugar factory in Lincoln.

Harvesting grain was also a big job that everyone worked on together. First the grain was cut and bundled by a harvesting machine pulled by horses. Next, crowds, including kids, followed and piled the bundles into larger bundles. Men would then come by and load the bundles onto horse-drawn wagons which carried it to the thrashing machines that traveled from farm to farm. I remember how dusty everything seemed to get. Another vivid memory was the women cooking big meals for the men and boys.

I remember when I was in fifth grade, staying out of school to help in the hay. We used a wagon drawn by horses. I'd be on the wagon and two men (my Dad and our neighbor) would pitch the hay up to me to tromp and even the load. Once we were loaded, we would travel to the stack yard where I drove the derrick horse. I would back her up to lower the big hay fork. Daddy would guide it into the wagon to grab a load of hay, make sure the catch was locked, and then say "take it up." I would then guide the derrick horse forward to raise the load. The neighbor would guide the load to where he wanted the hay stacked and would then say "trip" which was Daddy signal to pull the rope which released the hay.

One day, when working in the hay, we were close to the Falls in the upper part of our farm when we surprised some boys who were sluffing school and skinny-dipping. The men started to laugh. I was too embarrassed to look so I never

knew who they were. I'm sure they had no idea a girl was there since I was dressed in pants like a boy, and girls always wore dresses.

Times have changed and machines now do much of the work we had to do, but farming often still depends upon people doing extraordinary things. I remember a time, later in my life, when I had come home on a Saturday morning to find my Dad distraught. He had twenty acres of straw baled in the top field. A storm was coming and he could not find anyone to hire to haul it in. If it got wet, it would be destroyed. I knew there had to be a way. My 12-year old nephew Bruce knew how to haul straw but it seemed ridiculous to expect him to undertake such a job. Nevertheless, I believed that together we could do it. I had a clock radio that I knew he loved. I went to him with a proposition: "If you will load the truck, I will drive and pray—and we can do this. When we're done, you can have my clock radio." Together, we hauled 13 loads of straw that day and succeed in emptying the field. Daddy could hardly believe that a lady and a boy could move a field of straw in a day. He said a crew of men could not have done it. It shows what a little motivation and a lot of prayer can accomplish. The clock radio still works. Bruce has given it to his son. It is still a treasured possession for all it represents.

On another occasion, Richard had surgery and mother stayed with him all night in the hospital. My Dad got up and milked and then said to me, "Check the cows in a while" and he went to trade Mother off. When I went out to check on the cows, I found one was bloated—an often fatal condition that occurs when a cow eats too much green hay. They puff up with gas until it kills them. This cow was backing up, which I recognized as the last stage before they fall over and die. I put her in the barn and tried to do what I had seen my Dad do. Carole ran up the road to Ed Larsen's place and he came right down. That is what neighbors did. The cow was very unhappy and threw her head and caught my arm, puncturing an artery, sending blood all over me and the barn. Ed took one look and said to my Mother, take her to the hospital and I will do

my best to save the cow. As it turned out, my injury wasn't as bad as all the blood led us to believe, and the cow even lived! This is just another example of how neighbors would come on a moment's notice when someone was in need.

I remember when I was a young child; my Mother's uncle came to visit. I remember him saying as he left, "your children will never get in trouble, you keep them too busy." Children that lived on farms worked. It seemed to me we barely got to the edge of the beet field and we would have to start over again. But there was always lots of excitement and things to do around the farm.

This tradition of helping each other has continued through the years. In 1973, my Dad fell off a haystack and broke his neck. Neighbors rallied around and helped take care of the farm and the 30 dairy cows. It was almost humorous at times; to watch men who had never farmed, try to help out. But everyone helped. Their assistance was very important as I don't think my Dad would have had the motivation to get well if he hadn't know the farm and cows were waiting for him to come back.

These are just a few example of how people worked together and supported each other. The legacy of support and hard work continues to bless the lives of not only those who live here, but many others through those who have moved into other areas of the world. Another thing that stands out in my memory is how accepting people were of one another. We were taught that we should just accept people for who they were. I can never remember my folks criticizing anyone for their lifestyle. We had a neighbor family who I used to babysit for. They lived much different than we did—often holding parties that would last for days. But Mother was happy for me to babysit as long as it was at our house. While it would have been easy to criticize this family, we were never allowed to do so.

I had another friend whose dad smoked, but as little girls, we reasoned that since he smoked "camels" it didn't count. Oh, the accepting nature and logic of children. I often wish people today were more accepting of those around them, but I

am very grateful for the example I saw from my folks and neighbors.

Education was very important in our home. Mother had graduated from college when it was very rare for women to even attend. All of my siblings attended university and three of us received Master's degrees. School was always an exciting time for me. I think I had a class in every room in the Ammon School. The lower floor was for eight graders, the top floor was for the high school. I loved school and we had mostly excellent teachers. Graduation was held at the end of the 8th grade and many boys never went on. It was so common that we never thought about it. Many others dropped out during high school. Lest you think only the poorer students dropped out, so did some of the smartest kids when they got married.

There wasn't much of a line between school and some of our church activities. Primary was very different from today. Everyone attended. On Wednesday afternoon we all marched off to the church. After primary was over, we would then walk back to the school to catch the buses home. The only person I knew who didn't go one day, was given so much extra homework she never missed again. Once we were in high school, as far as I can remember, everyone went to seminary. This may have been in part because we loved to dance and seminary class on Fridays was always a dance.

I was the last class to graduate from Ammon high school in 1951. Then, when I graduate from Ricks College with a BS they announced that from then on, Ricks would only be a two year institution. I jokingly said I had to continue to prove I had even graduated since my high school no longer existed and my college no longer granted 4-year degrees. I then attended graduate school at in Provo, Utah.

As a child we used to have terrible lightning storms. I remember when a neighbor was killed out irrigating, so it was always scary if Daddy was down the field when a storm moved in. One day our house was hit by lightning. I remember the phone on the wall was full of black ashes when they opened it. They said the phone had saved our house.

Speaking of phones, in that day we were on a party line. Our number was 093R4. The phone would ring anywhere between one and five rings. One ring was for one neighbor, two rings was for another, and so on up to five rings. We were 4 rings. One thing I remember is that you never said anything on the phone you didn't want all the neighbors to hear.

Families tended to live closer together. In 1967, Carole and Wayne built a house in the pasture next to the folk's home. What a blessing that was to the folks and to Carole's children, Bruce, Paula, Brad and Angie and what a blessing to the kids to have grandparents to love and teach them. I sometimes worry about what we lose when families move so far apart.

It was a sad day when my Dad left us in 1981. Seven years later my Mother followed him. When Carole's husband passed years later, we planned to continue to live side by side in our homes, but that changed too. Houses were popping up everywhere and there was no choice but to sell our beloved farm. We chose to live just across the tracks in attached twin houses. We are still so close, but everything so different. Richard now lives in Ucon and has 8 children. LeOra lives in Camarillo California and has 7 children.

I often think our farm was the perfect place to grow up. We loved our family, our home, and our farm. We learned to work hard and to love everyone around us.

—Marlene Hatton, December 27, 2011

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BRIGHAM CLEO HOKANSON AND RELIA BEE

Brigham and Relia were married November 6, 1933 in the Salt Lake Temple. They lived with his parents and ran the dairy farm at Grover, Wyoming. Lucretia was born at home August 25, 1934.

In the fall of 1935 Brigham's brother Julyous

took over that dairy farm. Brigham went to fight forest fires and Relia moved in with her parents at Georgetown, Idaho. Brigham soon joined them. Mary was born January 7, 1936 at home in a log house. These were tough times and everyone had to sacrifice during the depression. JoAnne was born at home in Georgetown also, in a log house with no electricity or water. Brigham held a lantern for the doctor while the baby was delivered on June 9, 1937.

Brigham's brother, Wilford in Ammon, Idaho, told him there would be more work for farmers there, since the growing season was longer. In the summer of 1938 they made the move. When evening came, they pulled over, took the bed from the load, set it up and slept the night. It was nice warm weather and they enjoyed this adventurous move. They moved into a squared log home on the Thornley place. This was on 17th street about ¼th mile east of Ammon-Lincoln road on the South side.

Relia stored her empty canning jars in the attic. Her brother Dick and his friend stayed for a while and slept in the attic, entering through an outside opening, after climbing a ladder. Rather than climbing down in the night to use the outhouse, they would fill up the canning jars!



Lucretia and Mary

During the winter the jars froze and broke. It was not until spring when they melted and drained through the ceiling that Relia knew what had happened. She was very upset and it was a good thing they were long gone!

Also while living there Lucretia and Mary disappeared one day. After looking everywhere Relia was ready to have the neighbors drag the nearby canal. Then she heard giggles and found them hiding under a canvas on the porch. The kids

got spanked and hugged at the same time!

Next the family moved to the Clements place in the old downtown part of Ammon. This is where the oven door of the cook stove fell down on Mary and JoAnne's legs. JoAnne was trapped in the high chair and received severe burns. She carries the scars yet today. Also this is where Clayson Simmons nearly ran over JoAnne's head. He didn't see her in front of the car when he went to leave. She had tire marks on her face.

Another daughter, Ruth, was born December 16, 1939, while living there. This was their first child born in a hospital. She was born at the old LDS Hospital down by the Snake River. The adjoining property to the north had been purchased by the church to build a Temple. The owners of the property had not removed their pigpens by the deadline given. Relia watched from the hospital window as a bulldozer carefully pushed over the pens, sending pigs running everywhere!

Brigham brought Relia and the new baby home on Christmas day. She was wrapped in a pink blanket with tinsel. There weren't many gifts, but she was the greatest; their first with red hair. At this place blankets were hung on the back of chairs for privacy to bathe in a round tin tub by the warm stove.

Later the family moved into a house down a long lane on Bishop Whiting's place. It was located east off Crowley road (or 45th east) between Sunnyside and 17th street. While living there Lucretia began the first grade, walking down that long lane to catch the bus. She became ill and had to have her tonsils taken out. JoAnne, Mary and Relia remember the horses running away with Brigham while he was harrowing. He was able to get them under control and stop safely. Mary remembered her mother looking out of the window watching Brigham and saying, "I really love that man".

Brigham went to work for Justin Anderson, so in the spring of 1941 we were living in a sheep camp wagon. At first it was on the White

place, located east on 49th south, a half-mile or so from Crowley road, and then south down a lane. Relia fell out of the camp wagon and hurt her knee. After a short time the sheep camp, pulled by a team of horses, was moved to the spring range in the foothills above Ammon.

One day when the four little girls were playing outside, their mother had the distinct impression to get them all inside the sheep camp. Soon after doing so, she heard something and looked out the back window. There was a rattlesnake curled up right where baby Ruth had been sitting. There was a bum lamb tied up nearby. Relia threw a flat iron out the back window. It only made the snake mad, so she went out, got the axe and chopped the snake into pieces. When Brigham came back from watching the sheep, she told him what had happened. He said, "We'll move the camp, the snakes mate might be nearby." Brigham killed several rattlers while in that area. He told of one day while watching the sheep he was riding the horse into a rocky area. The horse became nervous. He noticed a ball of snakes laying on a flat rock. He backed the horse up and went way around.

The older girls had been sleeping in a teepee tent because there wasn't room for all of them in the sheep camp. When Mr. Anderson came with supplies he was told of the event. He went back to the valley and got a two-wheeled trailer. The teepee tent was then put on top of the trailer. Now no one would have to sleep on the ground in the snake-infested area.

Soon the sheep were trailed to the summer range in Little Valley near Grays Lake. Horses again pulled the sheep camp. The door of the sheep camp was in the front and was in two pieces so the bottom part could be shut while the driver held the reins.

It was a great adventure for four little girls. Years later they realized what a sacrifice their mother had made. Relia did the washing for the family of six on a washboard. The



Mary, Lucretia with baby Ruth, and JoAnne

tub and dishpan hung outside the camp. There was a small wood stove for heat. Relia also used it to cook, bake and heat water for washing and bathing.

Little Valley was a beautiful place and no rattlesnakes! The camp was situated as close to a creek or spring as possible to make it easier to get water. Brigham built a raised willow toilet for Relia because of her bad knee. He included a canvas around the exposed side for privacy. Most of the time the family enjoyed the summer camp out. Relia never complained about the lack of conveniences. The family learned to appreciate the beautiful outdoor world and its creatures. They sometimes visited with other nearby herders. Some of them also had families.

Brigham often took some of the girls with him as he herded the sheep. The girls remember eating pork and beans with a wooden spoon he had whittled. They remembered being covered with their dads' coat or a canvas and tucked under a bush during a thunderstorm.



Brigham and one of the girls at the White place

In the fall of 1941 they moved back to Ammon on the White place. This time they got to live in the house for the winter; their first with a bathroom. A wood stove in the kitchen was for cooking, but also to warm little lambs born out in the bad weather. The family could attend church, except for one Sunday when Relia's only Sunday dress was eaten off the clothesline by the neighbor's calf. Mary remembers Relia was fixing Elma Crows hair when the announcement came over the radio of the Pearl Harbor attack on December 7, 1941.



Lucretia, Mary, Ruth and JoAnne with Christmas dolls

In the spring of 1942 the sheep camp was pulled by a pickup to the summer range in Little Valley and the sheep were trucked up. The family spent another wonderful summer learning even more to love the mountains, pines and wild life.



JoAnne, Lucretia, Brigham, Mary and Ruth

Brigham bought a 22 caliber single shot rifle for four dollars. The rifle was to protect the sheep against predators. It is a family heirloom. Lucretia remembers her dad shooting a rock chuck and rendering the fat to make a dressing for rubbing and softening the horses' hobbles.



Mary, Brigham, JoAnne, Baby Ruth and Lucretia

Up White Mountain canyon was a round roof cabin. Brigham made a swing on the porch and covered the pack rat holes inside the cabin with tin can lids and boards. The girls were able to use it for

a bedroom. They also had a lot of fun with frogs in the creek.

Brigham and Relia thought it was important for the family to attend church year around. In the fall of 1942 the family moved into the Ed Hansen rental. It was near the end of 17th street on the north side of the road on a little hill. It is now the location of the new Stake Center. The original part of the house, the kitchen area was lava rock with stucco. The front two rooms were frame. While there Brigham worked at various jobs, including the Sugar Factory in Lincoln, running a grain fanner/treater, the brick plant in Ammon, and a potato dehydration plant in Idaho Falls. They always had large gardens. The first season Brigham dug a hole to store carrots and potatoes. He covered it with straw and dirt.



*Ilene, Arla
and Emily*

The next summer he built a fruit cellar by digging down to the lava rock. He had to build the top up higher than normal because he couldn't dig it very deep, piling up more lava rock for walls and then covering the roof with dirt. It was somewhat higher than a normal root cellar!

Some of the time when there was no car Brigham would ride a bike to work. Brigham had had a hernia for several years. When he had an appendicitis attack the doctor took care of both problems at the same time. The older girls took turns walking with Relia to Idaho Falls to visit Brigham while in the hospital. Several good neighbors gave them rides.

They stayed there long enough to have three more daughters. Emily was born October 15, 1943, Ilene March 4, 1945 and Arla on March 6, 1946 making a total of seven daughters.

We all remember the hand operated water

*Lucretia,
Mary, Joanne,
Ruth, Emily
with Arla and
Ilene*



pump; it was hard work. In the cold of the winter some of the girls were foolish and put their tongue on the cold pump handle. There were salamanders, commonly known as water dogs living down in the well housing.



Brigham and Brother Wilford

During the late summer and fall we ate apples from the trees to the west of the house. In the fall we drank lots of apple juice made by using a borrowed cider press, worms and all. The big tree in the southwest corner is where Lucretia climbed and fell and broke her left wrist. The pasture to the east had a low spot and got very deep when irrigated. All of us played there often and had many wonderful times. Even mom and dad would join in the fun sometimes.

Relia taught other ladies to knit and crochet. The Wirkus family had immigrated from Germany a few years before. They were our neighbors to the west. Mrs. Wirkus was left-handed and didn't speak very much English. Relia taught her to knit by facing her to mirror her actions instead of learning side by side.

During the Second World War a Japanese family was living nearby and could not get the school bus driver to stop at their house. Brigham had them come and get on the bus with the Hokanson girls. The Japanese family had a son serving in the military at that time. Wartime brought shortages, ration books, black market and greetings from

Uncle Sam. When Brigham received his call many tears were shed, by his family who thought he would be leaving to go to war. Because of his age, hernia, and number of children he was disqualified.

One day Mary was running backwards, fell over a little wagon and broke her right arm. Ruth seemed to be accident-prone. She got cut on her face the first Sunday in July three years in a row! Each time required stitches. One time a swing hit her on the playground, another time some old bed springs fell on her, and the last time she fell on an iron wheel outside.

One year Brigham raised rabbits in a barn to the east. The neighbor's cat got into them and killed all the fryers, which was much needed food for the family at that time.

Relia was a 4-H leader, teaching the girls to sew. They also had a 4H campout in the hills. Walter Crow's school bus provided the transportation. In those days the drivers owned their own buses and contracted to the schools for their services. Relia had a talent for making crepe paper flowers. She took orders for Memorial Day and sold them to help with the income.

Brigham had wanted a home of their own for a long time. He purchased a building lot in Ammon along with 3 surplus labor tents from the Sugar Factory. Plans were for the family to live in the tents while a basement was built; then live in the basement and build on top. The Ammon City Fathers said no. Brigham's cousin, Walter Crow, temporarily offered some of his property towards the foothills. (East on 21st about a mile and up a north lane) In March of 1948 the family moved into the tents. Each tent was



Relia by the storage tents

approximately 12 X 12 feet. They had wooden floors and sides, several feet high. The upper walls and ceiling were canvas. There was heavy felt-like paper with printed flowers on the interior walls that kept the wind from blowing through the cracks in the wood. The three tents were set up in

a row with a canvas shelter connecting the kitchen and bedroom tents. The third tent was for storage. The first night the pet goldfish froze in their bowl.

There were some Navajo Indians camped in tents, teepees and an old house down the lane. They were there for potato harvest at the Nielson Brothers Farms. At that time they wore traditional dress and spoke only Navajo. Communication with them was by using motions and signals.

Relia washed outside with a washing machine that had an electrical cord running from the tents, where electricity had been hooked up. Water was heated in a boiler over a fire pit that Brigham had dug. He placed a grate over the pit to hold the boiler. There was a garden area where the whole family worked together. It was a fun adventure for the kids, but was a real hardship for the parents.

It got cold again before the family moved into a log house on the Monroe Nance place in November of 1948. This was on Sunnyside road just east of Crowley (or 45th) just past Elkington corner. This house had 3 rooms, a kitchen, living room and bedroom. It had an outside entrance to the basement where there was a fruit storage area

and a bedroom with two double beds. The floor was dirt and in the winter the cinderblock walls glistened with frost. The hard winter of 48-49 was spent living at this place. The family was snowed in for three weeks at a time on more than one occasion that winter.



*Lenaia Hokanson, Arla, Ilene,
Emily and Mary*

Brigham was milking cows for Mr. Nance. Since there were no boys he taught his three oldest girls to milk. They were awakened at 4:30 am. Wearing heavy chore coats they would carry the milking machines, which had been brought home the night before to be washed. This was a long walk past the old chicken coop and over to the barn behind the Nance home. Brigham also taught the girls how to swing their arms and put their hands under their armpits to keep their hands warm also to dance to keep their toes warm. It took two girls to help with each milking so every third time one girl got to stay home. However, when the power was off all three were needed to milk by hand. The girls who milked always bathed before getting ready for school; they didn't want to smell like a cow barn. It took a lot of effort to carry in, melt and heat the many buckets of snow needed for bathing and washing. Well water was carried from Nance's for drinking and cooking.

There was a mean bull in with the herd of cows. Once he slipped into the barn without being noticed. His size and markings were similar to one of the cows. He enjoyed the currying, however when it came time for JoAnne to wash the udder, he lunged forward and broke the stanchion. Mary was grainng the cows and when the bull jumped, she jumped into the grain bin. Finally he backed out and left the barn.

Once they were snowed in with one lump of coal left. Snowplows didn't run regularly in those days. Relia called to order more coal and told them to come now because there had been a death and the road had just been plowed past them to the cemetery. The snow banks were nearly as high as the electric lines.

Once a relative came to live with them for a while. She smoked and drank coffee. The folks had taught their girls to abstain from these things. Without thinking of her feelings the older girls hid her can of coffee in the grain bin in the barn. Emily buried her pack of cigarettes in the snow bank. Relia, who suspected foul play, borrowed some coffee from the neighbors. The girls didn't fess up for a long time.

In the summer Brigham dug a hole in the ground by the side of the house, next to the ditch. He lined it with burlap and kept it wet. That was their cooler for food. They put water from the ditch into the barrel and let it settle. Later they carefully dipped water out and carried it into the house to heat for laundry.

JoAnne remembers helping Brigham bring the cows to the corral, when they realized the mean bull was bellowing and heading for them. Her dad told her to run for the corral. Brigham turned, crouched down, and whipping a willow back and forth and bellowed at the bull. It stopped just long enough for him to get to the corral.

In the spring of 1950 it was decided Brigham would run the farm for ½ of the crops, agreed by handshake. During the summer the girls were taught to pitch hay, run the derrick horse, Jackson fork, thin beets and other farm duties. Often when Brigham was spending long hours on the farm the girls did the milking all by themselves. In the fall they helped cook for the thrashers and helped their dad harvest hay with horse drawn equipment. The girls followed their dads' example by using a pitchfork to fold the partially dried hay over so the other side could dry. The whole family worked hard, irrigating, weeding and harvesting. Brigham had a way of praising and encouraging the girls so they worked their best for him and learned much needed life lessons. The sharecropping arrangement didn't work out at all. Brigham said, "then I will have to go somewhere else so I can feed my family." So the family moved.

In October of 1950 Brigham found a job with a farmer in the St Leon area for Frank Hallewell on the Bud Frew place. He would be paid a good monthly wage. The house had three rooms; kitchen, bedroom and a big living room used for the girls bedroom. This was the nicest bedroom they had ever had. There was a large cinderblock building, which had been used as a turkey slaughterhouse, where they roller-skated and had a spook alley on Halloween. There were 7 girls and Brigham had given up hopes of getting a son and

gave his childhood treasured marbles to the girls. However, on February 12, 1951 his first son was born; Joseph Brigham (or JB) was named after his father and grandfather. They were so excited to get a son and redheaded to boot! Brigham wondered if he should have given his marbles away sooner! After the birth Relia got an infection and the family came close to losing their mother.

At first Brigham did general farm work, but was happy when the dairy was turned over to him. It was more modern and didn't require help from the girls. They were able to be more involved in school and church activities and find odd jobs to make extra money. They planned to go to girls' camp at Darby. When the time came, Mary was very sick. JoAnne and Lucretia went with the Lincoln Ward. This is when lightning struck and 4 girls and 1 leader were killed while hiking to the Wind Caves. Lucretia's group didn't go on the hike; they thought it had been cancelled because of rain and mud. JoAnne left with her group of three girls, however one girl got sick and the other two were asked to come back to camp with her. The family has always felt that Devine intervention saved the girls from being on that hike! When word hit the news parents were asked to stay home to avoid a traffic jam in Darby canyon. Our parents were obedient but very anxious because communication was so slow in those days. They worried until the girls arrived home safely.

In the fall of 1951 the dairy cows were sold. Brigham found a job milking for Jack Bailey back in Ammon. At first the family lived in a house across from grandpa Fields, about 2 miles south of 17th street on



One of the neighbors

Crowley road (or 45th). 1951-1952 was another hard winter. Lucretia remembers one time when her dad wrapped his feet in burlap for extra warmth to walk over a mile to the barn for chores. He did this so she could take the car to a basketball game. He was such a kind and loving man.

In the spring of 1952 the family moved into an old converted army barracks located

on Jack Bailey's farm, which had been moved in. After a while Jack Bailey talked about selling his cows and getting out of the dairy business.

The lot purchased years before in Ammon was finally sold. Brigham and Relia decided to use some of that money to pay a debt, which had weighed heavy on his heart for a long time. Some good men had paid his obligation for bonding during the depression when he had tried unsuccessfully to sell McNess products. Now in the spring of 1953 they could purchase a home of their own with a clear conscience. They found a 24' X 24' basement home in Iona. There was a bed and a sofa bed in the front room, a double-decker full bed and a trundle in the bedroom and a crib in the closet for the coming baby. They had their first electric range, a bathroom and a laundry room.

Relia had made and sold crepe paper flowers for Memorial Day for quite a few years. Now plastic flowers had become popular so Relia started sewing doll clothes and wedding dresses for income.

Surprise! April 18, 1953 twins were born; Judy Leone, a bonus little sister and Jerry Lynn, a brother for JB. Relia shared a hospital room with her oldest daughter, Lucretia, who had her first baby the night before, a little girl, Vaunda Lou. It seemed like



Relia Hokanoson with her twins Jerry and Judy and Lucretia with her daughter Vaunda

together they had triplets! This made 5 generations of oldest daughters in each generation on the mothers' side.

As the babies got older and started using baby jumpers, there were two separate accidents where the heavy spring broke, came down and cut their heads. After the second accident their big sister, Ruth, burned the jumpers. A small shed was moved into the back yard where the older children sometimes slept. Brigham again dug a fruit cellar. JB remembers going in and eating a half a quart of peaches, sometimes forgetting to go back and eat the other half. Relia discovered this and he was in trouble. While in Iona Brigham worked at several jobs; for Keith Olsen on his dry farm, the foundry, Clark Concrete and Clinton Cox. Emily, Ilene, and Arla took dancing lessons from Miss Larry Kroll. Relia sewed many dance costumes to pay for the lessons. This especially was important to Ilene and Arla.

Brigham decided he wanted to get back into dairy work. He went to the newspaper to place a want ad. While there someone else was placing an ad for a dairy herdsman. The clerk said, "Why don't you two talk to each other and save the price of a want ad?" He was hired by Marden Wells to work on the Paul Holmes dairy farm in Roberts, Idaho. The family moved there in spring of 1958. The Iona home was rented out. This house had a kitchen, bath, large living room and two bedrooms. There was a closed in front porch where Relia set up a sewing room. The barn where Brigham milked was southwest of the house and had 26 milking stalls all on floor level. The south end of the barn housed the calf pens and a hayloft above where the girls had barn dances and slumber parties. Mary parked her trailer in the yard by the house while her husband, James Simpson, served in Germany while in the Army.

Relia broke her ankle while there and Brigham suffered a minor heart attack. It was a warning of something more serious if he did not find a more modern dairy with raised stalls, making his workload easier.

In the summer of 1960 the family moved to

Osgood. Through word of mouth by the dairy inspector, Brigham's good reputation got him a job on Hansen Farms. Norman and Reid Hansen, brothers, ran the farm, which included the dairy operation, hay, grain, and potatoes. The modern barn had raised stalls. While here Relia's brother, Richard (Dick) Bee passed away, leaving two children, Sherry and Richard. Their mother had passed earlier so they came to live with the Hokansons. The three older girls were married and gone; however this brought the children count back up to nine. There were three bedrooms in the basement with three kids in each bedroom. After a while the Hansen's started talking about selling the cows and getting out of the dairy business. Standards were higher and it was harder to stay grade A. In the spring of 1965 Hansen's sold their dairy cows. This time, through the milk truck driver, Brigham heard about a job in Firth.

In May Brigham went to work for Eldro Reid in the Rose/Firth area. The family followed in June after school was out. The farm was located about 5 miles west of Firth across the Snake River on West River road. The barn was smaller with only 4 stalls, two on each side, raised to waist level. To the south were the river bottoms where the boys spent many hours exploring. Now Brigham's boys were old enough to be a huge help. Relia's father, Joseph H. Bee came to visit each summer for several years. About this time the house in Iona sold. Brigham and Relia bought a home on Franklin Street in Firth. At first it was rented out while they worked the dairy. After several years Brigham's hands were hurting with arthritis and it was time to retire as a dairy herdsman. Jerry and JB would soon be leaving. In the spring of 1970 they moved into the house on Franklin Street and Brigham took a job at the Idaho Supreme Plant north of Firth. He ran the wastewater treatment facility. Grandpa Bee eventually came to live with them full time. During a Stake Conference in Firth, Elder Lorin C. Dunn, a visiting General Authority, came to their home to see Grandpa Bee. Relia taught many more women to knit and Crochet, still having success teaching left-handed ladies by

facing them. She also had a very large doll collection. Many of them were given to her from friends and family from different places around the world. Some were antique or collector's items and some were inexpensive but she just liked them.

The Teton dam broke on June 6, 1976 early on a Saturday morning. The large canal running through Firth south of the house flooded, forcing Brigham and Relia to evacuate on Sunday morning. The crest of the flood went through Firth west of the railroad tracks on Sunday night and Monday morning. Later that week many of the family gathered to pump out the basement and clean up. After the flood they took out the coal furnace and put in a natural gas unit. This gave Brigham space to set up a shop and they started building dollhouses there in the basement. This home was the site of many family reunions, birthday parties, and just good fun times. Grandpa Bee passed away on June 25, 1984. Relia died of complications after surgery in the EIRMC Hospital September 8, 1991. Brigham passed away at his home in Firth on October 27, 1994 of congenital heart failure.

Lucretia married Vaun Larsen, a farmer who turned to auto mechanics. They have six children. After retirement they served a mission on the Navajo reservation and ten years as Temple Ordinance Workers. Lucretia loves to sew and has made many quilts. They live in Iona.

Mary married James Simpson. He worked at the Sugar Factory in Moses Lake, Washington and Idaho Supreme in Firth. They had three children and helped raise three more. Mary took oil painting lessons more than once. After retirement they served a mission in Mesa, Arizona at the Family History Center. They would take their trailer and spend winters going south, where Mary did a lot more painting. Mary fought a long hard battle with health problems, including 4 heart surgeries. She passed away January 10, 2011. Jim lives in Lincoln, Idaho.

JoAnne is married to Albert Osborne, who served in Korea and Viet Nam. She had three children and he had two. JoAnne likes to sew; she redid the interior of an antique car that won first

place in several car shows. She really enjoys her new embroidery sewing machine. They live in Ammon with their daughter.

Ruth graduated from Utah State University in Elementary Education. She married Heber Rasmussen and taught school for 25 years. They have four boys. They served missions at BYU dairy farm in Spanish Fork and Colorado Denver South. Also a couple of service missions in Roosevelt, Utah where they now live and serve in the Vernal Temple.

Emily graduated from Idaho Falls High School. She married Johnnie Topper and had three children; then divorced. Emily worked at resorts in housekeeping, as a waitress, and as a pantry cook. (Jackson Lake Lodge, Camel Back Inn in Arizona and the Sun Valley Inn) She has sewed many Barbie doll clothes and served a mission at the Distribution Center. She now lives in Idaho Falls.

Ilene married Reed Mathews and had 12 children. (11 living) they raised their family on a farm in Rigby, where she still lives. Reed passed away in 1996. Ilene keeps busy and happy helping with her children and grandchildren. She worked for Rigby Schools in the Special Education Department and really enjoyed her time there. Ilene raises big gardens, cans the produce, and loves to sew.

Arla went into the women's Navy right out of High School. She served at the Oak Knoll Burn Hospital in Oakland, California. There she met and married Roland Cooper, a Navy Medic. She was honorably discharged when she became pregnant. They had three children. She was diagnosed with post-traumatic stress, bi-polar and other problems. She died November 13, 1988.

Joseph Brigham (JB) graduated from Firth High School and served in the Navy in Viet Nam on a Destroyer. He has two sons from a marriage during that time. Later he went to school at Ricks College in the Manufacturing Program. JB then worked as a welder, machinist, and in research and development. He married Sheryl Youngstrom and they raised nine children. Late in life they started a small manufacturing business together. They now live north of Idaho Falls.

Judy graduated from Firth High School and married John Cole, who was in the Navy. He served in Viet Nam and later they moved around for a while doing different jobs. They have four children. Judy took after her mother, as she loves sewing and collecting dolls. They settled in at Illinois where they now live.

Jerry attended three semesters at Ricks College before receiving his mission call to Stockholm, Sweden. He married Lanae Hillman, his High School sweetheart from Firth. Jerry has served in numerous capacities in Scouting ever since his marriage. He currently works at Spudnick and has been there since 1989 in various positions. Together Jerry and Lanae keep busy catering weddings. They have six children and live in Firth.

This history compiled by the children and edited and typed by Cindy Morgan.

received very good grades. She graduated from the eighth grade and started high school but was not able to finish. One of her favorite things to do was ride horses and she was quite the horseman.

Dora was only 14 when she met Dolph at the horse race in Wolverine Idaho. They dated for two years before Dolph left for Holland to serve a 30 month LDS mission and Dora waited for him. They were married a year after he returned on April 2, 1930 in the Salt Lake City temple. They had four children. The first was Elnora Carolina who died a few hours after her birth. Two years latter they lost a second child when Dora was five months pregnant. Finally in 1935 Donald was born and they were over joyed. Two years latter in 1937 DeAnn was born and then 18 months latter Dayle was born. Dolph and Dora raised their family in the Ammon home that Dolph's father built. They later remodeled it into a beautiful home.

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DOLPH AND DORA HOLM

Carl Theodore Adolphus (Dolph) Holm was born on August 18, 1907 in Coltman Idaho. He is the son of Carl Otto Holm and Viktorina Molin Holm. He had five sisters and two brothers plus a cousin Ed Carlson who his parents also raised. In 1908 his family moved to Ammon. As a young boy Dolph spent his time herding cattle. For fun he and his cousin, Ed Carlson loved to race their horses. In the summer of 1924 there were two races, one in Menan and one in Wolverine. They both wanted to go to the Wolverine race and so they tossed a coin and Dolph won the toss. Little did he know that he was going to change his life that day because at the race he met a beautiful young lady by the name of Dora Cox.

Dora Holm was born on November 12, 1910 in Jameston Idaho. She is the daughter of Levi Ashton Cox and Elnora Arave Cox. She was the tenth daughter of 12 children and grew up in Shelley Idaho. In school she was a good student and



Dolph and Dora Holm

In 1944 Dolph was called on a one year mission to Portland Oregon. While he was gone, Dora took care of the family and the farm all by herself. Latter in 1966 Dolph and Dora served a two year

mission in Palmyra New York. They took care of the Martin Harris home. Dolph ended up serving nine missions during his lifetime. Three were fulltime missions and six were Stake missions. He had a very strong testimony of the Gospel and was even able to work in the temple for a while.

Dora loved doing ceramics. She was able to buy her first kiln by saving the money she earned by working on a potato combine. Her passion was draping porcelain lace dolls. She said it was therapy for her and that when she was in her ceramic shop she was able to forget about her illnesses and her problems. Dora and her very dear friend Betty Hanson could be seen traveling all over Utah and Idaho to ceramic shows. Dora spent many hours making ceramics and teaching classes. At first it was in her basement and then around 1977 Dolph built her ceramic shop out behind their home. He did this by salvaging shelves, windows and doors from the Teton Dam flood in Rexburg Idaho. He hated to see anything ever be wasted. Dolph supported Dora's hobby 100%. He was so proud of her talent and was very protective of the things she made. He took her to ceramic shows from California to Washington. Whenever she wanted something she would look at him with her big brown eyes and he would melt and do whatever she wanted him to do. Charlotte Sheffield who was Miss USA even asked Dora to make a doll for her. The Post Register did an article on her and her dolls that took up almost a full page. In the article they said "Mrs. Holm even looks like the China dolls she creates. She's petite and tiny almost fragile looking. There's daintiness in the way she walks". At Christmas time people would come from all around to see her special Christmas decorations. The amazing part is that Dora taught herself how to make ceramics. She would go to ceramic shows, watch the demonstrations and then go home and try to do what she had seen done. Not everything turned out perfect but she always kept trying and never gave up.

Another one of Dora's talents was sewing and in the seventies she made polyester pants suits

out of every color you can imagine. She also made clothes for her grand daughters and sometimes did it without a pattern. Dora was also an excellent cook and used her talent to feed all of the farm hands at harvest time. During the summer of 1975 they had the opportunity to manage the Big Springs Lodge where Dora was the cook and Dolph would help her.



Back row: Dayle, DeAnn, Donald. Front: Dolph and Dora

They took their children on many vacations and fishing trips. Their favorite trips were the ones to Fishing Bridge. After their children were married with families of their own Dolph and Dora would have them over regularly for the traditional patio party where Dora showered them with her delicious cooking. Dora would always say "Come back when you can" every time the family was ready to leave. They would have done anything for their children and grandchildren. Their greatest desire was to have their children, grandchildren and great grandchildren with them through eternity. They had one grandchild who got off on a wrong path and it would have been easy to give up on him, but they never did. It's a good thing because that grandson turned his life around and he gave a lot of credit to his Grandpa who stayed close to him and never gave up on him. Dolph was an early riser and a very hard worker and sometimes he drove his grandchildren crazy because he was so busy and thought they should be doing the same thing. Dolph saw a lot of potential in each of his children

and grandchildren and would encourage them in his own special way to reach that potential and as long as they were listening and doing it his way everything was just fine.

One year while Dolph and Dora were in Arizona for the winter he took tap dancing lessons. When he came home he was quite excited to show the family what he had learned. He was almost 70 years old and did pretty good. He also learned how to do macramé while he was in Arizona and enjoyed making purses, belts and plant hangers. Another talent Dolph had was playing his harmonica and often took it to family events to play it. His favorite song that he would play for Dora almost every night was “We thank thee oh God for a prophet”.

Dolph loved to go elk hunting in the Selway and even had special horses that were used just for these trips. His son Dayle, Guy Empey and Lawrence Volmer were always part of the group that went every year. Sometimes other friends and relatives joined then for the adventure. 1978 was his last trip to the Selway.

One of the most disappointing things in Dolphs’ life was when he was burning weeds and his barn caught on fire. They called the fire department but it was too late to save it and it burned to the ground. He loved that old barn and missed it for the rest of his life.

Dolph and Dora had many close friends and neighbors. Bud, Elmer and Hazel Tawzer were his neighbors for almost 80 years. They were very dear to his heart.

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ELMER L. HOLMGREN

I was born in 1912 and raised in Salt Lake City and in September 1935 I moved to Idaho Falls, Idaho. Married Luella Davis in 1936 and in 1937 I started my own business as “Holmgren Plumbing” and operated under this name until 1944. At that time, I went into business with Freeman Hansen

and founded First Street Plumbing and Heating Company located on the corner of 1st Street and Yellowstone Highway.

In 1947, we purchased an “old farm house” just outside of Ammon, Idaho across from Casey’s Corner. It was a large house which needed much work. We replaced insulation, walls, siding, electrical, heating, installed new plumbing and added two baths, painted inside and out, etc. Our family had grown we needed a bigger home. Our son, Davis, wanted to live on a farm so we could have animals. We decided that this would be good for all of us. We moved into the house just before the holidays that same year.

When we first moved to Ammon one of the neighbors, Leonard McDonald, leased our ground and farmed it. After Leonard’s brother moved away, he found that he had too much to do with his own ground so I was left to do my own farming. So for the last 8 or 9 years I farmed on Saturdays and after regular work day at the First Street Plumbing & Heating in Idaho Falls. The irrigating of the grain, hay, and pastures was the worst job. That was the worst but I managed and brought in enough money to pay taxes, water assessments, etc. Really, it was more trouble than it was worth. It also made it possible to have some horses around.

We had horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, chickens and ducks. It was for the entire family. The kids loved the horses and we would go horseback riding whenever we could. Would ride them to the railroad tracks and then ride to Sunnyside Road to the foot hills.

Five or so years after we purchased our home we added onto the house a den, storage/furnace room and garage on the north side.

In the late 40’s and early 50’s it used to snow so bad that we would have snow drifts as high as the roof on the barn. We would get snowed in several times for 1 to 2 weeks each winter depending when the snow plow would be able to come our way.

On May 26th, 1959, I was elected to a three-year term on the Board of Trustees for School District #93. Just previous to that time, there had been considerable turmoil in the Bonneville

School District due to consolidation and feuding between the Board members, the Supt. of Schools, and the patrons. I had been a candidate three years previous but, due to the strong feelings of one or two of the patrons in Ammon, I withdrew my name. The same Board members remained on the Board and the feud continued. Now, however, with the election of two new board members in 1959, things began to smooth out and we finally were able to bring unity in the District. I had been reluctant to run but had been persuaded by several friends to allow them to put my name on the ballot. It turned out to be a very enjoyable experience, filled with a great deal of satisfaction.

During these years, there always seemed to be opportunities for interesting flying experiences. A friend, Wm. Elkington and his son, Fred, valued my airplane and ability to find their lost sheep in the mountains or desert. I also took Bruce Nielson on flights, looking for strayed sheep. Flying the mountains, ridges and canyons at a low level can be very risky business if one was not experienced at mountain flying. We seemed to be able to find our objectives and return safely.

Being in the plumbing & heating contracting business brought me opportunities for various types of service. I served in the various offices including president, of the Idaho Plumbing & Heating Contractors Association. I also served on the local and state apprenticeship committees as well as trustee on tire Plumbers, Pension and Welfare Funds. These were interesting and profitable experiences giving me an opportunity to become acquainted with people from all areas. Sept. 14, 1960, I had the privilege of addressing the meeting at which the graduating apprentices were honored. My part was to represent management, not only of the plumbing & heating industry, but all the construction crafts.

Two very competent men were called to be my counselors in the new bishopric. Gerald Cheney had been a counselor to Glenn Blatter and was of great help in getting to know the people. Etsel Sommer had been the Priests Quorum advisor and had

excellent rapport with the young people. Our Ward Clerks were Orval Crow, Glen Smith, and Edwin Tamer Tawzer. We were set apart by Elder Harold B. Lee, March 1st, 1962.

Less than a month after we had been sustained a serious event occurred in the lives of the people of the Ammon Area. During the early winter of that year, the ground had frozen before any snow fell. Then we received a good amount of snow. Early in February a period of thaw came very suddenly accompanied by warm rain. Due to the frozen ground, the run-off had no place to go but down into the surrounding hills in the Ammon area. We were all in attendance at stake conference when the word was announced that we had better all get home because of the emergency. And what a flood it was! I can still see Avocet Avenue running like a raging river, flooding all the houses as it went. The houses and farms in our ward were not damaged as extensively as the ones in the Ammon 2nd Ward area. All the residents of the affected area plus many volunteers from Idaho Falls struggled thru the night evacuating people and their belongings and rescuing livestock. Then came the cleanup and the repairing. How wonderful people can be when the need is great. So many opened their homes to the flood victims, loaned pumps and equipment, and donated endless hours of service in cleanup.

On May 16, 1962, I was re-elected to another 3 year term on the School Board of District# 93. At our first meeting after that, I was elected by the Board Members to the position of Chairman, a post that I held for the total period. I enjoyed the 6 years on the School Board and learned to appreciate the school administration personal, the teachers, the Board Members, and the patrons. All were very nice to us. Peace did come to the District.

Another surprise came to us in January of 1962. Shortly before that time, our stake had been divided and we found ourselves in the now Ammon Stake with Harold Davis as our President. Because he had selected Bishop Glenn Blatter of the Ammon Ward as his counselor it became necessary to select a new bishop for that ward. On Jan. 14, 1962, I

was sustained as Bishop of the Ammon Ward and given the charge to build a new meetinghouse. The one we had at that time had been built in 1912 and had been added to for the purpose of the seminary program in the neighboring high school. It was a very unhandy and impractical building as well as being too small. Time had been spent by the previous bishops in trying to determine if it could be remodeled, always with the same result-- it just was not practical to spend more money on it.

November 1962, we commenced our efforts in regard to the building fund for the new church bldg. We initiated a system of monthly banquets to call attention to making a monthly contribution. We also commenced interviewing all the families of the ward concerning their assessment toward the building. The attitude of these people is tremendous and they are more than willing to put off buying some of the things they might want in order to meet their commitments. In addition to that, tithing increased, fast offering was paid; contributions for the purchase of the Stake farm were made. People also worked on the stake farm and contributed their share of the labor on the new Church.

September 3, 1964, I saw the happy event of the ground breaking for the new chapel. This was held in the evening at the site of the work. A piano had been loaded on a flatbed truck and chairs provided. Besides ward and stake officers, Pres. Scott of the South Idaho Falls Stake attended. Now we could go to work. Prior to that time, Wayne Wheeler and family, from Bountiful, Utah, had arrived as building missionaries to supervise the building. They stayed with us for a few days until we could find a house and furnishings for them. During the course of the building, three young missionaries also came to help us. That winter and the next summer were very busy times as we labored to complete the church. October 12, 1965, we moved into the new building. Bulldozers and trucks demolished the old one and hauled it away. Then the balance of the outside work could be completed. Elder Bernard Brockbank of the General Authorities of the Church dedicated the building on

Feb. 13, 1966. How thankful we all were to have the work completed and the building paid for. What a wonderful experience it had been.

In 1965, as the year progressed Luella & I become more and more interested in serving on a building mission for the Church. Much of our interest came thru our friendship with Neil Bradley who was active in that field.

During 1967 I was released as Bishop of the Ammon 4th Ward and sustained to the Ammon Stake High Council. My first assignments on the Council were varied but I soon was given charge of the High Priests of the Stake which involved being responsible for the Genealogy and Temple Work. Of course, there were other responsibilities as well. I served on the High Council until April 30, 1972, when I was released for reasons of ill health.

In 1971, we decided it was time to move from the farm, no need for the two of us to keep working on that big place. It had served its purpose for 24 years and now was the time to sell. August 12, 1971, we completed the sale of the farm to Fred Kvarfort. Kind of sad in a way, because it spelled the end of a chapter in our life.

2008 Compiled from my father's life "Life Story" by his daughter Jo Ann Hayes

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JOANNE JORGENSEN IN AMMON

As we were getting ready to graduate from Ricks College in the spring of 1944, our teacher said to us to pick carefully the place we were going to teach. Many times it would be the place where he would spend the rest of our lives. And so has it has been with me. I came to Ammon in the fall of 1944. I had a job in the sixth grade for \$72 a month. I have loved Ammon ever since. It had so many big trees and everything seemed so green.

That fall the school board had hired six young girls from Ricks College and we were all so excited



Joanne Purcell

to get a job to teach. Mr. Farrell Rock was our Principal and he also taught the eighth grade. Irene Bailey was the only teacher they held over and she taught the seventh grade.

I came as the sixth grade teacher, Bernice Casper was the fifth grade teacher, Elsie Knighton was in the fourth, Mabel Murray in the third, Eileen Sour in the second and Lola Chappell in the first. We had a wonderful year and continued on teaching.

I taught sixth grade for three years. At the end of the second year the war was over and the boys came home. In the summer of 1946 I married Walden Purcell. We lived in the little white house across from the church. I taught one year after that and then we started our family. I had two little boys. I was home for four years. Walden died in 1950 and I went back to teaching.

The second grade was open and I spent three years in second grade. By then teachers were being required to have four years of school and I had had only two. Ricks College was made into a four year



Walden Purcell

school and I registered and was planning to go on with my education. The Friday night before school started on Monday morning, the first grade teacher had quit. The six school board members came to my little house and asked me if I would take the first grade. After much thinking and prayer I said I would.

That summer, my friend Alice Bee, brought a nice young man to meet me. His name was Nolan Jorgensen. My little boys just climbed into his pockets. They really like him and so did I. We had been alone a little over four years and they really wanted a daddy. We were married November 12, 1954.

I continued to teach and I got my education in night classes and summer school and some correspondence classes. We built a home down the street at the end of Central Avenue. I continued to teach and I taught first grade for 33 years. I really wanted more children, but I just didn't get any. We were very lucky, we were able to adopt two more, a little boy and a little girl, Steven and Stefanie. They



Joanne and Nolan Jorgensen

completed our family and it was like we almost had two families. John was 14 when we got Steven and Bob was 17. Nolan worked out at the I.N.E.L. and we had a happy life.

You always have problems but it seemed like I always left my problems on the school house door. When I went in in the mornings there they were and when I came out at night. I loved teaching children, I loved watching them grow and learn and if I had the opportunity to do it again I would want to do the same thing. I had so many wonderful children during my 39 years as a teacher.

I had so many good friends, teachers and good principles. I have watched Ammon grow from one Ward, First Ward, to now we have 27 Ammon Wards. I have lived in my house for 56 years and have been in four stakes and 5 wards.

Ammon is still the best place I could ever have chosen to come to. I'm sure glad I did. Nolan died in 1992 after we completed a mission to New York up in the Palmyra region. I have been alone now for 20 years. Two of my children are close and two far away but we are in touch all the time.

I meet the boys and girls that I taught all the

time. It is such a pleasure and so fun to see them, they all grew up so tall and handsome and lovely. What a privilege it has been.

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ELDEN AND MILICENT LEE

LIFE ON THE FARM AT AMMON IDAHO

by Linda Lee Tobler

Joseph and Rosella Lee, with their son Wilmer, moved to Ammon from their home in Farr West, Utah in 1897. In December 1898 he purchased his first farm from C.E. McCowen. The farm was located one mile south of Ammon, by the sand hills. This farm consisted of one hundred and sixty acres. He paid nine hundred dollars for this farm, one dollar down and five years to pay the balance. The home was a one room house on the south of the farm. In 1899 they moved the house up on the north line of the farm.

In 1904 he sold the farm to Dan Denning. That same year he bought the Charles Owen place which was located in the village of Ammon. In 1905 they sold it to Dan Denning. This farm was bought and sold to Dan Denning and Mr. Cooley several times.

In 1905 they built a new home on the old farm by the sand hills, which consisted of four rooms. This home was later purchased by their son Wilmer. In that same year they bought 500 sheep. They sold them in 1908.

In 1910 Joseph was called to serve a mission for the Church Of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. He left his wife and their six children, Wilmer, Wiley, Selma, Delia, Dale Lavon, and Bessie and went onto the mission field. He labored in the Central States Mission mostly in Texas. He was released in 1911 because of cataracts in his eyes.

In 1912 Joseph bought the Charles Owens farm again from Dan Denning and moved his family from their home near the sand hills to the

village of Ammon. In 1916 He bought the Joseph Empey farm, which joined the old farm on the east, and rented the old farm to the Utah Idaho Sugar Company the same year for seven years, at sixty five hundred dollars a year. His son Elden later bought this Joseph Empey farm.

That same year Elden's father bought the Abraham Day farm of eighty acres, which his brother Wiley later purchased and the Peter Scarr farm of forty acres. Joseph's land now totaled four hundred seventy acres.

During some of these years Joseph rented a home in Idaho Falls for the winter so his kids could go to High School for there was not yet a high school in Ammon.

Joseph and Rosella's youngest son, Elden Phineas, was born on March 19, 1914. On one occasion when Elden was approximately 13 years old, he went with his father and mother to Yellowstone National Park. They took the opportunity to visit Old Faithful. His father bent over to look into the geyser, and as he did a burst of steam shot up and burned his eyes. Elden had to drive home, having never driven a car before.

In 1918 Joseph and Rosella and their family moved from the Empey place to the farm in the village of Ammon. In 1925 they built a lovely home there. It was there where they lived the remainder of their lives. This home still stands today (as of 1/20/2012).

The Lee family lived next door to the Edson Porter family. Elden knew their daughter Millecent and had been friends since the 5th grade. On November 9, 1934 they were married in the Salt Lake LDS Temple. When they returned from Salt Lake, Elden had to tend the sheep that night and he didn't think Millecent should have to stay in the cold in a sheep camp so he told Millecent that she should go stay with his folks. Millecent's reply was "NO WAY!" Needless to say, they spent the first night of their honeymoon in that very cold sheep camp, located in a field where the Ammon grain elevator now stands, (as of 2/20/2012).

Elden and Millecent's first home was located on Crowley Road, about 1 mile south of Sunnyside

where Elden farmed 40 acres. The house had no electricity, there was no water in the house, and the pump for obtaining water was hard to work. It took a long time to get and water to come up. Millecent carried the water and washed on a scrubbing board. They had only a cook stove in the house as a source of heat for the two room house. That winter was very cold and they used all of their quilts plus their coats on top of the quilts to stay warm.

The following spring Elden and Millecent moved to another farm that was owned by Elden's father Joseph Lee. This home was located 1 mile south and one quarter of a mile west of the Ammon store. The house was a two story house with high transoms above every door. There was no water in the house. There was a pump out back of the house. There they had electricity. The electric wiring was not wired in the walls of the house, but was laid out, crisscrossing across the floors on all of the upstairs rooms, so no one was allowed to go upstairs. There was a coal cook stove and an electric stove in the kitchen. They lived in two of the rooms, and as their family grew they fixed up more rooms to accommodate the growth.

Their first child, a daughter Carole, was born one day after their third wedding anniversary November 10, 1937. Millecent worried about her all winter because it was so cold in that house; however, Carole stayed well and was very healthy.

The next year, 1938 Elden built a basement home in the town site of Ammon. It was so nice



The Lee farm

and warm. It had water and a bathroom inside. Their next two daughters were born while there. Lynda was born in 1940 and Gloria in 1941. When Gloria was two months old, they moved back down to the farm south of Ammon.

Elden decided to buy that farm and they did more fixing up on the house. They put an electric pressure pump on the well and piped it to just outside the kitchen door. Their fourth daughter, Margaret, was born February 4, 1945 while they lived in this house.

Elden worked hard to improve his farm. He fought weeds, leveled the land, straightened ditches, and cut down trees until their farm was nice and level and straight. Two years later Elden purchased another 80 acres, making a total of 240 acres that he now farmed. The house on the newly purchased land was so much more comfortable than any of those they had previously lived in. They moved across the street into that home in 1947.

This house had a furnace with an automatic stoker that fed the coal into the furnace, a bathroom with indoor plumbing and two bedrooms. The kitchen had a sink with running water, and a living room. Elden had a beautiful hardwood floor put in the living room. What a wonderful warm, cozy, sunny house it was.

Elden & Millecent's first and only son, Brent, was born September 18, 1950 while living in this home. In the spring of 1955 Elden tore down by himself, the old two story house, and a beautiful yellow brick veneer home was built. By the fall of that same year on October, 1955 the family moved into their new home. The family was all elated to be in such a beautiful home. It had a garage, It had beautiful carpets, four bedrooms, a beautiful living room, a dining room, a kitchen with a dishwasher, a new stove and refrigerator, a full bath and a half bath with a shower. Downstairs housed a furnace, a bedroom, two more beds put in an open space, and a food storage room. Everything was new and lovely and for Elden and Millecent, indeed this home was their castle.

Elden was a man whose word was his bond.

He didn't like to talk much and would rather be seen than heard. His favorite pastime was playing ragtime music or John Phillip Sousa marches on the piano. He taught himself to play the piano and organ. On those long cold winter nights he and Millecent would play piano and organ duets. He loved the smell of new cars which gave him the urge to trade often. He loved his machinery and always kept them in tip top shape. He repaired, for most part, his machines when they broke down. He could sing and would sing in quartets in church sometimes with Millecent accompanying them. He was always whistling.

Elden taught his children to arise early by 6:00 am every morning, and WORK was to be the major part of that day. Because he didn't get Brent until much later, the girls were expected to participate in all of the chores that come with farm life. They worked in the fields. They weeded potatoes all summer; they drove truck for the harvest of the grain and hay. They picked up potatoes at harvest time. When the girls could see other farmers with potato machines that would dig and put potatoes on a belt and the help would ride on each side of those machines and sort and sack the potatoes, they would ask their dad why he didn't get a machine like that?

His answer was, "I have my own potato machine, and they do just fine". When the girls knew that there were chemicals that other farmers used to keep the weeds out of the potatoes, they again asked "why he couldn't get some of it for their potato fields," his answer was, "I have my own weeding crew". The girls were expected to help feed all of the animals which from time to time included cows, horses, sheep, bum lambs, chickens and pigs.

By the time Brent was old enough to help most of the girls were gone and he stepped right up to the tasks required. The phrase that will always ring in his children's ears is, "ISN'T THERE SOMETHING YOU COULD BE DOING?"

He always told his kids that he wanted them to be an asset to society. They didn't know growing up how blessed they were to be raised on a farm and to

have Elden Lee as their master trainer, or that they were given the greatest tools, that of work, that has blessed all of their lives and will bless generations to come.

Elden Lee passed away on April 18, 1995 and his sweetheart, Millecent. Porter Lee passed away eleven years later on October 27, 2006.

Their posterity as of October 27, 2006 included: 5 children, 26 Grandchildren 81, Great Grandchildren.

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WILMER LEE

Wilmer Lee known as "Bill" was born in Farr West, Utah, May 18, 1896. His parents were Joseph Lee and Rosella Thomas Lee.

His father Joseph's four brothers moved to Idaho Falls about 1897, so Joseph decided to follow. Bill was one year old when they settled in Ammon, Idaho. At a young age he began to work with his father Joseph Lee on farms that Joseph had purchased.

The first farm was purchased from C.E. McCowin. The farm was one mile south of Ammon, and was purchased for one dollar down and five years to pay. Bill was young when they moved to the house in the south of Ammon. In 1900 they cleared the sage brush from eighty acres of that farm. In 1904 Joe sold the farm to Dan Denning. That same year Joe bought the Charles Owens farm, allocated in the village of Ammon. In 1905 they built a new home on the old farm, by the sand hills. This house was purchased later by Bill.

In 1900 Joseph was called on a mission. He left his wife and six children. Bill being the oldest child took the main responsibility of the farm at the age of 14 years. Bill was active in the church, and was the ward organist from then until he left on his mission to the Southern States in 1917. Returning from his mission he was married on Dec 17, 1919. he and Pearl moved to Idaho falls where Arden

and Ruth were born while he was working for the railroad for two years. Bill decided during that time that forty acres one mile east and half mile south of Ammon. It was later purchased by Jack Baily.

While they lived in a two room house they added Virginia to their family.

The family lived there for two years and then moved to the home on 100 acres that was first purchased earlier by his father. It was a large two story house that gave the family much more room, enough room to have he cousin from Salt Lake City stay during the summers. Many happy years were spent in this house. Joseph and Bill farmed this farm, the one at Sand Hills, and the farm in Ammon where Joseph had built his home during this time.

In 1940 World War II began. At this time Bill had purchased the Sand Hills farm and moved his family to the four bedroom house that had been the first house the Lee family had built. Because of the war, Arden was drafted leaving Bill short of help on the farm. There were beets, potatoes, hay and grain to be harvested.

During the harvest time he would use German officers to harvest his crops, mostly the potatoes and beets. Pearl would cook for thirty officers and the guards.

Bill farmed until 1970, and during those years had built a new home in the village of Ammon. He worked on the farm until he turned about 70 years of age and finally retired. He sold the Sand Hill Farm to Irwin Wirkus. He worked hard all of his life and passed away in April of 1985, at the age of 88.

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GUSTAVE CHARLES AND
BERTHA MCDONALD

It was the end of the day. Dad in his bib overalls would pick up the newspaper, sit in the rocking chair read a bit and sleep a bit. The rocking chair was beside the radio with a large floor lamp behind

the chair. He would place his feet on the large foot stool which was in front of the chair and beside a huge cactus. The cactus was always in bloom. Mom helped it a bit by placing artificial blooms which everyone thought were real and said how beautiful. Mom, who would have gone to bed, would call to see when Dad would be coming.

It was in this setting that I learned a lot about our Dad. I would sit on his lap and comb his hair. He had hair which grew longer on one side which he combed over his thinning top. Sitting in this rocking chair he told me the first stories of his Mother, Father and Grandparents. I can remember being stimulated to ask questions from a Primary lesson. I can remember the time still very clearly. The questions were answered as I listened to how his Grandparents joined the church in Scotland.

Grandfather McDonald left his family in Ireland and went to Scotland where he herded geese, knitted and learned to write. Grandmother was Scottish and the both of them joined the church. Grandfather was the first Branch President. Dad told me of his pocket watch and his meticulous ways. How he would stand on a chair to put his pants on so as not to wrinkle them. With their faith and with several children, some died on the journey to America, they made their way across the plains.

I remember the pride I felt as a child that my ancestors were pioneers. After arriving in Utah, living in a dug out, they decided to go back to Kansas. As they crossed Kansas earlier they had loved the farm lands. They homesteaded on a big "McDonald Farm". Here his Dad met and married Katherine Zacher. She was from Pennsylvania with German Father and Mother. She was living with her sister after her father had been wounded in the Civil War and they had little money. Dad would tell how missionaries found them again and as they spent more time with them Mobs grew hatred toward them and their lives were in danger. Their corn fields would be tromped down during the night by the mobs, but they were protected.

It was here that his mother and aunt joined the church. They decided to go back to Utah. Some of

the children stayed. Love of the farm and animals was demonstrated here on the Kansas "McDonald Farm". I can still feel the feelings he felt when he told me of the death of his father when he was 13 and the pride he felt for his mother. Our Dad took over helping with again a Hooper "McDonald Farm". He met our Mom and took her home from a dance in a horse and buggy. I can't remember too much of the stories of how they came to Idaho. Just that Mom's brothers were there and they all farmed together. They developed another "McDonald Farm" in Ammon, Idaho where growing up everyone sang the song "Oh! McDonald had a farm"...daughters with a gime, gime, there, here etc. etc.

The memories of the rocking chair setting and Dad there reading was the last of Dad alive. Dale had been home from the military. As we had only one extra bedroom, I slept on the couch in the front room. My eyes opened several times to see Dad there. He and Mom after Stake Conference visited friends and rested. At the end of the day he tried out his new father's day chair for the first time. The next day was to be a busy one. It was June and the weather had been so bad that some of the potatoes had rotted in the ground requiring more to be planted. Dad was out on the tractor when it got stuck from the mud as it had snowed a bit. He could have got it out but decided to talk to my passing Uncle Earl. As they sat on the ditch bank he had a heart attack. He fell over asking Earl to take care of his family.



Back row: Dale, Elmer, and Leonard. Front row: Ruby, Gustave, Bertha, and Verna

The rest of us were down in the cellar cutting up potatoes for replanting. A neighbor entered the huge cellar and gently told Mom that something had happened to Gus. We all got in the car and drove to where people had gathered. Mom thought something could be done but he was gone. The rocking chair empty. I felt Dad close for a while. He was happy to join his awaiting Father etc. but I also felt he looked back at us and was sad to leave us.

The Sunday before this my S.S. teacher taught the Plan of Salvation. I remember in the drawing on the black board my feelings that it was true. I explained this all to my Dad as he listened and he knew this was true as he helped me understand. A few days later he was gone and I felt this information I needed.

Things I remember of my Dad: He liked to tell jokes. Would sit and talk to friends. Took care of the animals even bring baby animals for special care into the house. His dog spot, which followed him everywhere and even saved his life. The dog one time was sent by Dad back to the house to tell Mom that Dad was on an electric wire and could not let go. Upon hearing the dog bark my mother pulled the switch. Continued working even after a big hay fork went through his throat. Almost became a cripple because of an abscessed tooth. Taking us to church in a sleigh when the snow was too deep for the car.

Activities centered around the church. We would go to everything even on the 4th of July. I remember one time getting a new pair of slacks for the 4th and wanting to wear them the night before. He said I could but if I got them dirty I would get a spank....I got the spank with a brush. I received my first wrist watch. Again I wanted to take it to the sand hills to play....I was warned what would happen and even though I took great care by placing it in a sock and in my shoe, sand got into the watch. I remember Mom beating everyone in a nail hammering contest on a 4th of July. There were fishing trips and trips to Yellowstone Park where bear stories were true.

When one understands the reality of the

Purpose of Life, our parents were great. They shaped our destiny. They dreamed for us. They wanted for us more than they had. Some things such as a High School education, all to go on missions. The three boys had gone and come home before he died. Later Mom knowing their desire made the sacrifice and sent the girls both at once on a mission. They desired to have the farm for their children. As we all work to help our own children we realize Mom and Dad took what they had and made something better.

They will be remembered for their WORK. As their parents taught them to work so did they to us. Work we did. Doing many jobs from weeding, picking and cleaning fields of potatoes and other farm work to the cleaning, waxing etc. of the home weekly. There were always the big dinners. Mom would cook for hours to have the family for a dinner. Christmas was thought out gifts. Again they gave more than they received. In a day where getting and play is the thing, I appreciate their teachings more.

Gustave was born 19 November 1888 in Hooper, Utah and died 18 June 1945 in Ammon age 57.

—*Ruby McDonald Andrus*

Bertha Milinda Cook McDonald

Bertha was born to Amos and Emma Wood Cook in Bountiful, Utah 2 April 1889. She was from a large Polygamist family. Her Father's first wife was Mary Frances Peel. From this marriage came 14 half brothers and sisters. From the second marriage of Amos to Emma Adelaide Wood was born six brothers; Joseph, Earl, Brigham, Walter, Alvin, and Leonard. Seven sisters also were; Emma, Alice Janet (Nettie), Lyetha, Hannah, Annie, Laura, and Sarah Elizebeth (Lizzie). All the children were taught to work hard because of the large family. This proved to be an asset to them because this has been their joy in their lives.

In those days they didn't buy their bread or cake at the store, they had to bake their own. 8 to 10 loaves of bread was baked every day. If

they missed one day they had to make biscuits or floured mush. They put up all the fruit, baked pies and churned their own butter. They were taught to paper and paint, sew carpet rags to make rugs for their home to cover the wood floors. Sometimes they would take it to a weaver to make a big rug.

They along with most families had a large patch of cane to make molasses. They would cut it down and take it to Bairds (Clair's Mother) who had a machine to make it into molasses. Memories of the cane and the molasses candy will never be forgotten. They had to cook on a wood/coal stove. They had to chop wood the night before and to dry kindling so they would be ready to start the fire in the morning before getting up to take the chill off the house. They had to carry all water and heat it to use.

Work was fun when Bertha and her seven sisters worked in the tomato factory in Syracuse, Utah. They became the leaders and were known as the fastest tomato peelers. They would walk the two miles to and from work. They were known to surprise their mother. They would get her to go to her sister Lizzie Knighton's place and then they would paper the kitchen or bedroom while she was gone. Bertha remembers when she was about 10 that she picked enough tomatoes to make a big batch of ketchup and had it ready to put up in bottles before her mother returned.

A new life opened up for her in 1907 when she met Gustave (Gus as he was called) Charles McDonald of Hooper, Utah. He was born 19 November 1888. Bertha recalls the days of the open air dance halls. She and a group of girl friends went to one in Hooper, Utah. They met Gus, and a cousin of hers, Annie Knighton, met Bill Peterson and they were asked to take a ride home in their horse and buggy. From that time there were parties, dances and fun together for three years, two of which they were engaged.

They were married 14 December 1910 in the Salt Lake Temple by Anton Lund. A reception for them was planned at her mother's place at Syracuse. Their first home was made with his mother Katherine McDonald at Hooper as Gus's

father had died when he was sixteen years old and Gus was working his mother's farm. On 10 October 1911 their first son, Leonard Charles was born.

In 1915 they purchased land and a home in Syracuse, Utah. It was there that their second son, Elmer Gustave, was born on 31 March 1915. On 3 January 1918 found them traveling to make their home in Ammon, Idaho. They purchased 40 acres then 40 more to till and make their living. They worked very hard together and soon they owned their very nice home. It was here that three more children were born, Dale Cook 16 February 1920, Verna born 2 July 1926 and Ruby born 7 October 1928.

Bertha had over 30 years of teaching Sunday School in the Ammon Ward. Other activities in the church involved serving in the Primary and YMMIA. She also worked 30 years serving dinner on the Old Folks Committee. This busy life was filled with fond memories and wonderful experiences. Each class that she taught received something. For many years she made individual books for each child she taught in Sunday School. These books included a picture of themselves, a sheet of attendance, Temples, Verses and memory gems; also names of the Stake Presidency, Bishopric and Sunday School Superintendency. Every class received something.

This gave the children a start on their testimonies and this activity was brought to the attention of the Stake Sunday School leaders and she received an award of a book for the best activity for her class. (I Ruby have one of these books she had us make) Teaching and being one of her group that she taught caused her to plan other activities for them such as big dinners, fun at her home, ice cream on the lawn, wiener roasts at the church and one of the best things was when a Pioneer activity depicting one of the lessons she taught. This activity took place in July by the church on Sunday with the members of her class (12 and 13 year olds) dressed up as pioneers and had covered wagons and hand carts which they made. A special treat was furnished by her of corn bread and bacon all out on the lawn.

Through her activities her testimony was strengthened and she grew in the church with these children she taught. The boys and girls in this 12 year old class were promised a cake if they would go on a mission and of date she had sent all of them one with 4 more to be sent. Bertha was attracted to many hobbies. One was making artificial flowers. She always tried a new idea and has demonstrated how to make them at meetings and to other ladies. A rubber plant was made to bloom by putting red flowers on it which made it look quite real.

Quilting and crocheting were also special interests to her. Crocheting included 2 afghan, braded rugs, doilies, pillow cases, edgings, scarfs, booties, 3 table cloths for a large table, 30 doilies for girls in one of her classes, 30 crocheted cups and saucers filled with nuts and a candy cane tied on edge for another class and many other pieces she has done.

She always had a floral display of flowers around the house which caught the attention of all passer-byers. Many stopped to admire them and were always given bouquets. The sick would also receive a bouquet. Some of the flowers that were the most attractive were the peonies and dahlias. In the fall she would cover the big dahlias with a sheet so she could keep them a little longer from the frost. Sundays she would always take a vase or arrangement of flowers for Church. She displayed flowers in her home where everything seemed to grow. She had a Christmas cactus, a rubber plant, ferns and geraniums. All were the talk of people who came to visit.

Her experience in cooking has been numerous. There have been 25 hay men, threshers and potato pickers for her to cook for and some for 3 times a day. This would last about a week at a time. This number often increased with company from Utah that would drop in. Sometimes during a summer she would have 23 people call on her as they came through from places in Utah, Pennsylvania and Montana. They never went away hungry as they were always given something to eat. The sick were never forgotten. She would prepare a whole meal

and take it to someone that was sick. While there she would also clean their house and they were always lifted by this thoughtfulness. This was all done without accepting money.

Fishing trips have always been an outstanding occasion. It began in their life when they lived in Hooper. A lunch was prepared and the fish that were caught were cooked over an open fire for supper. Beings as her and Gus's folks were all from Utah several trips were made there with their children. It was planned sometimes with an outing at Lava Hot Springs.

Trips to Yellowstone Park were outstanding outings. Sometimes several families would go together and camp out. One time the bears invaded the camp. The cousins were all bedded down in the car leaving the grown-ups all in the tent. They ran for the car. The car was naturally locked. Gus stubbed his toe on one of the tent pegs and the bears came closer. Excitedly they all managed to get into a car. After the bears left it was found that that they had helped themselves to all the food and especially the watermelon that was left on the table.

A trip back to Detroit Michigan for a new 1937 Chevy was enjoyed by her and Gus. They left the kids at home and boarded a train and were off. They went sightseeing in Chicago, Niagara Falls and several other places. Shortly after this Gustave passed away 18 June 1945 on their farm leaving her a widow at a young age.

By herself she traveled by train to see Verna and Ruby in Washington D.C. Their husbands were in medical and dental school there. Then usually by bus to see Elmer and Dale and their families.

She always wanted to do her best, help others, make people happy, and to live the Gospel. She was always jolly. Her life was an example to us all. She took what she had and made an art with it. Bertha died 24 May 1970 at age 81 in Ammon.

Written by Ruby McDonald Andrus as Mother related it to her 5 January 1957

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LEONARD MCDONALD

Gustave Charles McDonald

- b. 19 November 1888, Hooper Utah
- d. 18 June 1945, Ammon, Idaho

Bertha Malinda Cook McDonald

- b. 2 April 1889, Bountiful, Utah
- d. 24 May 1970, Ammon, Idaho

The Ammon legacy began when Bertha and Gus met at an open air dance hall in Hooper, Utah. They married December 14, 1910 and moved to Ammon, Idaho in 1918. My dad Leonard and his brother Elmer rode in a box car to Idaho with their parents. The box car also transported all their farm machinery, furniture, cows and horses. They built a two room house which was later sold to an Empey. Their first house still stands just east of the Ammon elevator. Gus purchased 40 acres from Joe Cook and then purchased another 40 acres. When Joe moved to Uta, Gus and Bertha moved to Joe's house on Ammon Road as it had a hand pump well. Later, a pump house was built which supplied running water to the house. With the help of many others, Gus constructed a large basement under the existing house, added 2 bedrooms and two porches. There was also a large implement shed behind a cinder block garage. Gus loved big barns and always had a team of fine horses. He built a beautiful barn to house his treasures which stood for many years after his death. According to Leonard they had great difficulty deconstructing the barn as it was so well built. The house and garage are still standing and in full view as one enters the McDonald's Farm housing estate.

Leonard Charles McDonald

- b. 10 October 1911, Hooper Utah
- d. 9 May 1995, Ammon, Idaho

Irma Christiana Christensen McDonald

- b. 16 August 1911, Bear River, Utah
- d. 8 September 1994, Ammon, Idaho

*Irma, Leonard, Marjorie, Maurine*

Leonard married Irma in 1934 (after meeting at a dance in Idaho Falls.) After hauling logs from Island Park they built their first home - a two room log house on the corner of 1st Street and Ammon Road. The house remained intact until after Leonard and Irma died. My sister Marjorie was born while they lived in the log cabin, then my parents moved just down the road from Bertha & Gus on Ammon Road. At that time it was just a dirt road with a canal running along side. In his 70's Leonard says "Everyone always worked hard but found time to visit the neighbors, but now things

*Marjorie and Maurine*

are so fast no one has time to know our neighbors." He also said, "when we moved here if you had 40 acres, a cow, and a pig and a team of horses, you were on the top of the world. Now the bigger the better - no place for a little fellow in farming. When we were married, I worked all winter for a dollar a day and was glad to have a job. Our first car was a two year old Ford we paid \$80 down and \$100 on credit." Leonard was born on October 10, 1911 and died on May 9, 1995.

Commemoration - McDonald's Farm

The earth, The rocks, The canals, The trees,
momentarily hosted two McDonald generations -
Our gracious planet-floor was loved by hard-working
faithful, trustworthy, 'salt of the earth' souls.

Like rising dust on a hot windy day, the new Land
Guardians erected their home, Grand horse-scented
barn - a wisely constructed shed behind the garage.
Farm tools, equipment and implements were frequently
in use, as was the axe on a chook-bloody chopping block.

A flattened porcupine carcass embellished mysterious
greasy-oil smeared foot and fingerprints. Skunk odours
oft-times lingered on heavy dew-tinted sunbeams.

Shaggy hay stacks, round-topped potato cellar, vast
lush-green and golden fields. Sweat and LOVE nurtured
flower, vegetable, gardens - various berry bushes plus
orchard trees proclaimed colorful prosperity.

Inspired homesteaders Gustave and Bertha parented Five
admirable children 'And on that farm were two beautiful
girls.. E I E I O' Three sons ensured heavy farm labor
was completed, especially after Gustave's 'too young'
death - age 56.

Time progressed - families growing and uniting together
in work and play then two beautiful girls married -
pursuing 'far from farm' careers. Sadly, two brothers
decided to change their vocation and moved away.

Only one son, Leonard, remained - diligently fostering
prosperity for his Mother and his own family - he
worked both farms for numerous years. Even now I
can visualise Dad's left-right shaking head - uttering
"WHEW!"

In 1995 I asked, "What would you love to be doing if you
could choose anything in the entire world?"
He answered, 'out in the field, driving a tractor!'

History cannot be un-lived -
McDonald's farm remembers.

Grandma's Apron

Heart Song 9

Data input form youth, like a computer virus, is
becoming self-replicating. Perhaps future generation
'shared file' systems may wish to download and save?

The apron has become somewhat redundant in 21st
century kitchens. Exclusive designs are occasionally
adorned and remarked upon, but convenience foods and
hasty preparation hinder old "apron rituals."

Grandma's apron was supposedly worn to protect her
pretty dress underneath. In busy flurries her apron
became a hand shield for tasty hot baking. Frequently
used for lovingly wiping a child's tears, dirty face -
occasionally ears.

Multitudes of soft cotton-print aprons, many hand
sewn from old flour sacks, hung on the interior side
of Grandma's bedroom door - close to the kitchen. I
wonder if she ever thought about how many recipes we
could strive to replicate.

One sunny Applesauce Day Grandma and Great
Grandma were busily occupied. Great Gran at 98 could
peel entire apples without one break in the discarded
skin. Fascinated by Great Gran's skill, I scurried to fill
apron pouch with more apples.

Multifunctional aprons had ample breadth for new dug
spuds, fresh peas, eggs, gooseberries - a broomstick
attached notified field workers of 'dinner time' - Apron

Grabbed at porcupine quills - dog's nose, dusted
furniture, hid cute shy cousin faces.

Memories of memories from deep witin - so many
mind bytes to be downloaded. This user grafts only a
short document of the apron wearer's loving deeds.

Perceptions
are humming
with RAM of
Grandma's
majestic magic
apron adoptions.

—Maurine
McDonald
Anderson, 2005



Gus & Betha
wedding photo,
14 December 1910

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LENARD & ORLEAN NIELD*by Delbert Nield*

The history of my life in the small town of Ammon, Idaho. My folks lived out of Idaho Falls at New Sweden, where dad was a farmer. This was just prior to the big depression of the 1920's money was short so in the winter time dad built a fence around the hay stack with a gate that he would attach a wire from it to the bedroom window. There were lots of rabbits at that time and he would leave the gate open and the rabbits would come into the hay stack for food and about two or three o'clock in the morning dad could release the gate and trap the rabbits there until after he had his chores done the next day. Then mother and dad would get their clubs and go inside the fence and kill the rabbits, and then skin them and cut them up. He sold the skins to the fur company and the rest to a mink farm just outside of Idaho Falls for food. Anyway dad became friends with a real estate broker and he had a farm just about where the tautphaus park is located now, and he made dad a deal to farm this farm until he could find a place that dad could buy.

I was born at home in Idaho Falls as my mother had a bad time with the doctor with her first child. The doctor did not make it to the hospital on time and my brother Rex was born in the car on the way to the hospital so she stayed home when I was born. The farm was located two miles from the city limits of Idaho Falls and 2 miles from Ammon on what is now 17th street. It was a small farm, with a two bedroom house with a full basement. We had running water, a bath room, dinning room, living room, and kitchen. The out buildings were a large barn with a hay loft where we could put 21 cows in the stalls and had one section for a horse barn, another for a grainery and still another one for a holding area. Also we had a chicken coop, large garage and a large coral. We had a lot of fun in the barn, because we could put hay in the loft.

We put hay on a slip in the field and took it to the barn and hooked a sling to it, and with the help of a horse or a tractor, we could pull it up to the loft and fill it with the hay. Then on the side where the cows were at, there was an opening so we could put hay down to the cows while we milked them. Anyway the reason I brought this up is that we also could get on the rope which would go the length of the barn which was sixty feet long and forty feet across it. One day us kids were playing up in the loft and swinging from side to side and I let go and went straight toward the opening where the cows were fed and if it had not been for two by tens every two feet, I would have gone through the opening and down on a cement feeder trough and this would not have been able to be written.

Some of the other things we did as kids was to play cowboy and indian's. I was of course the cowboy and all the kids on the road were the indians. Well we had a post out in the middle of the coral. They found all the wood, willows and cardboard they could find and placed it around the post, then caught me and tied me to the post and started it on fire. Had it not been for my grandfather coming home at that time I would have been burned at the stake and not able to have written this once again. We had a lot of fun and lot's of hard work on the farm and we also got in some time to play.

After a few years when I got old enough to remember much, dad turned part of the garage into a milk house and he started processing milk and delivering it in Idaho Falls to people and stores and hospipals and assisted living homes. I would get up between 3:30 and 4:00 in the mornings and help dad and Rex and hired men with the milking of the cows and then get ready for school. At this time dad had hired several people to work for him. Uncle Thomas Nield's family lived in the converted chicken coop which became a two room house. Ed Barns and family moved a small house into the orchard and their family lived there. Another cousin, Glen Montague, moved a house across a ditch between us and a large gravel pit and their

family lived there. We also had a neighbor across the road from us which had father and mother and eight children. We also had neighbors down the road both ways that had children which would come up to our place to get on the school bus.

Just about twenty kids would get on the bus at our stop if all were going to school that day. When I was about 11 or 12 years old, dad sold the cows to a pair of lawyers from Idaho Falls and they kept the cows at our place and milked them and dad bought the milk from them and started processing it at our place in one half of the garage and we started delevering it in Idaho Falls. But the sad part was they hired me to milk the cows at night and had someone else for the morning milking. This curtailed me from a lot of the school activities but I could stay after school and practice basketball, but I had to walk home. Any way we had a lot of fun while I was there.

The raid on the Robinson chicken coop was not to eat the chickens but to put them in girls lockers at school and watch the girls open their lockers in the morning. Also we set off fire crackers in the high school. I even remember we had a boy in the seventh grade that could yodel and sing and croak like a frog, that climbed up the air vent in the class room and started entertaining the whole grade school with his music.

We would come runing down the stairs at eleven o'clock to go to seminary and the second grade class room door was at the foot of the stairs. Well we would knock on her door and run on over to the church house for seminary. She soon got so she would stand at the open door until we were out of the building, so we would go around the building and throw lighted fire crackers in the open windows. I did get pay back as years later like in the 1960's we moved to washington and sure enough there she was a teacher in the school here.

Lenard Nield

by Steve Nield

Dad was born September 3, 1902 in Afton, Wyoming, but while he was still a young boy, he

moved, along with his parents to Popular, Idaho. He went to school there but didn't finish grade school because even as a boy, he had to stay home to work on the farm. The first few years he started school but not until late in the fall, after the harvest. Then he was unable to finish the year because he was needed at home in the early spring again. He learned what was important at the time though learned to read and write and do math. In fact, the amazing thing is that he even excelled in the math. When he was in the third grade he was able to do eighth grade problems. In fact, all through his life, dad was very good at working problems in his head.

On July 4, 1926, he met mom. Her sister invited him to go to a parade and rodeo with their family. He bought her ticket but mother wouldn't sit by him and she refused his offer to give her a ride home because she thought he was just feeling sorry for her. So she walked home, 17 miles. After that Dad went on several picnics with Mom's family and three more times he tried to give her a ride. Finally, she let him take her home and they started dating. They were married on November 3, 1926 in Idaho Falls.

They had four children on the first go around. Rex, their first, was born in the car on the way to the Doctor. The next three, Delbert, Bonnie, and Doris were all born at home around the Idaho Falls area. Each in a different house though, Mom says that every time they moved she had another baby. On March 20, 1940 Dad took his wife and those four children to Logan, Utah to be married in the Temple and to have their children sealed to them. 13 years after Doris was born, they started round two of their family with Renae and then 2 1/2 years later they had me, Steve.

Dad farmed when he and mom were first married, and continue to farm until about 1935 when he started into the dairy business in Idaho Falls. He bottled and sold milk for around eight or nine cents a quart along with buttermilk which he had his own recipe for. He bought up two or three other dairies in Idaho Falls, took over their routes and established the Sunrise Dairy. Delbert remembers when he and Rex

helped deliver the milk even as young as 11. Dad sold the dairy during the war and went back to farming in Firth and then Blackfoot.

In 1953 Dad and Mom moved to Victor, Montana and bought another dairy. Rex and Delbert were involved again along with their wives, Bev and Darline. Also Bonnie and Wayde, Doris and Joe and all their kids moved to Victor to help make it a family business.

Dad went to Wisconsin to buy his milk cows. Wade went with him and they came back with 100 Holsteins loaded in boxcars. To make sure the cows were properly cared for during the journey, Wade and Dad rode back with them on the train. In fact they rode right in the boxcars with the cows. Mom and Dad stayed in Victor 13 years and then in 1966 they moved to Othello to retire from farming, but Dad didn't retire from working. He went to work for Chef Reddy as a fryer operator. It was there that he developed a taste for French fries and many people who knew him and his work have said that he was the best fryer operator ever.

That's one thing about Dad.... Anyone who knew him, knows that whatever he did, he did to the best of his ability, he didn't do things halfway. He took pride in his work and was very particular about the way it was done. Whether it was stacking hay, irrigating his garden or just sending one of us kids back to wash our hands better.

At the age of 69, he retired from Chef Reddy and moved to Prosser, Washington, where he worked on a grape farm and took care of grapes, asparagus, and an apple orchard, until he suffered a stroke in 1973 and returned to live in Othello. He then went to work for Soil and Crop taking care of their lawns. He also had an Odorite route on which he and Mother delivered Odorite to many businesses in Royal, Warden, Connell and Othello. He continued to do this until his heart attack in 1984.

Dad was never one for trying to win a popularity contest, you just had to take him as he was. He never did things because he thought it might make him look good. Yet, doing the right thing seemed to just come natural to him. He would sacrifice his own

comfort to help someone out, and he was always a very loving father, grandfather and friend. Dad was genuinely a good man, a gentle- man.

When I was a boy I set the tractor on fire, causing some very expensive damage but all I remember that he was concerned about was that I was alright. He said "You're lucky to be alive, you better get down on your knees and thank the Lord."

I'm sure Dad thanked Him, for many things, and he also listen to the Lord. The time that stands out in our minds the most is when he was in the barn one time, unharnessing a horse with a hired man. Dad suddenly dropped the reins, ran out of the barn, went full speed and jumped into the canal. The hired man thought Dad had gone nuts but when he saw him pull Rex, who was very young, out of the water, he understood... Sort of.

There are just so many things that remind us of Dad or that give us some insight into what made him what he was like. A few of them are the stories he told about Antelope hunting with Ed and Lena, bouncing through the desert in the car. Like Dad and his brothers skiing down hills dragging a stick between their legs to keep from going too fast. Like pulling his load of potatoes across the Railroad tracks with his own team instead of paying a guy to help because he had confidence in his own horses. Like on a trip to Idaho Falls, how did he know the exact place I had left his car two years ago when it broke down in the middle of the night? Like how he would make us wash our hands to eat, even if we had just taken a bath. Like how the neighbors learned to call on Dad to lay out their ground and tell them where to put the dikes for irrigation rather than having it surveyed.

Most of all, we'll remember that he and Mom always did things together, everything from working in the yard to doing the dishes. They traveled together; they cared together and made decisions together. They have always been more than just parents and grandparents; they have been friends and partners. There's one comforting thought, it's to realize that it's been an honor to have known and loved him. And even though

life will go on for us without him, his memory is something that will never be taken away from us.

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NIELSEN BROTHERS

1889 – 1953

The Nielsen's story began in Knabberup Skebet Denmark in April 1864, leaving their homeland for America by selling all they owned and with the funds set up for immigrants by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The voyage was difficult but nothing compared to what they had to endure.

They were able to buy an ox team and wagon to travel across the plains leaving the winter quarters in Nebraska with the two boys walking most of the way. The oldest boy being George C. Nielsen (grandpa) his brother Iver and sister Anna Sophia. with their parents Jensine Iversen Nielsen and father William Christian Nielsen a skilled carpenter by trade. Anna Sophie was stricken with cholera and died. The painful grief the family suffered, as they had to bury Anna on the plains and go forward on their trip to Utah, caused the mother to never completely recover from the loss of her only daughter.

The Nielsen family settled in Hyrum, Utah where George C. Nielsen growing into manhood worked as a sub-contractor and construction engineer for the Utah and Northern Line on the railroad. While working he noticed Sophia Fredrick Holm (of Danish decent) working in the camp as a cook, at the Bitter Root Valley in Montana. They fell in love and were married the following year. They started their family in Hyrum but wanting her boys to have a better life and to be self-supporting. Sophia remembered the time she spent working in Eagle Rock Idaho (now Idaho Falls, Idaho) and knew this area in the valley of the Snake River and dreamed that it would become her destiny. Sophia could recall days working at a boarding house in Eagle Rock, as a 15 year old when she was ordered

to clean up the blood spilled from a deadly gun fight near the boarding house, which she quickly and quietly did her job.

In 1905, this humble hard-working couple, George C. Nielsen and Sophia Holm Nielsen, with four children George W., William, Ruby & Irvin bought 160 acres east of Idaho

Falls from Mr. Enticken, a land agent. The farm had belonged to Joe Denning but was run down and needing a lot of care, perfect for the growing family. The Nielsen's gave up their nice home in Hyrum and traveled by boxcar to Idaho Falls on March 4, 1905. While loading the boxcar one of the horses became so frightened of the train it dropped over dead. The animals needing constant calming as the train took off so George and William rode in the boxcar with them.

On the farm sat a two-room log cabin, with dirt roof and no running water. After some hard work they were able to make the cabin livable for the family. This log cabin, built in 1844 by Joe Denning, which later became the main cookhouse on the Nielsen ranch and was the heart of their headquarters.

The farm had been neglected and required a great deal of work to put it in top shape. Each person was expected to do their share of work as George C. Nielsen had no time or patience for a lazy person. Finally by 1910 the Nielsen's were able to build a seven-room gray brick home, which was a welcome change from the five years spent in the log cabin. The family had carried ditch water as their only source of water; then they put in a gasoline engine to bring in water. As ranchers came from the hills with their stock they would stop for water at the Nielsen's, which was always a welcome refuge



Sophia (Grandma) Nielsen



Ruby-Edna-Sophia-George-1910 home

for animals or man. Grandma gave birth to her last child Edna where she enjoyed the convenience of the new house and running water. Edna later became the Nielsen's bookkeeper.

Nielsen's grew grain, hay, sugar beets and potatoes, as well as sheep and cattle. During the great depression and the war, they developed conservative ways and were able to take care of themselves by planting orchards, having a large garden; their meat was smoked and cured. Chickens and pigs were raised to help supply the cookhouse and sheep camps with eggs and meat. Grandma had a root cellar, always filled with bottled fruits and vegetables. Cows were milked; butter was churned from the cream keeping everyone well fed and working at their designated job.

By March 4, 1922, George C. Nielsen (grandpa) died suddenly from the flu epidemic.

After the great depression and the war the farm grew and as the Nielsen son's married they stayed, in a partnership always working to improve the ranch. Following the father's death the three sons, George W., William and Irvin incorporated and went into partnership as Nielsen Brothers. They sold the cattle and went into the sheep business; they divided up the areas of responsibility with George W. handling the sheep, William the irrigated ground and Irvin the dry farm. The main headquarters remained the 2-room cookhouse where three meals a day were prepared. The 7-room brick house that Grandma lived in as a widow, the

pump house that housed the single hired men, the scale house and the gas pumps and blacksmith shed remained the headquarters and stayed in the family name for 100 years.

After the depression men were hired to work on the ranch as it expanded buying larger pieces of property as their operation required. Loyal employees stayed on and lived out their lives on the ranch and were buried on the Nielsen burial plots in Ammon, knowing the Nielsen's as adopted family. Often romance blossomed on the ranch as love interests became apparent; Twilla Empey and Art Suitter met and married; also Morris Nielsen and Lanor Monson. Other flirtations between hired men and the cooks became interesting stories that developed at the ranch. Spence Covert and his wife Ida worked at the ranch for thirty-three years and became close friends as the family lived on the ranch and was our closest neighbor. Other men with special skills included; Charley Wetzel, William Curran, Charley Growe, Walter George, Ed Traham, Charles Wetzel, Tom and Fred Rowe (father & son) carpenters, William Sturgeon, to mention a few. Some of these men worked on the ranch for 40 years.

Sophia, better known to everyone and lovingly called "Grandma," worked in the cook house preparing three meals each day for the hired men but as they employed extra help during lambing season and harvest time brought in extra help with the cooking. Grandma cooked until she was 70 years old when full time cooks were hired but with the constant supervision of Grandma Nielsen.

Grandma Nielsen took her place as matriarch of the family. Everyone that knew her called her "Grandma" and gave her the respect of a seasoned senior member of the family. Grandma could speak fluent Danish and could talk to her family when she needed to say something she didn't want others to hear and know. She was the glue that kept the brothers together, had an open ear for counsel smoothed hurt feelings and made each person sees the others view. Her motto was...."right is right and wrong is no mans right". This seemed to work



Harvest

in many situations. Grandma was “the hand that rocked the cradle rocked the ranch,” she was the families pride and joy.

By 1932 George W. Nielsen’s wife died, Marie Haber Nielsen, leaving twins for George to care for. Grandma Nielsen stepped up to the job and responsibility for the two youngsters, Marjorie and Morris. George then married Ilene Whitehead in 1935, a widow with three children, Rulon, Donna & Jack Whitehead. To this union Georgelean Nielsen was born. By 1942 Gerald Nielsen, William Nielsen’s son, drowned at a church outing.

World War II took many of the workers leaving the farms without help but the Nielsen Brothers were able to have Japanese families that had been evacuated from the coast areas in California, they were hard workers and fine people that remained good friends. During this time the Nielsen’s, as well as other local farmers were able to use the German and Italian prisoners in the fields during harvest. These P.O.W’s were housed at Tautphaus Park in Idaho Falls. They came by truck to the fields with

guards, guns and watched carefully. These men were without gloves in the cold Idaho weather and hungry as well. “I remember my mother and aunts preparing hot meals to serve in the field for these grateful men.”

Harvest time always presented a problem working on a tight schedule to get the amount of potatoes picked up before the freeze. The Nielsen’s took trucks to Tuba City Arizona and brought back Navajo Indians that were willing to pick potatoes. They came dressed in their beautiful native clothing and wearing turquoise jewelry. Young people as well as old including babies. A six-year-old boy died one year and a baby died another time and they were buried on Nielsen plots at the Ammon cemetery. Their customs seemed strange to us with their steamed bathhouse and how they utilized ever inch of a fresh killed animal for eating, even the pet horse belonging to the family.

Winters in Idaho gave us something to remember, especially the year 1948-49 bringing record-breaking amount of snowfall and winds.



Nielsen sheep

The roads were closed with drifts and even the large equipment available couldn't budge the frozen mounds of snow. When a break in the weather appeared the snowplow came through but would make the drifts higher with the next windstorm. The men on the ranch took a sleigh with horses to a rendezvous point where a supply of food was brought to meet them. Some areas taking six weeks to reach with a snowplow and snow thrower/augers that churned through the drifts making a tunnel one way for the cars. We could stand on a drift and touch the top of the telephone pole.

Marjorie Nielsen Wilkinson recalls earlier winters when the school children went by team and sleigh through the fields to attend school before they had snowplows. The ride was always fun for the rowdy children but serious work for the person driving the team of horses.

Nielsen Brothers expanded their sheep operation and at one time they had eight bands of sheep with 1000 ewes in each, they had over 30,000 feeder lambs. In the summer the sheep and lambs were pastured in Uker Valley, in the mountains on the Hansen and Empey ranches. Next, they were moved up onto BLM land on Flat Iron. They fed at Homer Creek, Sheep Mountain and Pine Mountain then on to the forest reserves in Bally Mountain, Caribou and Brockman Forests. Some of the places they ran sheep on

in the forest were Commissary Ridge, 4th of July, Little Elk and Big Elk ranges. They pastured and sheared the sheep at the shearing corrals in the hills on the Hansen and Empey ranches.

In the winter the sheep were brought down to the valley and bedded on the different farms, rotating them so all the farms received fertilization. The sheep would eat the beet tops, alfalfa, peas or the grain that was left after harvest. Later in the winter they would be fed beet pulp, hay and grain.

During lambing season, in the early spring, the ewes were brought to the home place at the lambing sheds. Ronald Romrell had built a three-sectioned lambing cart that was pulled by a team of horses through the sheep looking for new lambs. When they were found and loaded into the cart with the mother, and brought back to the canvas topped shed that was kept warm and out of the bitter cold. Crews worked 24 hrs a day through the lambing season. At night the sheep sheds looked like a little village with the lights shining through the white canvas and in the cold air you could hear the ewes bleating to their lambs in a chorus of sounds.

After lambing season, they were taken to the dry farms in the foothills to eat the crested wheat. When they took the herds of sheep to the mountains, they could pasture along the way on their own land, starting at the home ranch until they reached Elk Mountain.

The Nielsen's got together for birthdays and other celebrations and as I recall being at my uncle Williams Birthday party at his home. The party was so much fun with festive food and being with cousins laughing and enjoying ourselves. However, weeks prior to the party, my two cousins, Bruce and Sunnie had an 8mm movie camera and the three

of us got together for a "movie shoot". I was the main character, Sunnie being the cameraman, Bruce being the director. We loved westerns so we set out to film a typical exciting action movie. I was directed to ride my horse



Nielsen sheep trailing

at a gallop up to Sunnie (cameraman) and have the horse jump over him as he was crouched down low by the ditch bank. Naturally the horse would shy away each time I approached him. In order to have an action shot I would need to ride my horse up one side of "the cellar" at a gallop and down the other side, which I did. However, we liked it so much I tried it again, although knowing that animals like horses and cows should never walk on the cellar. The incident was forgotten until the night of the birthday party when Sunnie was asked to show some of his films. He picked up one reel and loaded it into the projector and the lights turned off. We were watching the screen and seeing ordinary things until my image comes up riding my horse over "the cellar" and down the other side. The projector was turned off, the lights turned on, you could hear a pin drop as my father escorted me out the door, I already knew what was in store for me as well as what would happen to Bruce and Sunnie.



Ileane, Georgelean & George Nielsen
in front of IF airport



1942-William-Ruby-Edna-Sophia- Georgelean-
Irvin-George

Later, Sunnie promised to always mark and identify the film and to never show another action shot to the family again. "The cellar" was Nielsen's main cellar and my uncle William guarded it, the only weight

would be one person walking on top to close or open the vent to keep the temperature exact for the stored potatoes.

The spring of 1953 and during the shearing time, my father George W. Nielsen became ill and drove by himself from the hills to our home and then taken to the Idaho Falls hospital. He passed away within hours after surgery. The Nielsen Brothers ranch changed, land was divided and Irvin and William each

went on their own. Grandma (Sophia) passed away in 1957 and Irvin in 1958. Irvin Jr. took over his father's holdings and passed away in 1991. William went on farming with his sons in a corporation called "William J. Nielsen and Sons", William passed away in 1964, Sunnie (William Jr.) left the farm and passed away in 1998, Bruce Nielsen then continued on the farm until his death in 1999.

Their partnership spanned several decades, through great periods of change. They witnessed success and disappointment but stuck together as a family. Grandma Nielsen's dream for her family surpassed her greatest expectation.

Source: Myrna Nielsen Andersons book, "Ancestors and Descendants" - Marjorie Nielsen Wilkinson Evans book, "Genealogy of Holm & Nielsen" - Articles from: "Idaho Farmer", "The Post Register", "Idaho Wool Growers," - "U&I Cultivator" - Compiled by Georgelean Nielsen Switter Olvera

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IRVIN AND MELBA NIELSEN

by Colleen Nielsen Wirkus Purcell

Irvin was the youngest son of George and Sophia Nielsen. They moved to Ammon from Hyrum,



Irvin Jr. Morris, Marjorie, and Ardella

Utah in 1905 and homesteaded a 160 acre farm east of Idaho Falls near Ammon. He had two brothers, George and William and two sisters Ruby and Edna. He married Melba Ardella Clift July 23, 1923 in Idaho Falls, Idaho. They had five children; Ardella, Laura, Colleen, Donna May and Irvin Jr. Irvin died August 21, 1958 in Idaho Falls, Idaho.

Irvin and his brothers George and William, after their father's death, took over the farming and livestock operation and entered extensively into the sheep business. At one time the ranch fed over 40,000 feeder lambs and hired many ranch-hands to care and feed them. They also raised many acres of sugar beets and potatoes.

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WILLIAM JOHN AND MARY DENNING WILLIAMS NIELSEN

William John Nielsen's parentage is Danish. Both sides of his family were from Denmark. They came to America after joining the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They crossed the plains by covered wagons to the Salt Lake Valley and later settled in the Hyrum, Utah area.

William was born in Hyrum, Utah, January 12, 1892, and was given the "Good and substantial name of William John Nielsen." March 4, 1905, William's parents, George Christian Nielsen and Sophia Fredrica Holm Nielsen, moved from Hyrum, Utah, to the Ammon, Idaho area with the desire to improve their lives, and have meaningful work for their family. They purchased 160 acres east of Ammon and six miles east of Idaho Falls, Bingham County, (now Bonneville County), Idaho, next to the foothills.

William recounted his experience in moving to Idaho. He was 13 years old when his father rented a boxcar. He, with his father and brother George, rode in it to Idaho with their household furnishings, supplies, machinery and livestock, which included horses, cattle and chickens. During the trip they took care of them. In doing so, one of his Uncle Niels's horses became so frightened it fell over dead. Their animals became nervous and almost uncontrollable as the train pulled out. They worked hard to calm and quiet the animals down. His mother, Sophia, his older sister, Ruby and younger brother, Irvin, age 5, traveled by passenger train and were met at the Idaho Falls depot by a Hyrum friend, Heber Jensen, who made them welcome in his home for one week until a log cabin was made ready to move into.

The log cabin had two rooms, a dirt floor and no running water. There was much work to be done to make the log cabin fit to live in. All the family pitched in to scrub the place down and make it livable. After a week of hard work they moved in. Also, on the property was a privy, a log chicken coop and a log corral.

To the side of the log house, a large tent was erected with a wood floor built under it. It was also boarded up three feet on the sides and was used for the boys to sleep in. After a large granary was built, the boys picked out a bin and slept in it.

There was a lot of work to be done on the farm and Sophia rolled up her sleeves, and with the usual characteristic of being cheerful and doing the best she could, she went to work and made this little

two room log cabin a home. She cooked and cleaned for her family. She worked outside on the farm doing what she could to be of assistance to her husband, and to make the move from Hyrum work, and to make her family happy.

Water was carried from a ditch that ran in the neighbor's field. Sophia would let the water sit long enough for the dirt to settle to the bottom of the bucket before it could be used for drinking, cooking and washing. It seemed to William that these tubs were eternally empty.

There were a lot of chores to be taken care of and a lot of cows to be milked. George and William helped their father milk and feed the cattle. Butter was made and sold. Chickens were raised and sold to help buy groceries. About two miles to the east of them in the foothills, the land was still in sage brush and the cattle would be sent there to graze. William, George and Ruby took turns herding them. They would ride horses while doing so. Sometimes they would drive them up to this area and then come back in the evening to bring them back home for milking. Once in a while the cows would disappear into the gullies and hide in the trees. They would have to hunt for them. It seemed the cattle did this more when there was a fierce thunder and lightning storm going on.

There was a need for a better irrigation system and a way to help control the spring flooding. A large canal was dug with the help of many of the people in Hogs Holler. William, his brothers and their father, helped work on this canal. It took three or four years to build it. Later the people down below the Nielsens wanted to extend the canal farther south. After this was done it was named the Gardner Canal.

In 1910, five years after their arrival, a new seven room white brick house was built and the log cabin they had been living in became a cook shack for feeding hired men.

In William's mother Sophia's history it states:

"One of the most welcome additions to the farm besides the new brick house was a well operated by a gas engine bringing forth

clean cold water. The surrounding neighbors were all invited to partake of the water for home and animal consumption. Many neighbors from the east living in Hog Holler, later called Pleasant View, brought their stock in the winter to drink at the well."

"The farm needed a great deal of work to put it in top shape which required extra help. Sophia's half-brother, Jake and his wife, Ellen, and their young boys made their home in a sheep camp placed in the yard and all pitched in to help farm. The companionship of this family was enjoyed by all."

"Work was something well known by all who lived on the Nielsen ranch. There was no time or patience for a lazy person. Sophia and her husband, George, both very ambitious, taught their children, as well as the extra help, the necessity and joy of working hard and doing their work well."

Ditches were dug and head gates built. The farm was fertilized and with the preciseness given to irrigation and cultivating, the farm became one of the most fertile and productive farms in the Snake River Valley and was known as the "Nielsen Ranch." Plowing and planting was done with large teams of horses. The hay was cut with horse drawn mowers and was harvested by the men who bodily pitched the hay by pitchfork onto wagons. These wagons were pulled by a team of horses. The hay was tromped into place on each wagon so it would stay in place while being taken to the barnyard. There the hay was stacked. The tromping usually fell to the youngest person that helped in the field. A derrick, and a large fork, with the help of horses, were used to lift large bunches of the hay from the wagon to the top of newly formed haystacks. The potatoes were dug with horse drawn diggers. The family and hired help picked them up by hand. They were then taken to cellars to keep until they could be sold. The grain was cut, tied in bundles, waiting to be threshed. Cattle were raised along with the farming, and soon the Nielsen Ranch started to expand with the purchasing of farm land and grazing land in the hills to the east of

the ranch. All of the family helped and if any one complained of the work their mother's favorite saying was, "Hard work never killed anyone!" As they could they expanded their holdings and also through the years changed from raising cattle to raising sheep. They had land in the hills and mountains that they ranged the sheep on. They became a very prosperous family.

William J. attended school in Hyrum, Utah, before his parents moved to Idaho, after which he attended school in a one room log cabin in Hogs Holler. Later a school was built in Ammon. At Ammon, he, his siblings, and the neighbor kids, walked to school. They sometimes cut through the fields to attend school which would make it a three mile walk each way. In the winter they rode horses to school. His higher education took place at Ricks Academy in Rexburg, Idaho, and the Agricultural College in Provo, Utah, through the years of 1911 to 1913.

In 1908 a new church was built at Pleasant view and a branch was organized. Later a church would be built in the more populous city of Ammon. The Nielsens attended Church in both locations.

In the winter of 1909, William's mother took him, Ruby and his two brothers, George and Irvin, back to Hyrum where his sister, Edna, was born. His father remained in Ammon batching it.

Mary Denning Williams parentage is English and Welsh. Her great grandparents, on each side of her father's line, came from Wales and joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in 1847 and 1849 before they immigrated to the United States. Her Mother's ancestry is English, and her great grandparents, on each side of her mother's line, joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the 1850s. They came to America around the same time the Nielsen's came. Both of Mary's

parentage came across the plains by covered wagon and settled in the Brigham City, Utah, Malad and Montpelier, Idaho, areas where they helped to settle that part of the country.

In 1888, Mary's parents moved to Idaho where they homesteaded land located in Ammon, Bingham County, (now Bonneville county), Idaho. Their property was located within the same four mile block that the Nielsen's had bought. They farmed, raised cattle and sheep.

Mary was born in the log cabin on this property on June 3, 1892, and was given the name, Mary Denning Williams. Later the family moved into a house on the 80 acres they had homesteaded. This house still stands on Crowley Road, on the east side of the road, about 3/4 of a mile north of East 17th Street, east of Idaho Falls, Idaho. It is not known if they built this home or if it was already on the property. Mary and her siblings worked hard on this property. They also rode horses in the hills herding their father's cattle. They helped their mother cook for the family and hired men. They searched for wood and traveled with family members into the hills to bring fire wood down for their stoves in their home.

Mary was baptized, at eight years of age, into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on August 4, 1900. Her baptism took place in the Hillside Canal in Hogs Holler, located in the hills east of Ammon, Idaho where the Williams attended Church.

The Nielsens and Williams families attended church in Hogs Holler, later to become known as Pleasant View. Years later the Church was moved to Ammon. In 1912, both families helped with the building of the new Church house in Ammon. The new Church was dedicated in 1913.

Mary's schooling was in a log cabin at Hogs Holler and



Twin lambs

later in Ammon, when the school was moved there. She, along with her siblings, and the neighbor kids, either rode horses or walked several miles, cutting through the fields, to and from school.

After her graduation, she worked for her father and mother; she also worked outside the home tending children, cleaning homes, cooking for hired men and whatever work she could find to make a little extra spending money and to help make ends meet for the family. One job she enjoyed was working for a Mrs. Neve, who owned a bakery in Rigby, Idaho. She took care of Mrs. Neve's children, and also helped in the bakery.

Easter was a special time for the farmers, homesteaders and people of Ammon and surrounding areas. Work would be set aside and a social would be held in the hills at Hogs Holler. It was at one of these socials that William noticed Mary Williams. He was smitten and often remarked: "She was the prettiest thing I had ever seen."

At the age of 19, in 1911, Mary came down with a severe case of Typhoid Fever. She lost her hair at that time. When it grew back in, it was a very dark brunette color. She never became gray in her later years. She spent a month in bed, and was allowed very little to eat. She lost her ability to walk, and had to learn how to walk all over again. William wrote several letters to her, as he worried how she was doing, and in one told her of the nice Thanksgiving dinner he had enjoyed. She wrote back telling him she was glad he had a nice Thanksgiving. She had only been allowed to eat the white of an egg beaten up with water. She had to rest between each word or two she wrote in her letter. On Christmas, the doctor allowed her to have a little duck to eat.

William and Mary were married May 21, 1913, in Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho by Judge S. G. Crowley, with Jacob Jensen and A. F. Williams as witnesses. After their marriage, William's parents gave them a parcel of land, 40 acres which was located approximately 3/4 of a mile north of the home place. On this property stood a one room log cabin, in which they resided until they were

financially able to build a home to the east of it. This cabin was kept in their yard until after their deaths.

In 1922 there was an influenza epidemic that hit the Ammon Area. William's Father, George, passed away on March 4, 1922, and his and Mary's son, Floyd John, passed away on March 6 1922. The flu epidemic took many lives at that time. William's father was buried in Hyrum, Utah and later moved to the Ammon, Cemetery. Johnny, as he was called, was buried in the Ammon Cemetery.

William was not baptized a member of the Church, for some unknown reason, until after his marriage, when Mary, his wife, invited the missionaries in to give him the missionary lessons. He was baptized May 7, 1922, by Elder Charles W. Kingston, and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on the same day by J.J. Hammer in Ammon, Idaho.

On August 18, 1922, Mary and William were endowed, and sealed by Hyrum G. Smith in the Salt Lake city Temple. Their children, Lalia, Glen, and Floyd (Johnny), were sealed to them at that time.

William J. continued farming and ranching with his parents, George and Sophia and brothers, George and Irvin, but he soon had a desire to serve a mission for the Church. His wife, parents, and siblings supported him in the decision to do so. He received a mission call to serve in California, December 19, 1929 by President Heber C. Grant. His wife, Mary, with their four children, Lalia, Ruby, Gerold and Lois, stayed in her mother's home in Ammon, and his brothers supported him while farming. His wife, Mary was expecting another child and when she became very ill William had to come home to be with her with the plan of going back to finish his mission when she was better. Circumstances changed, the child passed away, and Mary became very ill. William was unable to go back to California. He received an honorable release June 3, 1930. On December 4, 1930, William was called to serve a stake mission in the Idaho Falls Stake by Stake President Leonard G. Ball. He served honorably, and he was released October 16, 1931.



Sheep camp picture

After his father's death, William, with his two brothers, George and Irvin, along with their Mother, Sophia Holm Nielsen, formed a partnership. They operated several hundred acres of farm land, dry farm, and grazing land. They grew potatoes, sugar beets, hay, grain, and cresset wheat. They raised cattle, pigs, and ran several large bands of sheep in the mountains, on private land, on Bureau of Land Management, Taylor grazing and National Forests. The sheep were wintered on the farm land and the ewes were lambbed out and feeder yearlings were sold. At one time they fed over 5,000 head of ewes and 15,000 to 30,000 feeder lambs. They hired over 60 men to help with the farming and the sheep. William and his brothers, George and Irvin, divided up the responsibility of the work on the ranch and farm. They helped out in each area, as the need arose. William took over the farmlands, Irvin, the dry farms and George, the sheep. Their Mother, Sophia was consulted on all decisions made. She cooked meals in the cook shack, the old log cabin they first lived in, for the hired men and anyone else that was invited to stay to eat, and there were always many business men, friends and relatives that did so. She continued cooking into her late seventies and was quite put out when she was told she couldn't do it anymore. She still was usually found in the cook shack helping out the cooks. Sophia passed away

at the age of 91 on August 23, 1957. She is buried alongside of her husband in the Ammon Cemetery.

Much more could be written about the Nielsen Ranch and all who worked there. They did much of their business with the people who lived and had stores and businesses in the Ammon Area. They were proud of where they lived and strived to help in its growth and development.

William and Mary's family all attended Church and School in the Ammon area. When their son, Gerold, died his funeral was held in Ammon and he is buried in the Ammon Cemetery. They supported their family in all of their activities and helped them when there was a need. They had eleven children. William always commented that he had a Danish dozen. Glen, Lalia, Floyd, Ruby, Gerold, Lois, George, Myrna, Vera, William, Bruce.

William's wife Mary had a business of her own. She raised chickens for butchering and sold eggs to the stores in Ammon and Idaho Falls. She always had a large garden, which she canned the surplus. She kept her home and yard in beautiful condition. She cooked many wonderful and tasty meals for hired men, friends, acquaintances and family. She loved to quilt, embroidery and crochet. She was generous with what she had. During World War 11 she sent many care packages to the soldiers that she knew. She made sure that her family knew the values of work and kept them very busy. Christmas and New Years were big occasions. Mary always cooked a turkey and all the trimmings and families on both sides of the family, along with friends were invited. There were many fun and happy times held in the home as Mary had a fun and pleasing personality. Mary and William loved to Dance and attend community functions. They were happy and fun to be with and had many friends that they did things with. Mary passed away on November 28, 1960 and is buried in the Ammon Cemetery.

Ileen Nielsen introduced William to Vie Stephens, who lived in Iona. They were married in the Idaho Falls Temple, for time, on November 21, 1961.

William with the "good and substantial name," William John Nielsen, was a "good and substantial

WILL OWEN

man.” He was strong minded and strong willed. He influenced those around him for good and accomplished much in his life time. Once you met him you never forgot him because of the strength of his character. He was known for good among his family, friends and community. He passed away on April 15, 1964 and is buried in the Ammon Cemetery.

Note from William’s daughter Myrna. “At his funeral, I couldn’t believe the number of people who approached our family and told of all the help he had provided them when they were in need. Many said he had asked them not to say anything about the help he had given them. That was the way he was.”

—Myrna Nielsen Anderson

History of the Will Owen Stone House

The “big stone house” on the corner of Ammon-Lincoln Road and Sunnyside has been a geo- graphical and social landmark to the people of Ammon (Idaho) for many years. Whenever talk turns to points of interest in the local area some old timer will reminisce about the unique windmill, and someone else will comment on the beautiful house and flower gardens. Directions can be given from the “big rock house” because everyone knows where it is. Just as frequently stories are told of the illustrious people who have lived there.

William Franklin Owen, Sr. built the house in 1893 for his family. While living there the last four of his eight children were born. It was the first



Rock house - 1898

house in the area to have a shingled roof rather than the customary dirt roof. When the well house was built in 1897 it was probably the first house in the area to have running water and an indoor bathroom. It worked by an ingenious system of a windmill pumping the water up to a second story storage tank. Gravity feed allowed the water to be piped into the house, and even delivered water to a tank by the kitchen stove for heating before using. The date stone which was originally the lintel over the well-house door was moved beside the back steps of the house when the well house was demolished.

Will Owen established a reputation early as a hard and competent worker and was always involved in the religious, social and political life of the young community. From the time he arrived in the Snake River Valley in 1885 he served at various times as Superintendent of Schools, Registrar of Deeds, and as County Commissioner for some time. He is listed on the first village Board of Trustees in 1905.

During these years he also served in unofficial capacities in helping to build the first schoolhouse (even before his own home was done) and in the construction of the irrigation project that watered this whole new area.

In 1899, his father put him in charge of the ultimate civic project. He gave him the money to purchase the 160 acre homestead just west of the Ammon-Lincoln Road and north of Sunnyside Road. He then platted it into blocks and streets and donated it as the official town site of Ammon, Idaho. The land deed is still on record in Bingham Co. Courthouse, which was the name of this County at the time (now Bonneville County). About 1908 the house was sold to Joseph Anderson when Will decided to move his family to Idaho Falls and leave farming. Joe Anderson was a quiet-spoken man, liking the solitude of the hills and being particularly adept at raising sheep. He started herding sheep in Utah when he was 13 and was so good that his employer took him as a partner when he turned 18. Some 7 years later (1897) he moved his wife and two children up to Idaho. Having little to start with, he was given 30 head of sick sheep by a local

rancher. He pulled them through a usually fatal illness and started to build his "fortune."

Four more children were born to the family before they moved into the "big rock house." While there the last two children, Jesse and Gordon, were born. The picture of the rock house with sheep in the fore ground was taken about this time (1912.)

Joe decided to venture into pig-raising and sold half of his 160 acre farm for some pigs (land was cheap then.) The pigs died and the project failed- and now the "estate" was just 80 acres.

Joe was active both in religious affairs and in the civic affairs of his community. He served two one half year missions for the Mormon Church and was a Sunday School superintendent and counselor in the bishopric at various times. His name appears as one of the trustees on the first Village Board of Ammon. He served many years on the board, sometimes as the chairman of it. During the same time he served on the school board of Ammon. His interest was so keen in the education of the children that he and another man, Arthur Bell, signed personal notes for enough money to rebuild the school after it burned. This was done by a man who abhorred debt and avoided it like the plague.



Rock house - 1908

In his later life he was elected a Representative to the Idaho State Legislature. He served from 1927-1933. While there he served as chairman of the Livestock Committee and as a member of the Education Committee and the Agriculture Committee. He was not the stereotype chest-thumping politician, but was very effective in his quiet way at accomplishing the things he was most interested in.

He also effectively influenced two of his sons who went into political life. Lyle Anderson served as a County Commissioner for two terms and as a State Representative in 1947-1949. Jesse Anderson served as an Idaho State Representative in 1939-41, and as a Utah State Representative in 1957-59. Presently Jesse is filling his third term on the Utah State Board of Education. He also has served on many national committees of the American Association of the Workers for the Blind and is president of the Ogden Association of the Blind.

One of the sons, Floyd, became a school teacher and the others followed their father into successful farming careers.

In 1916, the house was sold to Christopher Galbraith. He and his family were well known and liked in the little community. However, they decided to move to Utah after about a year and the house was sold to James C. Soelberg.

Mr. and Mrs. Soelberg moved into the house with their family of ten children. One child still remembers how elegant the natural carved wood fixtures were, and how beautiful the flower gardens were around the house. She remembers, too, the extraordinary convenience of the upstairs inside bathroom with hot and cold running water- a real luxury at the time.

Depression times came and the Soelberg's lost the house in about 1923. It stood empty for about a year until George Wadsworth bought it and moved in 1924. His family lived in the house until economic depression made itself felt once again in about 1931. The house reverted to a mortgage company which rented it out to Mr. and Mrs. Heath. They lived in the house for about a year, moving

out when it was sold to S. L. Peterson in 1932. The attached amusing newspaper article refers to this approximate time although no one will take credit for having kept pigs in the pump house.

Mr. Peterson had come from Utah in about 1917 to help build the sugar factories in Shelley and Lincoln. When the job was done he returned to Utah. Not until 1931 did he come back to Idaho at the urging of his in-laws. The big house and the 80-acre farm were for sale and he bought it for about \$12,000. His wife and 6 children moved up the next "Spring", having to be rescued from a snowbound train on the way. He brought a dairy herd up from Utah and built up a very successful dairy farm. He also succeeded in his personal life, serving his church well and raising his children to productive useful lives. His youngest son became a doctor. His only daughter maintains an active interest in the local history and has served as president of the Bonneville County Historical Society.

After Mr. Peterson died in 1954, his widow continued to live in the rock house. About 1957 it became necessary for her to sell the attached 80 acres. Ammon annexed it for a housing project and it became known as Peterson Acres. It was developed by Sterling Cannon and later Harold Loveland. The land that once supported hay, sheep, cows and miscellaneous farm animals now supports home and people. Only the house and granary (now used as a garage) remains of the original homestead of William F. Owen.

At times over the years, the second floor has been rented to various persons but for short periods of time, and on which little information was obtainable. The house was vacant when Mrs. Marjorie Ries purchased it in 1980 and attempted the task of refurbishing it. The antique oak hutch and door frames can be stripped of their white paint to glow with the warmth of a beautiful natural finish with some serious work.

The house was built with unusually large windows for the time and a lovely bay window that extends through both main floors. These unique features need to be preserved. It is

hoped that the National Registry will consider this house sufficiently significant, both in its beautiful architecture and as a home of a number of prominent men in the early history of Idaho, to accept it as a "Historical Place."

*A handwritten note by William L. Owen** on the typed document indicates that there was an earlier shingled house built by William F. Owen, Sr. before he built the stone house. The note follows: "From the journal of William F. Owen, Jr., the son of William F. Owen, Sr.: Sometime in 1886 grandfather built a two room log house on the 160 acres, which was the first home to have wood shingles, instead of the Rock House. In April 1905, my parents moved into the rock house, living in the upstairs apt., until the fall of 1906, when grandfather sold the farm to Joe Anderson. I was born in the rock house on Sept. 27, 1905."

**Wm. L. Owen, son of William F. Owen, Jr., 349 Wall Avenue I 393-1690, Ogden, Utah 84404

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ROY AND ERMA PULLMAN

By Eileen Pullman Nertney

Joseph Leroy Pullman and his two brothers, Herman and Victor, were born in Arhouse, Denmark. Joseph married Mary Magdalene Stutz in 1905, then he and his wife moved to Heyburn, Idaho. They had three sons Roy, Herman and Byron. Joseph started the Heyburn Brick and Tile Company in Heyburn in 1909. It was located on the Snake River. In 1917 it was moved to Burley on East Main and became the Burley Brick and Sand Co. In 1929 Roy Pullman married Irma Cooley. They had two girls, Eileen and Norma.

In 1937 Roy went to Ammon, Idaho to start building the Idaho Falls Brick and Tile Co. His wife and daughters didn't get to see him very often because of his time away. In the fall of 1938 the factory was finished and the family moved to Ammon with Roy. Roy and Irma bought the house next to the

brick company from John and Janice Judy. There was no indoor plumbing so water was carried from the brick company for a while.

The town's school had burned down so there was no school at first. When school finally began it was snowing so instead of sending a bus to pick up the students for school they sent out horse drawn sleighs. There was so much snow everywhere that it had to be piled up to the top of lamp posts and visibility was poor. Eileen and Norma had to stand in the middle of the road so that horses pulling a sleigh would be able to see them and stop for them.

There was a big hole in the ground between the brick company and the house. In the summer it was used to make beautiful brick. Then in the winter, after the clay had been removed, it filled up with rain and snow and became a perfect ice skating rink.

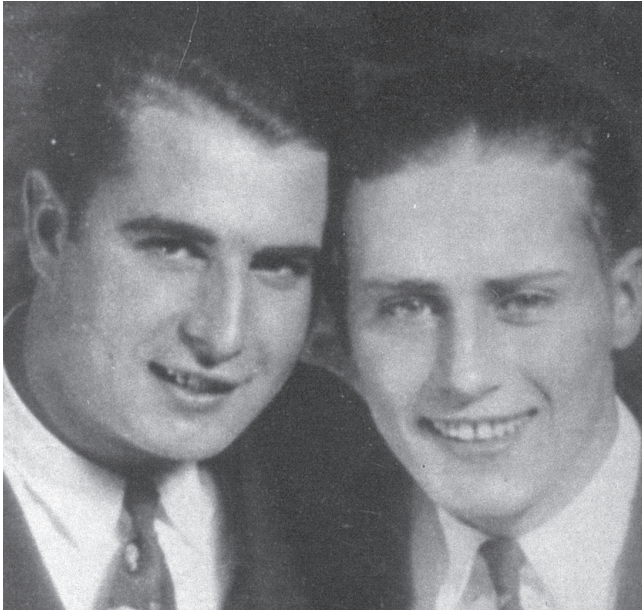
It took special clays to make beautiful bricks and different colors. Roy was always looking at different hills to see what kind of clay was in it. If it looked good he would take samples home and bake them in the oven to see what color brick they would make. Later the clay was mixed with water to form the bricks. After the bricks had been formed, they were stacked to



Byron, Herman, and Roy Pullman



Roy and Irma Pullman



Roy and Herman Pullman

dry before the firing process in the ovens which are called kilns. It would take two weeks to bake the bricks. At first, coal was shoveled in the kilns and the bricks were watched night and day until they were the right color.

Roy and his family also owned the Idaho Falls Brick and Tile Company in Idaho Falls, and the Pullman Brick in Boise. Bricks were supplied for building in all southern Idaho and into all the adjoining states through the years.

Later Joe L. Pullman, son of Roy and Irma was born. When Joe was around two years Eileen and Norma would put a book or pillow in his trousers when they knew he was going to be spanked. Then he would go to his mother smiling, ready for the spanking. She would laugh and he didn't get the spanking. Joe was a mischievous little boy. One time when Joe was around three years old, Eileen, Norma and Grandmother Cooley couldn't find him. They looked everywhere for him. Finally, he came out laughing from under the sink in the kitchen. Another time, Eileen had painted a picture with a moose in it at school which took her a week to paint. She brought it home and carefully laid it out to show her



Joe Pullman & chickens

parents. A short time later Joe ran over and shot an arrow through the moose. His favorite toy was a cork gun which, much to their dismay, he used to chase his sisters around the house and shoot them in the legs.

Music was a big part of Roy's life. He loved to play the mandolin. He was self-taught and very good. Vern Carlson was a talented singer and guitar player who owned the Welding Shop next to the brick co. The two of them would get together to play their instruments at the house and Irma would sometimes join them on the piano. Hosie Stout, who played the piano at local dances, lived a few blocks away. He would come over and join them and they would play for hours. Eileen would always ask Hosie to play the Tiger Rag for her.

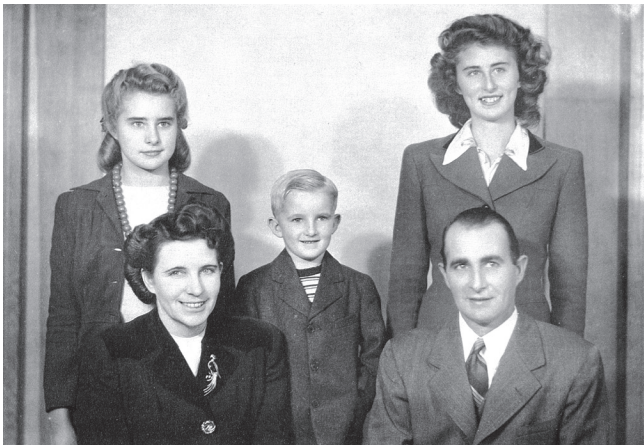
People were always playing practical jokes. Irma was a great cook! She always had something



Roy and mandolin

good for the girls to eat when they got home from school. She always thought of the family before herself. Many times she would bake bread, pies or cakes then set them on the counter. Soon after she would go to town to go shopping. Upon her return she would find all the treats had disappeared. Most of the time she never figured out who had taken them.

One time six fruit cakes went missing while she was away. That night she was invited to a friend's home to have a piece of cake. After Irma sat down she was served one of the missing fruit cakes. The house phone was on a party line. Seven households shared the same line. Irma knew that if the phone rang 4 times it was for her to answer.



Irma, Joe, Roy, Norma, and Ileen Pullman

One day Irma went out to her chicken coop and found several of her chickens were gone. After hunting for the chickens for a while she went into the house and picked up the phone to make a call. She heard two people talking on the line and one was saying "that Irma will never know who took her chickens." Irma recognized the voice and said "I know exactly who took my chickens, Alice!" Then hung up the phone. We never locked the doors in those days. We didn't even have a key.

Roy loved the crust on his bread. Once he brought a contractor home for a cup of coffee. Irma was gone and the bread was still in the oven. Roy took the two loaves of bread out of the oven, removed the top crusts, and then put the bread

back in the oven. He was hoping a new crust would form to replace the ones he removed as the two men had the first crusts with their coffee. Later when Irma arrived home she opens the oven and found crustless bread.

When Roy's father Joseph died, Roy and Irma moved to Burley where he became manager of the family owned Burley Brick and Sand Company. Roy wasn't feeling good at this time so they would spend the winters in Nevada and Arizona. Roy and Irma loved looking for agates during the winters. They were on the top of the mountain in the photo when Roy had a heart attack. Irma removed some metal from the car, took it up to Roy, put him on it and pulled him down to the car. Then she drove him to the hospital. Sometime later they went back and took this picture to show how she got him down.



Roy (heart attack) on mountain

Roy's son Joe decided to make a career in the Forest Service. He died at 59.

Norma retired from Safeway and also competed in several Ball Room dance competitions. She later died at 75 in Montana

As they got older Irma still baked bread in their camper in the desert. Strangers passing by could smell the aroma. They would knock on the door with a knife and butter in their hands.

Roy died at age 60 in Mesa, Arizona. His brother Herman died two years later.

After Roy died Irma moved to Washington and spent time as a volunteer helping mentally challenged children. Later she moved to Idaho Falls, Idaho where she died at the age of 92.

43

EVERETT AND ELMIRA PURCELL

Everett L Purcell was born October 7, 1892 in Golden city Missouri. He married Elmira Anderson, daughter of Thomas Christian Anderson, on October 8, 1913 in Salt Lake City, Utah. He died December 30, 1973 in Idaho Falls Idaho and is buried in the Ammon Cemetery.

Elmira Anderson was born January 14, 1891 in Mantua, Box Elder County Utah, daughter of Thomas Christian Anderson and Mary Annie Tabitha Peterson, and died March 28, 1947 in Idaho Falls Idaho and is buried in the Ammon Cemetery.

Everett came to Ammon in 1911 with his half-brother Leonard Purcell. They worked for Leonard Ball and Phineas Ball for several years. Everett's history states that he, Leonard and Parley Hansen would "spruce up" and walk to town to dance with the "Belles of Ammon." One of these young ladies caught Everett's eye and he married Elmira Anderson in October 1913.

Thomas Christian Anderson (always known as Christian) was born December 11, 1863 in Mantua Utah. He married Mary Annie Tabitha Peterson in the Logan Temple; he lived in Mantua Utah for several years and moved to Ammon, Idaho in 1895.

Christian Anderson had land which he divided among his children in his later years, giving each an 80 acre farm. Everett and Elmira started to farm at this time on their 80 acres east of Ammon which her father had given her.

They had six children and one adopted child. Zonda, Naomi, Gerald Everett, Merlin Ariel,

Yvonne, Arland, and Sharon, the adopted child. All have passed away except Arland and Sharon.

44

MARK AND HELEN PURCELL

Written by Helen Purcell

Purcell Farm History

In the fall of 1924 Leonard Purcell bought a forty acre farm from his brother Everett Purcell about a mile and a half south of Ammon. Then in 1932 they made a "great venture" and bought a rundown eighty acre farm one and a half miles west of Ammon for \$6,500. Farming two farms four miles apart became a problem so when Guy Empey wanted to buy the forty acre farm they sold it to him for \$7,000 in the fall of 1937. They then rented John Blatter's farm, (Tillie's father). This farm was only a mile from their own. They never lived on the farm but bought a house in Ammon across from the church. The farm became known to the family as the "eighty". I, Helen Grant, being 11 years old at the time did not know what an impact the purchase of that piece of land would have on my life.

In 1937 I actually lived only one half mile west and half a mile south of this property on St Clair Road. My friend Laura Lee Byers and her brother Joe, in the summer had to herd their parent's cows along the roads as they grazed in the barrow pits. It was during the depression, money was tight so by doing this they saved money by not buying hay. This looked like a lot more fun to me than tending my little brother and sister so I begged my dad to let me go with them for a day on my pony. As the cows grazed we went along the road past the "eighty". I felt so sorry for whoever was living in that little shack house, which had never been painted, had weeds for a yard etc. No way could I have foreseen that becoming my home.

I had never heard of the Purcells except if I ever murmured about some task I was assigned, my dad

would tell me “he was going to send me to Leonard Purcell and he would teach me how to work”. Now I see I should have been forewarned. We moved from St Clair Road and my Dewey School days to Osgood.

Years went by and at that time the Osgood high school students went to Ammon High School. Mark Purcell was the Student Body President. I had a history class with him. I took the opportunity to smile at him each morning as I went into class. After about a month he came and asked me why I smiled at him all the time. He eventually took the hint and asked me for a date. That was the beginning of a four year courtship.

Two years of that time he spent in the Navy aboard a destroyer as a radio man during World



Mark and Helen Purcell

War II with many memorable experiences. Destroyers were assigned “Tom Cat” duty about 20 miles from the main fleet of battleships, carriers and cruisers. They would be at this position for 48 hours and then would be relieved by another destroyer and return to the main convoy. One morning they had not

quite gotten back to the convoy when the destroyer that relieved them was struck by a Kamikaze plane directly in the radio shack. That was a sobering realization for him that in less than half an hour that could have been him.

Mark was the only person from the west and the only Mormon on board that ship, the “Wallace L. Lind”, and was considered a little strange. His Chief told him one day, “Purcell, you don’t drink, you don’t smoke, you don’t chase women, so you might as well go jump overboard.”

The Japanese were not the only threat to the destroyers. Once they were caught in a typhoon. The sea was so rough the ship would roll so far to the side that it dipped water with the stacks.

Then it would pitch up and down so as one minute the deck was totally submerged and the next the stern would be so far out of the water that the screws were fanning the air. Mark stated that this experience was far worse than anything the enemy could dish out.

The Captain of the “Wallace L. Lind”, George DeMetropolis, had been a merchant mariner before the War started. He had been given a wartime commission and was afraid that if the War ever ended he would be demoted. In an effort to make himself more noticed by the brass he volunteered his ship for every dirty job in the Pacific. His efforts finally paid off. At the end of the War the “Wallace L Lind” was chosen to take Admirals Towers and McCain (John McCain’s grandfather) from the flagship of their task force into Tokyo Bay to the Battleship Missouri for the signing of the Peace Treaty. Mark said that during the surrender proceedings the US sent up every plane they had. The planes flew in waves over the Missouri so close and so many they almost blocked out the sun.

In June of 1946 Mark was discharged from the Navy and all that summer we worked on the little house on the “eighty”. It had not improved over the years since I saw it herding cows with my friends. We painted the outside, papered the inside, planted grass and made a yard. On November 14, 1946, we were married in the Idaho Falls temple and moved into our “now” sparkling clean abode. There was not a well on the place so we hauled water in 10 gallon cans from his parents’ house in Ammon. Our cook stove had a reservoir that we kept filled with water so we had warm water and a tea kettle on the stove always. We needed the cook stove for heat also. In the front room we had a heatrola which burned coal and wood. We later replaced it with an oil stove which in the winter you could keep warm by standing by it on the opposite side the wind was blowing from. Insulation had not played any part in the building of that house. We had some really cold winters back then. I’d put on a flannel night gown, a sweater, warm stockings, gloves and sometimes a wool scarf on my head. Where were



Mark and the house

electric blankets when you needed them? “Uninvented!”

Of course indoor plumbing was not included in the house. We had a large oblong horse trough we’d fill to a certain level and be able to have a “sit down bath”. I can’t remember how we got it outside to dump. I’m pretty certain Mark just

picked it up and carried it out. The following year in 1947 we drilled a well and had a sink with hot and cold water after installing a hot water heater in the miniscule pantry. We purchased an easy spin clothes washer that hooked up to the sink and what a luxury, I could wash at home. All of these improvements required a septic tank and drain field. After the war the quality of things was not “real quality”. We found, much to our amazement when we had to dig it up, that the septic tank was made of some kind of pressed cardboard and painted a gray metallic color.

Our first car was a little 1935 Plymouth coupe that Mark bought for \$300. If it did run it laid down a smokescreen that made it appear to be on fire so we just resorted to using the old yellow farm truck. It was so noisy you couldn’t hear each other for any conversation.

The first two years of our marriage Mark took a vocational type welding school three nights a week and received \$90 a month which was the extent of our income at that time. We managed to get by as I had canned all summer before we were married. The little dirt cellar under our house had shelves filled with green beans, corn, peaches pears, pickles, jams etc. My parents gave us half a beef and we rented a locker in town in the basement of O. P. Skaggs. I even have a list of our groceries for Jan 1947. It came to \$19. Even so we were as happy as if we had good sense and made plans for the crops

we’d plant in the spring and how much money we’d have in the fall when they were sold. Since we had nothing to farm with Mark made a deal with his father to use all his machinery for a fifty-fifty split of the crop and expenses.

In the fall of 1947 after harvest we got for our share \$1,700 and we bought a new car. After the War cars were in short supply. My father was friends with a fellow in the Ford dealership and he managed to get us a car without months and months of waiting. It was a shiny black Ford coupe and it even had white sidewall tires. We were so glad to have reliable transportation. We also purchased a cow from Willis Nutzman who had a jersey herd. I think he sold her cheap because she was red and not all jersey. To show how tame she was Mark just held her on a flatbed truck with a halter and rope while Jared Wirkus drove the truck. Like a jersey she gave rich milk. We bought a used cream separator and a little cream can. Every week I’d take the cream to a small creamery in town and get about \$2.00 which helped with the groceries.

In the fall of 1948 Mark decided to take a job driving bus for the school district. The district had acquired an old Dodge bus from an independent driver who decided to retire. Mark received \$100 a month for driving bus. The winters of 1948 & 1949 were the severest winters we’d had in years. That bus had to be dragged around the yard every morning with the tractor to get it started.

Our first child, Marcele, was born January 4, 1949 and the entire winter was one not to be forgotten. Our place started getting snowed in early in December and by the time Marcele was born and I was in the hospital ten days we were completely snowed out. I went home from the hospital to Mark’s parents place in Ammon. Mark snow shoed back and forth to our place to take care of the few animals we had and milk Cherry, the cow. The snow was drifted so high on Sunnyside Road he could step over the telephone wires. Sometimes it was blizzarding so hard he’d stay at the farm overnight. It was a miracle the power or phone never went out. Oh, for a snowmobile, but

they were still in the future. It was the first part of February before the baby and I ever got home. They opened Nigger Lane, the north - south road from 17th Street straight to our place. They did not get Sunnyside open until the first part of March.

The fall of 1950 Mark decided not to drive school bus anymore. Leland Smith and he bought a portable potato washer and started a potato sorting business going straight to the farm cellars and then trucking them into town to whoever the farmer had sold them to. This was an education in making grade and passing inspection. This business wasn't much of a great income but it was a job.

1950 proved to be a very sad year for us as we watched Mark's brother Waldon get increasingly worse with nephritis which at that time was incurable. Dialysis was still in the future. They now can cure this disease. Waldon passed away November 22, 1950. Joanne had become my "other sister" and she was left with two small boys, Bob, 2 years old and John, 9 months old. We tried our best to help her through this trial.

On July 10, 1951 our second child, Terry, was born. To say our house was becoming a bit small for our little family would have been an understatement. The one small bedroom was especially inadequate. A friend made bunk beds crib size and with a little arranging we were able to get it in the bedroom and were able to get along under these crowded conditions.

In February of 1953 with the help of Mark's father we got a loan and began to build a new house, right in front of our other one. We acquired the services of Leo Romer, an independent builder who had built many homes in Ammon. Thus, the dream of seven years began to be a reality. The spring and summer of 1953 were extremely busy as we watched our home take shape. We did all the painting and varnishing with the help of Mark's mother.

On July 24, 1953 our third child, Merralee, was born and our new home was almost ready to move into. With this third child we had definitely outgrown our little house. What a luxury central heat was and indoor plumbing with all kinds of

hot water and room to spare. Our little house was moved to Ammon where Rex, Mark's brother, remodeled and built onto it for his home. It is still there right across from the church. The Lemons brothers moved it.

On September 21, 1955 we welcomed our fourth child, Blake into our home and family. I came home from the hospital to 5 bushel of peaches that had to be canned. With the help of Mark's mother even with her leg in a cast resting on a chair and with Mark helping the task was accomplished.

In 1956 Mark started having pain in his right knee. The procedure at that time was to put a splint on his leg for 10 days which did not help. Next they put a plaster cast ankle to hip for six weeks which also did not help. On July 5, 1957 his knee was operated on and the cartilage was removed. Then on crutches for three weeks. In 1958 the same procedure was prescribed for his left knee. It made the farm work very difficult for him. We decided to change our farming operation and a large barn that set on Mark's father's place in Ammon was moved over to the eighty by the Lemons brothers.

With some overhauling we built an area to milk cows in, so thus, our dairy business began. We bought a two unit milker and a ten gallon can milk cooler. We had acquired the 130 acre farm just north of us to rent so for the next two years we milked cows and farmed, putting everything we made back into the cows and slowly increasing the herd size. The stanchion barn had zero heat and in the winter I put on so many layers of clothes under coveralls I resembled the younger brother on the movie "Christmas Story". I stayed warm until I'd hear Roy Southwick on the radio announcing how far below zero it was. Then I just stiffened out. One morning I was bringing one of the milkers in to dump into one of the ten gallon cans. I opened the door, stepped in, turned and there stood our Stake President, Cecil Hart, dressed in his usual sartorial elegance, black suit, black top coat, hat and gloves. I thought in a panic maybe the best option would be just to faint. Very much to his credit President

Hart couldn't have been more polite and friendly if I'd been dressed in my best dress and it was Stake Conference. Not one comment on my attire or occupation. At this time Mark also got a job with Wallace Dairy as a wholesale delivery man taking milk and dairy products to the grocery stores and some cafes. He injured his back loading cases of milk into the delivery truck and had to quit his job with the dairy.

In 1960 we made a monumental decision to go into the dairy business in a big way and to bottle our milk and sell it retail at the farm. In 1961 we started to build onto the existing barn. We built a cinder block building with a bottling room, a customer room and a walk in cooler. We bought other dairy products from Wallace Dairy and retailed them at the farm also. It also necessitated buying a bottle filler, dollies and bottle washing equipment. Part of our family was big enough to help by now but as we increased the dairy herd plus the farming the load was too heavy to handle so in January, 1962 we got our first hired help. Arlin Messenger was the best worker we ever had. The bottling and retail also required more hired help and we began to learn hired help was expensive too.



Purcell Dairy milk bottle lid



Purcell Dairy sign

In 1962 we suffered a setback as did the entire valley with a disastrous flood through the area. Extremely cold weather early in the winter had frozen the ground two feet deep. Then heavy snow had covered the hills. Conditions changed and early in February it started to rain and thaw. Without any place to go but run, the water got



Flood of 1962

several feet deep and ran in torrents like a large river through the valley. Mark had been called to sandbag around the church so I was helping milk when I could hear water churning in the ditch that ran through our place. I called my dad who lived in New Sweden. He and my brother came. They had to park the truck half a mile away and walk in. In the mean time I was madly carrying canned fruit and groceries out of the basement. The basement of our home completely filled with water and the water around the house was so swift and deep you could hardly stand up in it. We had a pump run by a tractor pumping nonstop to keep the water out of the main floor of the house. The only place the cows could get out of the water was along the feed racks. At milking time someone had to push them off and they would swim to the barn. We were fortunate we didn't lose any of them but it didn't do them any good and production was down for a long time. With persistence and hard work we recovered.

We decided to build a four stall walk in milking parlor including a 1000 gallon bulk tank and a complete new pipe line milking system. We also started bottling milk for Eastern Idaho Dairy. We decided to try home delivery and bought a delivery truck.

I, completely out of my comfort zone, started actively soliciting people to deliver milk to. We had an Ammon route and an Idaho Falls route on alternate days. I delivered with the help of one of the children before school started in the mornings. To accomplish everything, farming etc. we started milking at 2 in the morning and 4 in the afternoon.



Purcell family photo

By the time we had all the evening chores done, cows fed, water set etc. it was usually 10 pm by the time we got into the house. An accurate description was "we were dead on our feet".

One day I was helping milk with the hired man. Mark had gone out to bring a cow from a corral a bull was in and put her in the holding pen. After Mark had been gone for some time I began feeling uneasy and something told me to go now and check on where he was. I came around the corner of the barn and it was like a picture of disaster I could see happening. Mark had his back turned driving the cow and here came the bull charging him. A pitchfork was leaning against the gas tank. I grabbed it and got through two fences and got to Mark just as the bull knocked him down.

I rammed the pitch fork in his nose and he jumped over Mark and went off bellowing with the pitchfork in his nose.

The milk routes didn't prove to be that wonderful. The profit that could have been made was eaten up by people who wouldn't pay their milk bill. I had never realized there were people who had no intention of ever paying for anything. We eventually dropped the milk routes and sold the delivery truck.

Mark had begun having chest pains and we feared it might be heart trouble. After several EKGs nothing could be found wrong with his heart. He tried to ignore the pain and keep working. It became very distressing for him to be down with

a sensation of burning in the chest and a feeling that any food he'd eaten was going to come back up. After more extensive examination and X Rays of his stomach and esophagus it was determined he had a hiatal hernia. In the spring of 1964 he had surgery and as a result more problems. At that time it was common practice for this operation to enlarge the lower opening of the stomach into the intestine. For him it caused "stomach dumping". The food does not stay in the stomach long enough for the proper digestion juices to act upon it before it goes into the intestine. This caused a condition much like insulin shock in a diabetic. With this problem he lost a lot of weight, 55 lbs. The stomach dumping caused many other problems. A lot of them so severe he'd just pass out. One time Mark and Terry were burning ditches with our flame thrower weed burner on a wagon pulled by the tractor. Mark was driving the tractor and keeping the wagon ahead of the flames. Mark passed out and Terry barely got the weed burner shut off, leaped on the tractor and while supporting his dad got it pulled away from the burning ditch.

In June of 1965, Rex and Ilene decided to fly back to Indiana to visit Winnie, Mark's younger sister. She and her husband George Merritt were living in Indianapolis. Rex owned an airplane along with my cousin, Ray Longhurst. They invited us to go with them. Two days before we were to leave Mark bent over to pull up a headgate and injured his back again. He refused to be cheated out of the trip and decided to go, bad back and all. This was not a good decision. He could hardly get in and out of the plane and ended up in the hospital in Indiana the entire time we were there. When we were ready to come home the doctor gave him an injection of Demerol. He gave me a supply of Demerol and needles and directions of how much to give him if he needed it on the way home. We had a lot of rough weather on the way home coinciding with the time Mark needed more Demerol. I had never given a shot in my life. Mark, within 10 minutes after the injection was out cold which scared me to death trying to hear if he was still breathing etc. I

was never so glad to see anything as when we came over the hills from the east and saw those blue Harvestores of Jared Wirkus. Rex radioed ahead and an ambulance was waiting at the airport. Mark spent the next few days in the Idaho Falls hospital.

Our doctor said the dosage the doctor in Indiana prescribed was way too much and could have easily killed him, so he was mainly in the hospital when we got home from Demerol overdose.



Purcell family and Janice Medicine Horse

1965 became a momentous year for us. That year the Indian Placement Program came to Idaho. LDS families took an Indian child into their home for the 9 month school year. I particularly felt the need to participate in this program. We applied and the last of August an eight year old Indian girl named Janice Medicine Horse came to live with us. Janice was a Crow Indian from the Crow Agency Reservation near Harden, Montana. This is at the Custer Battlefield Site. She was very small for her age but lovable and seemed to accept us. Within two weeks she was calling us Mama and Daddy. She was with us for 9 years.

Joanne and Nolan Jorgensen, (Joanne previously married to Mark's brother Waldon who died in 1950 now married to Nolan Jorgensen) had adopted a baby boy and two years later a baby girl. They got the baby girl through Gerald Cheney's brother in Los Angeles. Something about that baby girl, Stephanie, made me think it would be really

great to have a baby girl. I asked Mark one day, "What if someone called me up on the phone and offered to give us a baby girl?" His answer was, "If someone wants to give you a baby girl you take it." I'm sure he thought there was not the remotest possibility of that happening.

Joanne had contacted several lawyers before she got Stephanie. I was at the church decorating for the Ward Christmas party when Joanne called me from school. One of the lawyers, Tom Moss, had called her and said he had a baby girl if she wanted her. Joanne told him she had gotten a baby but she knew someone who would like a baby girl. She told me I had to call him immediately. Mark wasn't even home. He had gone to the sugar factory to get beet pulp. In 1965 there were no cell phones and no way to contact him. I called the lawyer from the church and tried to think of all the good things I could tell him about us. He needed some recommendation from someone he knew. In the course of the conversation he said he lived in Shelley. I had an Uncle Willard Longhurst who also lived in Shelley and so I gave him his name. He kind of smiled on the phone and said, "My sister Jean married his son Homer." That was all the recommendation he needed. He said he would call the doctor in Moscow, Idaho and make the arrangements. One problem, the baby had been in the hospital nursery and needed to be out before Christmas. We had to go yet that day.

Needless to say I tore home leaving my counselors to decorate. I got home just as Mark was driving in with the truck load of beet pulp. I ran out to him and breathlessly told him we had a baby girl waiting for us in Moscow, Idaho and we had to go get her NOW! He calmly got out of the truck, walked to the house and called his brother Rex who happened to be home on Christmas vacation from the "Site" and asked him if he would like to fly us to Moscow. Just like that by 2pm that day we left the Idaho Falls airport for Moscow.

We took Blake with us. He, being the youngest, had never brought a baby home from the hospital. We kind of hitched a ride from the Moscow airport

to the hotel where the doctor was supposed to meet us. The doctor took us to the hospital. He took Blake in with him. The nurse brought the baby into a room, gave her to Blake and I'm sure with the nurse's help he dressed her, wrapped her in the blankets and carried her out to the car and gave her to me. We then went straight to the doctor's house to complete the paper work. I was just unwrapping the blankets to see the baby when the carolers came and the doctor and his wife went out on the balcony. My first glimpse of Natillie was with the strains of "Silent Night" floating up. When the doctor and his wife came back in he told her, "We have Joseph and Mary here tonight and they are taking this baby back to a dairy farm".

The doctor took us to our motel and he had just left when we realized we had left the formula at his house. We wrapped up the baby again and started walking trying to find a place to buy bottles with formula. Mission accomplished we returned to the motel and had just settled in bed when the door flew open and there stood the doctor asking, "Anybody for formula?"

The next morning when we went to the airport it was snowing and foggy. I tried not to worry thinking about all the mountains we'd flown over. When we took off I thought I smelled something burning and then I heard Rex whispering to Mark, "Don't tell Helen." We didn't stop for gas in Butte because Rex thought he had enough to get to Dillon. When we got to Dillon the airport was closed for Christmas so we had to go back to Butte. Turns out the generator on the plane had frozen up causing the drive belt to burn in two. That was the burning smell I smelled back at the Moscow airport. The battery was dead so Mark had to spin the propeller by hand to start the plane. We did arrive safely in Idaho Falls and the kids were waiting for us with the car at the airport. Christmas Eve, 1966. Marcele and Merralee had gotten all the Christmas layaways out of the stores. The house was shiny clean and we were all ready for Christmas with our special surprise gift, Natillie, named after Mark's mother Tillie.

About a week after we got Natillie home and the holidays over Mark told me he thought I should write to the Cheneys in Los Angeles and tell them we'd like a baby girl. My reply was "WHAT". He said, "Think about it. Blake, our youngest, is 11 years older than Natillie. At some time she will be raised as an only child." Then every day he'd ask me if I'd written the letter. Well at last I did write the letter and the Cheneys got it on the very day Darlou was born. They were working with a doctors clinic in Culver City, California and had placed many babies in LDS homes. They had a family in Idaho waiting for a baby girl who had all boys. They read my letter and decided she was supposed to go to us.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Mark had an aunt in Colorado who was dying with cancer. Over a weekend we went with Dean and Ceola Marshall and Nolan and Joanne Jorgensen to see her. When we drove into the parking lot of the hospital in Colorado Mark's cousin, Leonard Purcell, was standing in the hospital entrance. He said, "The State Police are looking for you and you are to call home immediately." I rushed to the phone with every disaster known to man running through my mind and called home. Blake answered the phone and said there was a baby girl waiting for us in Los Angeles. Relief just flooded over me. My reply was, "Is that all?" We left for home early the next morning.

The Cheneys in Culver City expected to hear from us so Marcele called them saying she was Mrs. Purcell and we would be there Monday or Tuesday to get the baby. With the help of my sister, Barbara, plane tickets were already purchased. My aunt in Inglewood had been notified and she was meeting us at the airport and we were staying with her. The plane tickets had been purchased for all four children and Janice too. Evidently no one was being left home this time. My sister kept our six week old baby, Natillie. Just as we were leaving for the airport my visiting teachers came and we told them we were off to California to get another baby girl. They went to Darlene Warren's house next and mentioned we'd left for California and why. She

would not believe them. She told them she knew I was crazy but not that crazy.

The next day my aunt took us to the hospital in Culver City. The Cheney's had contacted the doctor. A social worker took us into the doctor's library where we signed papers. A black nurse brought the baby in. She stopped at the door, looked around at our family and asked Mark if all these children were his. The social worker said, "Yes and they have a six week old baby at home." The nurse went over to Mark and put the baby in his arms saying, "You sure enough got yourself a family." And that is how Natillie and Darlou became part of our family. I'm sure they were always meant to be ours. They just arrived in a different way and all I had to do was say, "I'd like a baby girl" and my wish was doubled.

For the next five years we struggled with our dairy business. Milk prices never did come up and feed and expenses continued to climb. Each month it was more difficult to meet the labor bill and the bank payment. Mark's health seemed to be declining too.

July 2, 1972 became a day we will always remember. On that Sunday afternoon Mark took the tractor and scraper to the corral just before milking to clean out the holding pen. Natillie went running out and wanted to ride on the tractor. After opening the gate and being in a hurry to back in before cows came in he jumped on the tractor, put it in reverse and popped the clutch throwing Natillie off. The front wheel ran over her chest. He came packing her to the house and told me to get the car, he had just run over Natillie. Blake drove while Mark held her in his arms expecting he'd have to do CPR any minute. Blake put on the flashers and laid on the horn but at every intersection someone pulled out in front of us regardless. At the hospital after examinations and X-Rays there seemed to be no serious injuries. The doctor said that same day there had been two more children run over with no serious injuries. It was coincidental that very day, Joseph Fielding Smith the prophet of the church died. We wondered if



Purcell family and Janice Medicine Horse

the Lord decided to leave 3 children on earth in exchange for his 95 year old prophet.

In the spring of 1972 we began looking for a buyer for our dairy herd. A young fellow from Smithfield, Utah had just built a new dairy barn and felt our herd was ready made for his purposes. The first week in October we loaded our 100 head of milk cows into semi-trucks and followed them to Utah. We helped them milk that first night and the next morning. The Purcell Dairy moved into the pages of history.

The children were growing up. Marcele graduated from high school and Ricks College and went on to BYU where she graduated in elementary education. She married Harold Tanner. Terry graduated from high school, went to BYU and then in the fall of 1970 left for Ecuador on a mission.

In 1971 it became apparent that once again Mark's legs were giving out. With the pain in his knees and back the farm work became increasingly harder for him. Walking for irrigating was especially difficult. After X-Rays the doctor determined his knee joints were slipping out and his weight was no longer in the center of the joint. At the same time his back was examined and the doctor said the back would have to be taken care of first. On November 8, 1972 Mark had his back operation and this was a long siege of overhaul that we hoped would get him back on the road to health. Terry was home from his mission and refused to

go back to school until his dad was through these operations. We had corrals full of young stock and were feeding corn silage. I was glad he was there to help Blake.

Mark's legs were next to be fixed. In February of 1973 he had an osteotomy on his right knee. This consisted of cutting a pie shape wedge of bone out of the knee joint, forcing the knee to straighten the leg putting the weight back where it belonged. The recuperation was painful work and therapy to get the knee to work again after the hard cast was removed. In July of the same year his left leg was operated on in the same manner.

During this year Terry and Blake operated the farm. They had a good crop and the price of grain even came up that year. Things looked brighter and by December Mark could run a mile without any trouble.

Things looking brighter was short lived. Early in December as Mark was shaving he noticed a lump on the side of his neck down by his collar bone. A trip to the doctor brought the world crashing down on us again. Cancer! I can't even describe how the word tore at me. Both my parents had died with cancer. My mother with breast cancer and my dad with a malignant brain tumor. Surgery was set for December 26. The lump was removed, biopsied and diagnosed as Hodgkins (cancer).

We made a quick trip to Sacramento. Marcele had just had a baby girl, Marca Lynn. Natillie and Darlou were in the first grade. They read the Program Readers to me going and coming home.

January 1974 Mark entered the University of Utah Medical Center in Salt Lake. Dr. Harvey Hatch had referred him to Dr. Wintrobe who wrote the book on Hodgkins. After many tests his spleen was removed as they found a spot of cancer on it. Because of that the doctor said he would have to "bite the bullet" with both chemo and radiation.

Mark had a strong desire to recover rapidly. Terry had become engaged to Kristine Cook and they had chosen February 8, 1974 as their wedding day. Mark had to be well enough to go through the temple and stand in a reception line that night.

As soon as he was partially recovered from the

operation he was started on radiation from his waist up. The radiation was a severe treatment and Mark was extremely sick and weak all the time. The inside of his throat became so burned he could hardly swallow water and eating anything was difficult. The radiation had burned the taste buds in his mouth so everything tasted terrible. Salt was the only flavor he could distinguish.

Natillie and Darlou lived with Joanne Jorgensen during the week. She was also their first grade teacher. We would leave early on Monday morning to be in Salt Lake in time for radiation treatment and we would leave for home on Friday as soon as the radiation treatment was over. We stayed with Mark's sister, Winifred Merritt in Bountiful.

Merralee and Bart Cook had chosen a wedding date late in April but we talked them into postponing the wedding until June 7 in hopes that part of the radiation would be over and hopefully Mark would feel better.

Once again Mark struggled to recover enough to spend the day in the temple and be part of the reception that night.

After about a three month rest Mark was again started on radiation of the pelvic area. This did not make him quite as sick as the upper radiation but it knocked his white blood count down so low radiation had to be stopped at times so his blood count could recover. This caused radiation to be drawn out longer than anticipated and eventually it was stopped completely because his blood count could not recover.

Blake received his mission call to the Washington D C mission. This mission was later divided and he went to the Harrisburg, Pennsylvania mission in January of 1975. About a week before he left the big barn we had moved from Ammon caught fire and burned to the ground killing eight calves and burning one of our tractors and other things that had been stored there. We had previously sold the milking system and bulk tank so they were not in the barn. At this time Mark had started chemotherapy. He received five different drugs, some injected into the vein and

some given by mouth. The IV drugs had to be administered at the University Hospital in Salt Lake every other week. The next morning after the barn burned we had to go to Salt Lake for chemotherapy.

About ten days later we took Blake to Salt Lake to the Mission Home. When we returned to Idaho Falls we found that Terry and Kris were at the hospital. They had lost their first baby born prematurely.

In March 1975 something that looked like pimples broke out on the left side of Mark's chest and around and under his left arm and the left side of his back. These developed into large watery sores. These sores lasted about two weeks and were diagnosed a shingles. After the sores ran their course and started to heal he began to have terrific pain through his left side and back, like a hot poker going through him and never any relief was the way he described it. He began to think the Bible may have been mistranslated and Job didn't have boils, he had shingles. He went to the pain clinic at the University Hospital. They tried blocking nerves coming from the spinal cord that were causing the pain. That was to no avail. They suggested we rent this electric apparatus that he wore around his waist. It was supposed to shoot an electric current through the area and scramble the nerve sensations. This helped very little. Surgery to sever the nerves causing the pain was considered and dismissed. We felt it was dangerous and impractical. How would they know which nerves to cut? Eventually the extreme pain subsided some but he developed a sensitivity to the outside of his skin in that area. He couldn't stand clothing or anything to touch him. Even the movement of air on his skin was intolerable. After a year of suffering with this condition we were at the University Hospital in Salt Lake. Doctor Wintrobe said that if the distance from Idaho Falls to Salt Lake wasn't so great he would suggest hypnosis. We came home without any relief in sight. At our next appointment with Dr. Harvey Hatch we told him what Doctor Wintrobe had said about hypnosis.

After some thought he said that if Mark would like to try hypnosis, he knew quite a bit about it and had used it on occasion. He took Mark into a patient room and within ten minutes they came out. All the drawn and pain filled expression on Mark's face had been erased and he was smiling. It worked like a miracle and from that time on he did not have any more pain from the nerve damage the shingles had caused.

About this time his chemotherapy was finished. The year of 1977 was better. He felt pretty good through the summer and could almost do a whole days work on the farm if it wasn't too strenuous. In November he caught the flu and began to feel very tired. He coasted through December and in January Dr. Hatch found his hemoglobin was very low causing anemia. He received his first blood transfusion and felt somewhat better, but not for long.

About this time our long time friend, Jared Wirkus, had open heart surgery in Salt Lake. He was recovering at home and seemed to be doing well.

Mark was more tired and weary and on March 6, 1978 we checked in at the University Hospital. I called Terry to tell him we wouldn't be coming home and then he told me Jared had died early that morning with a blood clot in his heart. We were stunned and immediately checked Mark out of the hospital and returned home. Mark was asked to sing at the funeral. He was so weak and sick he had to lean on the piano to support himself but he sang beautifully. I gave the life sketch and we both felt honored for the privilege of paying tribute to our friend.

The following Monday we returned to the University Hospital and for a full week, tests of every description were run on Mark. It was determined that his bone marrow was not manufacturing blood due to the radiation on the big bones in the pelvic area. This was causing severe anemia. He was given three units of blood and sent home.

The summer of 1978 was one of tension and concern. Mark received 4 units of blood every month either at Salt Lake or here at the Idaho Falls Hospital. He compared trying to do any work on the farm as to a tractor trying to plow at half



Family photo - 1980

throttle. Late in the fall of 1978 Dr. Hatch found abnormal white cells in his blood and he was again referred to the University Hospital in Salt Lake. We received discouraging news. It was apparent he was developing a leukemic condition and his white cells were showing up abnormal. The doctor told him to go home and get his affairs in order.

Blake had returned from his mission and married Diana Chambers. They were living in the trailer house behind our home. On December 13, 1978 the trailer house caught fire and destroyed most of the inside of it. We wondered how much more could go wrong but realized we could count our blessings. If the fire had broken out at night it could have been fatal for Blake and Diana.

The year of 1979 was filled with challenges. During these years of stress Mark was Young Men's President, High Councilman in the Ammon Stake and Councilor in the Bishopric in the Ammon 6th Ward. Natillie and Darlou were twelve years old and had

never known their father when he was healthy. Their prayers always included, "Please make Daddy well."

In October of 1979 Natillie was diagnosed with childhood onset diabetes.

In December Mark's health kept deteriorating and on December 9, 1979 he passed away on a Sunday morning at the Idaho Falls Hospital.

1980 was a very difficult year for me. Natillie took up the "spot of worry" over Mark. She was in the hospital so many times with diabetes related problems. Terry told me, Don't worry about the farm. I'll run it. You pay the expenses and you get the crop." This he did for 20 years.

Blake graduated from nursing school and went on to Bridgeport, Connecticut to anesthesia school where he graduated top of his class. He returned home and got a job at Blackfoot Hospital, later at the Eye Center and Surgical Center in Idaho Falls. He now has his own anesthesia business.

I worked as an aide in Special Education with

Irene Larsen. She was an outstanding teacher and the absolute best person you could work with. After I retired I tutored children in reading at my home for nine years. Darlou and Natillie both graduated from Ricks College. Natillie in nursing and Darlou in art. Darlou met Nathan Gams in the art program at Ricks. They were married and both went to the Los Angeles Art School. After graduation the got jobs in California and Seattle. Later they moved to Hampton, New Hampshire. Nate had been teaching graphic art and Darlou has paintings in several galleries in the South and East.

Natillie went to Provo and worked in the hospital there. She met Mark Vos. They were married and now live in Rancho Cucamonga, California. She worked as a nurse at Kaiser in Fontana until Mark was through law school. By then her diabetes problems were worse and her husband gave her a kidney transplant which lasted three years. When it failed she was on dialysis along with transient ischemic attacks. I was with her for eight months waiting for a transplant. You have to be in a certain state of "wellness" to get a transplant and she was rapidly getting worse. She did get a kidney and pancreas transplant which saved her life and eliminated the diabetes. She always told me, "Mom, don't worry about me," as if I've never had a reason to do that.

It seemed there was always some problem to be resolved. As development started the city, the county and the developers banded together to eradicate our ditch which watered our farm. This ditch originated in Sand Creek half a mile north of 17th Street and traversed land which was destined to become the Grand Teton Mall and the Eastern Idaho Regional Medical Center. The ditch had to go. They approached me with this great plan that I should abandon the ditch, put a pump in Sand Creek and cross just a few feet of Ferrell Wood's farm to put my farm under sprinkler and this would be "so much better" for me. I asked them how long it would take for me to pay for all that with "so much better"? This debate went on for several months. The ditch had to go to allow for

their development but thanks to "water rights" they were stuck with the problem of how to water my farm. They finally decided they would pay the cost of the pump, sprinkler pipe and even threw in the cost of power for seven years. So the farm got a sprinkler system and they got their mall and hospital. We always hated that ditch anyway. It was a mile and a half of willows and weeds to be cleaned and maintained every spring. We were glad to have the sprinkler system.

There was the big tussle with H K Contractors who planned to put a hot plant on the property they had purchased just across the fence from the south end of my farm. This was not good news. It would devalue the property all around the area. Two other neighbors and myself had flyers made and covered the Rose Nielsen area, the hospital and anyone who would be down wind of the plant and dust and fumes. In Rose Nielsen we contacted several people who worked at the site with degrees in pollution problems. The hospital was definitely behind our cause. We met with the County Commissioners and the Planning & Zoning board. H K was there to state their case and so did we and we won. "Never say die" is H K's motto so in February they brought the whole thing up again. I'm sure they thought with the icy streets and miserable winter conditions it would put a crimp in our door to door flyer campaign. They were wrong and we won again. It was the wrong location for a hot plant. Proof, look at what has been built in that area.

I had several offers to buy the farm but nothing I was interested in until Dr. Craig Hall came with



Moving the house to Goshen

and wanted to buy the top half of the farm at a price one could consider. I was never going to sell the house but after much painful consideration I decided I would sell it. The house sat on just under an acre of ground. I told Dr. Hall okay but he didn't get the house. He really didn't want the house anyway. My plan was to move the house to Goshen for Marcele and Harold. They bought an acre of ground from Merralee and Bart and again the Lemons brothers moved another building for us. This was a big undertaking as the brick had to be removed and the basement dismantled. It moved "like a grand old lady". Marcele and Harold put it on a basement and built an attached garage onto it.

All the sheds, corrals and machine shed had to be removed. Terry and his son Brent mainly dismantled all the buildings. The machine shed now stands in New Sweden on my parent's farm that I bought from my brother. Terry runs the farm and is buying it. He operated this farm along with others he rents as well as runs his electrical contracting business.

I bought Leda and Maiben Jones home from their estate. I am now back in the Ammon First Ward where I started out in 1946. Blake helps me maintain this yard which is just under one acre. He has systematically done away with the garden, the raspberries I transplanted here and he is now leveling in on the flower beds. For some reason he thinks I'm not up to all that.

I sold the bottom end of the farm to Taylor Real Estate. Most of the development is medical related. It seems appropriate as so much of our life had been spent in medical situations. The hospital owns 15 or so acres on the front of the place and what develops there still waits to be seen.

It is rather like "drawing your hand out of a bucket of water." No trace of the Purcell's who lived there and that is the history of the "eighty" purchased in 1924 including the 16 acres of Crestwood Lane which we sold to friends in 1963.

I would never have survived these last 32 years without my family. Each of them have been a support in their own way. I am grateful to all six of

them. I have gotten a great return on our marriage investment. 26 grandchildren and in June, 2012 I will have 50 great grandchildren and probably many more yet to come. Rich in posterity.



Current (2012) Purcell family photo

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ERNEST DERMONT AND IRENE ANDERSON RICKS

Ernest Dermont Ricks was born April 13, 1901, in Rexburg, Idaho, the first child of Ernest Ricks and Mary Geneva Molen. When he was a year-old, he and his parents moved to the Molen homestead in Ammon, Idaho. He spent his early life there on the farm. After completing elementary and secondary schools in Ammon, he attended Ricks College. Although he and Irene had gone to school together, it was at Ricks College that their courtship began and culminated in their marriage in the Salt Lake Temple on June 5, 1924.

They farmed for a couple of years and then Dermont received a call to serve for two years in the California Mission. Irene encouraged him in his calling and gave him her support by teaching school while he was gone. These were two enjoyable years of his life. He loved the people whom he contacted, but above all he eagerly studied the Scriptures

and thrilled to their messages, as he did for the remainder of his life.

Much of the children's young life was spent in Goshen, Idaho, where Dermont and Irene were running a 160 acre farm. They enjoyed their life in this little rural community and it was here that Dermont served as a counselor to Bishop Christensen. Just as they were making plans to move back to their new home in Ammon, he was asked to be Bishop of the Goshen Ward. As Bishop, Dermont sincerely loved his ward members and he had a special place in his heart for the widows, the poor, and the handicapped. At this time, he organized a religion class for the deaf, and people from Pocatello to St. Anthony attended the class. As a result of this project, many of the people received their temple blessings.

As Bishop he asked George and Belle Hansen if they would consider a two-year mission call. After thinking it over, they said they would if Dermont and Irene would move into their home and run their farm until they got back. This they did. The years of their lives in Goshen, and the many treasured friendships they made there, left lasting and beautiful memories in their hearts.

Before moving back to Ammon they were honored by being made Master M-Man and Golden Gleaner, one of the greatest thrills of their lives. In 1957 Dermont had a serious heart attack and had to give up farming. They moved back home to Ammon. In 1964 he was sustained as Patriarch of the Ammon Stake and was serving in that position at the time of his death. Ernest Dermont Ricks passed away on July 17, 1979. He had been in failing health for the past two years.

—Life sketch by Zola Ricks

Irene Anderson Ricks

Irene Anderson Ricks was born 20 August, 1901 in Ammon Idaho. She was the seventh child of a family of 10 children, born to Thomas Christian Anderson and Mary Annie Peterson. As a young girl she had home and farm duties along with her schooling, which set a pattern for her

entire life and making a good home for her own husband and children.

After completing elementary and secondary schooling in Ammon, Irene attended Ricks College where she obtained a teaching degree. She taught school in Parker, Milo, and Ammon, Idaho. Although Irene and her husband, Dermont, had gone through school together here in Ammon, it was at Ricks College that their courtship began and culminated in their marriage in the Salt Lake Temple on June 5, 1924.

Their first child, Ariel Dermont, was born in Ammon, Idaho, January 26, 1929, and a daughter, Marilyn, three years later on April 22, 1932. She and Dermont had such joy in seeing this fine son and daughter excel in their efforts to succeed. They rejoiced in Ariel's mission, in seeing them progress in college, and finally in their marriages in the Temple for time and eternity. In their later years another of their great joys was the fun and companionship with grandchildren and the pride of their great grandchildren.

Irene's family and church came first, many hours she spent patiently waiting for Dermont while he was fulfilling his church assignments, never complaining or finding fault. Ammon has been their home, except for a few years when they lived in Goshen. Many treasured experiences and lasting friendships were made here, which left beautiful memories in their hearts.

She loved to go places; the distance was never too far. Her eyes noticed all the interesting sights along the way and beauties of nature. They had a number of memorable trips with their good friends, Harrison and Jesse Barrus. Such as a trip to the Temple in Canada in 1961, and the World's Fair in Seattle in 1962. One of their unforgettable trips was to the Hill Cumorah Pageant. They always looked forward to their visits with their son Ariel and his wife Margaret and their family in Arizona. Irene was always excited and happy to go, but would be just as happy and anxious to return to the home she loved here in Ammon among her neighbors and friends.

DERRALD FRANCIS RICKS AND ANNIE ELIZABETH CRYSTAL RICKS

She always expressed great pride in the ambition of Larry and Marilyn and their farming adventures, their home life, and in the religious teachings they installed in their children. Irene has been a faithful, active member of the Church of Jesus Christ of latter-day Saints all of her life, serving as teacher or in leadership positions in all the organizations, and always well prepared, with a keen knowledge of her responsibilities. She also enjoyed her membership as a daughter of the Utah Pioneers.

Irene with her husband found comfort and peace of mind in her calling as a temple officiator in the Idaho Falls Temple. From 1968 to 1970 she and Dermont served as missionaries in the Alabama mission. Through the years, since returning, she has kept in touch with the Saints there by her faithful letters.

She was always busy keeping in touch, sharing her berries and garden with others, cheering the sad and lonely with her warm winning smile and cheery personality. She read the Scriptures daily and other church books and magazines besides keeping her fingers busy, making one of her many lovely Afghans.

Her mind was sharp and I always marveled how she could remember everybody who was sick, or had a baby, or a birthday or anniversary, or a missionary in the field. She was always interested in knowing how they were and sending cards, whatever the occasion. She was a hard worker, quick in accomplishing her tasks. Her yard and home were always clean and neat, rejoicing in every new blossom and flower in her yard and the productivity of her garden.

Irene Ricks passed away on Saturday, June 11, 1981. Her most charming characteristic was that she always saw the good in everyone. She never found fault or belittled any person. Irene is survived by her son Ariel of Mesa, Arizona, and her daughter Marilyn Clement, of Moreland, Idaho.

—Life sketch by Zola Ricks at Irene's funeral

I, Derrald, was born May 13, 1903, to Ernest Ricks and Geneva Molen Ricks, at our home in Ammon. I was the second child in this family. As a family we have always been very close together, maybe because our father passed away while we were young and we have had to help and support each other. Father was a Justice of the Peace at one time and also Ammon City Clerk. Every winter he went to California for his health. He had rheumatism and heart trouble. Sometimes Mother and the girls went with him. Our father died August 22, 1919, at Ammon Idaho. This left our mother the responsibility of raising the family and through her love, kindness and unselfishness she kept us together and gave us responsibilities that were for our own good. I was privileged to help support the family and send them to school and on missions.

I remember how hard we had to work when I was just a young boy on the dry farm that we owned. Those were days of horses, and we would get up at four in the mornings to get the horses ready for the days work and maybe all we had to eat was a little oat meal. These were hard times and we had a struggle to make a living. Our Uncles Alf and Eph Ricks used to give us a lot of encouragement and somehow we always managed to pull through. I used to work at the sugar factory and other places to make enough money for us to buy groceries.

We finally let the dry farm go and settled to the farm here in the valley, and by buying cattle to feed and fatten and then a few sheep, we finally built into a good business, and began to prosper a little more.

One time at school a window was broken at the store across the road. Candy bars were handy. Some of us boys tempted ourselves. You know that was the best candy we'd ever had. And someone told on us and called Mother. She asked me about it. I said

“your son wouldn’t do that,” and tried to talk her out of it. She said, “Get your coat on and come with me. Can you think how guilty I felt when I met the man and I had to give him one dollar for my wrong doing?”

Over in our field ran Sand Creek with willows on each side. Oh we loved that place. I had a little secret place that I would go often and ask my Heavenly Father to help me, that I would be successful to have the necessities of life to help my mother raise our family.

I never remember when we didn’t have what we needed, though it seemed skimpy at times. We always worked hard together sharing, pulling weeds, thinning beets, haying herding sheep, spuds, everything.

Mother signed a note with me when I bought a thousand lambs for \$5500, which was my first sheep. I didn’t sleep for a week.

Mother would always enjoy going on trips. I’d enjoy talking to her when I would go buy lambs.

At Christmas time we would take a load of grain to Ucon and trade for flour. We’d take a team of horses and a wagon to Ucon with us, and they would mill the wheat, and trade for flour, and we’d share with those that weren’t as lucky as we.

I helped my neighbors haul hay. They would throw the hay on the hay rack with a pitch fork, and I would stack it. A team of horses would pull the wagon. Sometimes we’d sit too near the front of the load and slide off forward between the horses. One time they began to run and I was between the two horses. I don’t know how I ever got out alive. The wagon ran over my legs, and I ended up with just bruises.

His sister, Ruby, told the story of when Derrald took his mother and sisters choke cherry picking. Only a few years separated horse riding from car driving, and his mother always said that Derrald drove his car where horses couldn’t go. So with the girls screaming and his mother “now Derralding” he took them down a mountain road to a lush grove of choke cherries. After they had picked all



they wanted, the car couldn’t pull back up the mountain. Derrald had them all pile into the back, jammed the transmission into reverse and backed up the hill.

In 1933 I helped Mother remodel the home place and made it more comfortable for us to live in. we put in a few of the modern conveniences and it was a place where we all had a lot of fun. It was along at this time that I met Ann Crystal who had recently returned from a mission to the Eastern States, and I know that she was the girl I had been waiting for, so I settled down to serious courtship and we were married 11 February 1935, in the Salt Lake Temple. We have made our home in Ammon, first renting a farm and later in 1938 buying the farm we now live on and eventually building a lovely home, where we have been proud to raise our family and them enjoy it while they were young and have our friends enjoy with us.

I didn’t go on a mission until I was married and had four children – then I went to the North Central States on a six-month, short term mission during the winter months, when my wife could take care of the family.

For the 45 years of their married life, Ann would see her husband in a farming partnership with his brother, Lawrence. At the beginning of the marriage she saw the establishment of the Ricks Brothers’. He and Lawrence were together with their boys in play as well as in farming. They fished together and hunted together along with working with the sheep, cattle, plowing the fields, planting and harvesting crops.

Derrald was elected to the school board in 1948. He wanted the communities of Iona, Ammon, Lincoln and Ucon to be consolidated into unified District #93, and he worked for that. After the elections were all over, on the first day of school for District #93, as a School Board Representative, he went to the old Ucon High School building that then housed the new Bonneville Junior High School. He spoke and at the end of his speech he

asked all the students and faculty to join hands and sing "The More We Get Together, The Happier We'll be."

Derrald and Ann have six children: Nedra Ann, Frances Jean, Derrald Mark, Roger Bruce, Paul Lynn, and Marsha Gaye.

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ERNEST RICKS AND MARY GENEVA MOLEN RICKS



Ernest and Mary Ricks

I, Mary Geneva, was born in Lehi, Utah on October 3, 1878, to Francis Marion Molen and Emma (Jane) Smith Lawrence. My father died when I was

about 4 years old and we lived in Lehi until I was 10 years old and we started for Idaho. We came as far as Logan and stayed there for two weeks while Mother did some Temple work. While she did this we stayed at Uncle Simpson's in Hyrum.

Then we came on to Idaho. When we arrived in Eagle Rock in October, my brother John met us at the train. It was snowing and a terrible blizzard. He took us over to the Burgus Hotel and we had to wait there until the storm quieted down. Then we continued on to the ranch the boys had leased and there was my sister Emma and brother Perry.

We lived there for 2 or 3 years, and then moved to the farm in Ammon. We homesteaded that place; we all worked and cleared the sage brush off. In the fall my brother Ernest and I would ride horseback to Iona to school as long as the weather was good. In the summer we would go to Annie Hiatt's to school. She was the teacher.

In the early days of Ammon it was called South Iona. When we first came here the sagebrush was higher than your heads, as far as you could see. There were a few log huts, some with dirt floors. A few of

them are still standing, one on Mrs. John Empey's farm and a rock one on the Joe Empey place.

You couldn't see your neighbors light because we only had coal oil lamps and the windows were very small and the houses very far apart. You could travel many miles by just following the trails. The only roads were the ones made by the farmers, no fences, and few ditches so you could travel in almost any direction you chose. Big and little Sand Creek was our only water supply. There was only one bridge and that was located where First Street now is. To cross in any other place, we would have to ford. I remember one night we were going to Iona to a dance. We started to ford Sand Creek and got a little off the road, and went into a hole. The water came up to the seats of the buggy. We were soaked, so had to go over to my brother Franks and dry our clothes, because we only had one dress to wear out.

These two creeks were our only water supply and in the winter when they froze over, we had to melt snow for water for family use as well as animals. The boys made large vats from tin and we built the fire with sage brush. It took one most of the time melting snow.

The winters were very cold and the snow very deep. It would drift as high as the houses, but there would be a hard crust that would hold the horses so you could travel anywhere you wanted to.

We used to have parties. We would go to someone's house, and it wouldn't be long until the room was cleared of furniture and everyone was dancing. If the wind started to blow, we would dance until morning, and then they would make coffee and serve lunch.

Rosa Ellingford was one of the young girls in our neighborhood. She had a white horse that she always rode at a gallop. When you would see a white horse going through the brush, you knew it was Rosa. She could carry a pan of eggs to town and never break one.

There were no trees or green willows growing anywhere. My mother sent for some cuttings of trees and we planted them in a row. When they

were big enough, we set them out and they are still growing on the farm. After dark you could see brush fires as far as you could see. In the spring when it began to thaw and the snow melted this valley would look like a lake of water running everywhere. The houses would even fill with water.

After the land dried we would work hard clearing the land of brush. Every one of us helped to get what crops we could into the ground. The men folks would then go to work on the canals. They would take their plows and scrapers, bedding and enough food to last a week or ten days. They would work very hard and came home looking rough. After the canals were finished they had to make their irrigating ditches. We raised fairly good crops. In the fall we would get 30 cents a hundred for grain, 25 cents a hundred for potatoes.

When the crops were gathered the men would go to the Lavies [Lava's] for the winter supply of wood. It took them weeks to gather enough to last all winter because there was no coal to be had. Ten or twelve men would go out together, make camp and get out the wood. They would take barrels to haul the water in and some of them would lose their horses. They would have to drag the wood across a deep crack in the lava rocks and some times the horses would slip and go down these cracks. There was no way of getting them out so they would have to be killed. The other men would go and haul the wood out and it took from 3 to 4 days to make the trip.

One day there was a bunch of Indians that came riding up the road all dressed in war paint and feathers. We were very afraid, but they didn't bother us.

There were a lot of ground squirrels and we used to take buckets and carry water to drown them out.

There came a family by the name of Rawson, and they settled on the farm just across the road north of John Empey. He was a carpenter and he built one large frame room. This was where we held church. The ward was organized and Mr. Rawson was made Bishop and we held church in that one

room for some time. The benches were made with rough lumber across boxes.

In the summer months we went there to school with Mrs. Rawson as our teacher. In the fall Mrs. Annie Hiatt taught for awhile and that was the size of our education. We went in wagons or walked. Uncle Sam Southwick would always come in his new wagon on Sunday and take us to church. He had a large family and when he had picked up all the rest, there was only standing room in the wagon.

As time went on we built a log church house and in there we had church dances. The music for our dances consisted of a violin played by Albert Owen and an accordion played by Tom Hiatt. Mr. Hiatt would also call the square dances. We had really good times. The Bishop didn't think it was right for the men to sit on the same side as the ladies, so the men kept to one side of the room and the ladies stayed on the other side.

The first 4th of July we had we gathered up donations. People didn't have any money so they gave butter and eggs. We then took them into Eagle Rock and traded them for prizes for the races.

While the boys were away on the canal one summer, Ernest [my brother] & I were harrowing. We just got started good and the horses ran away and the harrow tipped upside down and one of the horses fell on the teeth and they ran into his body. We couldn't get him up. We knelt down and prayed. The horse got up and ran across the field. We asked the neighbor to come and help us. He said there is no use to do anything, because the horse couldn't live. We brought the horse home and got another neighbor to come and bandage him up. My brother fainted and I was there alone with him, Mother being to Relief Society.

My mother was put in as Relief Society President and she held that position for a number of years. She was then sustained President of Y.L.M.I.A. [Young Ladies]. Christie Empey was Secretary and I was Assistant Secretary. Sister Empey had a family of little ones and was unable to travel much so I went instead. We traveled from Grays Lake to Blackfoot with horse and buggy. It

would take weeks to get around and hold meetings in all the places.

The Stake President of the Y.M.I.A. went to Grays Lake with us. While there Mother took very sick and it looked like she was going to die. The Stake President James Steele administered to her and she was able to continue the trip. One time Susan Young Gates came to conference and stayed at our place and went around the district with us. I often wonder what she thought about staying in that log cabin and eating our food, because I was the cook. When we were at Menan on a visit I took sick and she gave me a blessing. I believe every word of it has come true.

One time the Stake M.I.A. was here from Rexburg to hold meetings. A terrible storm came up and when the meeting was out it was so black you couldn't see anything, only when there was lightening. Everyone started home. The Stake Officers got as far as Brother Poulson's and they were soaked through. Brother and Sister Poulsen took them in and gave them dry clothes and they stayed all night. The Poulsen's lived in a little cabin where Roy Southwick's house is now. Nearly everyone else had an accident going home, but no one was hurt seriously.

Nancy Southwick, Roy's older sister was Secretary of the Mutual. She and her boy friend Will Rawson tipped over on the creek and lost all the Mutual books. Some were found later down the creek and some were never found. Sister Dora Denning's spring seat came off when they were crossing the creek and they went into the water. Mother and I got home as far as the creek that runs by our place and Mother went in there.

When my sister got married I went in town and stayed with them and graduated from high school there. I was secretary of the Sunday School in Eagle Rock for a number of years and taught a Sunday School class. After that I was chosen assistant secretary to the Stake Mutual and we traveled with horse and buggy from Blackfoot to Grays Lake. I held this position until I was married.

I met my husband, Ernest Ricks, at Lewisville

at a stake conference. He was a returned missionary.

Ernest Ricks, the son of Thomas Edwin and Ellen Marie Yallop Ricks, was born in Logan Utah, September 23, 1871. When he was thirteen years old his family left Logan to settle the area which is now Rexburg, Idaho. His dad was chosen to act as the first Bishop of the new district.

Ernest, being afflicted with rheumatism most of his life, which was so bad at time that he had to use crutches to get around. However, when his mission call came, he was so thrilled that he threw his crutches away.

In 1897, upon completion of his mission he gave a report at the Stake Conference held in Lewisville, Idaho, where his father served as President. Geneva Molen, who was the assistant Stake Mutual secretary, was attending the conference, sitting up in front taking notes of the meeting. As Ernest was speaking, Geneva was impressed with him, he also noticed the beautiful tall girl. They were introduced and this was the beginning of their courtship. Ernest traveled by horse and buggy from Rexburg to the small farming community of Ammon, a distance of twenty-five miles, where Geneva lived. They were married on April 5, 1900, in the Salt Lake temple.

After living in Rexburg for about a year and a half, they moved to Ammon, or South Iona as it was then called. They purchased the homestead of Geneva's mother.

I came down to make the deal and Mother decided she wanted all cash, but we didn't have that much on hand and we had no place to stay so we mortgaged the place for the rest of the money.

When we moved from Rexburg, Dermont was 6 months old. Two years later Derrald was born and we were extremely happy. After another two years Dortha was born and we thought that our happiness was complete. We then decided to homestead a dry farm. In December of that same year Lawrence was born.

In 1906 Ernest and Geneva homesteaded 320 acres of land on Last Chance, ten miles east of

Ammon, along with Geneva's two brothers, John and Ernest Molen. After Ernest Molen's death, Ernest Ricks purchased the 320 acre homesteaded by his brother-in-law, Ernest Molen.

Dortha, their third child, who was born in 1906, was never very strong. It is believed she must have been afflicted with rheumatic fever. Ernest was always so kind and thoughtful to his wife, Geneva, doing what he could to help during Dortha's long illness. In fact, when any of his children were ill, he would hold them in his arms. Because of the pain Ernest had suffered most of his life with rheumatism, he had tender and compassionate feelings for others. Dortha passed away on 28 February, 1914, at the age of eight.

Ernest and Geneva had a nice white top buggy which they used to travel to church and other places in. Their mode of travel for the family was by buggy, wagons or sleighs, and on horseback.

They milked cows and made butter to provide food and to bring in a little money for living expenses. On Saturday, the butter was taken to town and exchanged for groceries. Sometimes all the family would go on these trips to town and for a special treat would go to a restaurant for their dinner, which cost \$.35 apiece.

Pigs were killed in the spring, the lard rendered, head cheese made, and the bacon, hams, and shoulders cured.

Ernest was a great sport. He enjoyed baseball and fishing.

Church meetings and Sunday School were held in the neighbor's homes in the beginning. Ernest acted as superintendent of the Sunday School in the Ammon Ward in the Bingham Stake.

Ernest also drove the "school wagon" as it was called in those days. In the winter the wagon was converted into a sleigh. For a while he ran the store in Ammon and was the Justice of the Peace. Ernest inherited his love for animals and stock from his father and brothers and at one time went to Montana on the train to buy some cattle, getting about one hundred head. He came back sick. The boys took over and when the cattle arrived in

Idaho Falls they drove them to the home ranch in Ammon, fed them during the winter and in the spring drove them to the hills to pasture.

Rheumatism had affected Ernest's heart and because of his health problems spent some winters in California. The summer of 1919, the doctor advised him to have a tonsillectomy operation, hoping this would improve his health. But the operation resulted in his death as the doctors were unable to stop his bleeding. He passed away when forty-eight years old on August 22, 1919, in the Idaho Falls hospital leaving his wife Geneva and six young children; the oldest being Dermont, 18 years of age, and Geneva, 3.

We eventually sold the dry farm but kept the other farm. Lawrence and Dermont and Geneva went on missions. All of the girls graduated from BYU. Their children are: Ernest Dermont, Derrald Francis, Dortha, Orin Lawrence, Emma Lavonda, Ruby Bonita, and Geneva.

Derrald married Ann Crystal, Dermont married Irene Anderson, Lawrence married Zola Yancey, Geneva married Ira Stevens, Lavonda married Blaine Rhodes, and Ruby married Leonard Gillespie.

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LAWRENCE AND ZOLA RICKS

I (Lawrence Ricks) was born in the little community of Ammon, Idaho, on the 4th day of December, 1908, on my folk's ranch. Our two room house, located about one mile north of the present city of Ammon, wasn't modern; we carried our water from the pump a few yards from the house and our bathroom consisted of an outside toilet. The homes in Ammon were few and far between, no paved roads and horses were our means of travel and getting the farm work done.

I was the fourth child of Ernest Ricks and Mary Geneva Molen Ricks. There were seven children in the family whose names are as follows; Ernest

Dermont, Derrald Francis, Dortha, Orin Lawrence, Emma Lavonda, Ruby Bonita, and Geneva.

At the time I was born, father was driving the school wagon for the Ammon public school with horses. Winters were hard; the snow was deep so sleighs had to be used during these months. The jingle of the bells on the harnesses of the horses as the sleigh skimmed along on top of the hard crusted snow broke the silence of the cold winter air.

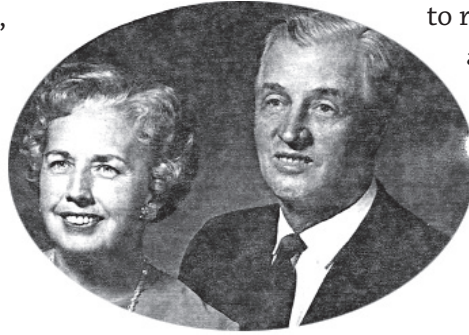
We spent the winters at our home in the valley and then in the summer we had a Japanese run our farm in the valley and we all moved up to the dry farm. Our 640 acre dry farm was located on Last Chance Creek, just one mile north of Ozone.

When I was just a boy, I acquired the nickname of "Spot" because my face was such a mass of freckles; it looked like I only had one. How I tried to find something that would make them go away!

We had milk cows and raised pigs and chickens, which were not only a means of furnishing us with meat, butter, eggs and milk but helped pay our bills and each penny was precious in my young life. We churned and made lots of butter and sold it to some of our neighbors and then when we went down to the valley farm, we took what we could to our customers in Ammon. People liked Mother's good, neatly wrapped, sweet product.

Father's health was never too good, mostly caused from his heart and on August 22, 1919, he died from a tonsillectomy operation. The doctor thought the operation would help his rheumatism and heart condition. I remember the day he died and also how nice he looked in the casket, with his white temple clothes on, his white hair and little grey mustache, which he always had. I can never remember his hair any other color than grey.

After my father died, Grandmother Ellen Marie Yallop Ricks would spend Christmas with us, and our family would look forward every year



Lawrence and Zola Ricks

to receiving a pair of knitted socks and mittens, made with her nimble fingers. Grandmother Ricks was just a little woman, not much over 5 feet tall, but with a spirited personality that captivated everyone.

Grandfather Thomas E. Ricks died in 1901, so I never knew him personally but grew up hearing the stories of his experiences

settling this valley.

After Father's death, it was hard times for the family. Several months before he passed away he had bought 100 head of cattle. The price of cattle was down so he decided to send them out on the range for the summer. Later the herder was found dead in his camp and the cattle were left for other men to care for. On this account, many of them were lost. We boys being so young, did not know how to carry the work on as it should be, but Mother worked with us and kept the family together all through these trying times. She was with us in the fields, days at a time, and my sisters also, helping with whatever needed to be done.

Uncle Alf and Ephe (Father's brothers) were always good to us, especially after Father died. They helped us with horses to farm with, gave us encouragement with their frequent visits, and often times spent their money to help the family along.

At nine years old, I was baptized in the Ammon Chapel by Charles Kingston.

I always had a saddle horse of my own and several were extra nice. I would ride them standing up, backwards and every other way, which would frighten my mother and sisters no end.

The days I remember best are the days that follow. Derrald and I were sent to the dry farm to work. We cooked our own meals and did our work alone. At times we were very lonesome, for we never saw anyone for weeks at a time. There were no telephones, no mail, no cars, so it was very quiet except for the noise of a dog barking and the howl of the coyotes. Knowing we were responsible to do

the work, and we didn't have our dad to go to, made it seem harder.

In the heat of the summer we would get up early – many times having had our breakfast and ten or twelve head of horses rounded up from the pasture and be turning over the soil as the sun would be coming up over the hills.

One year promised us a bumper crop, everything seemed to be going extra well. Many people came to see our wheat crop, one field having 300 acres in one lot. During that summer, on July 23rd, there was a cloud burst which washed out all the roads. Our crop was good when we started to cut it – the 300 acres averaging about 35 bushels of wheat to the acre. We cut it with the header pulled by six head of horses. One day out of a clear blue sky, there came a cloud burst and with it hail, which destroyed the entire crop in just a few minutes. Wheat was selling for \$2.75 per hundred pounds that year which made us feel all the worse.

At this time I went to school in Ammon all that I could, not being able to start until the crops were out in the fall, having to stay out of school in the spring until the crops were in.

The winter of 1923-24, when I was fifteen, I went to school and Derrald worked in the sugar factory. A short time after he got a chance to feed some cows and calves on a contract so quit his job and spent the winter feeding them. I would help after school and on Saturdays. The next year Derrald and Dermont bought 100 head of cows and fed them. They made a little money.

My last year in high school, 1927-28, I bought 25 head of ewes. I went to school and took care of them even through lambing time. This was probably the first purchase I ever made. In the spring of the same year we bought four old ewes at \$4.00 each, they were heavy and couldn't live very long. We soon realized that they weren't worth the hide that was on them. Experiences are dear teachers sometimes.

The next summer we rented 80 acres of land and Derrald and I farmed it. Things looked like they were going to be good, so we took 5,000 lambs

to feed in the field at \$.10 per pound of gain. The fall was a wet one and the lambs trampled the feed into the ground and we lost \$9,000 that fall, but going into the feed lots again with \$.13 per gain we made it all back and a little more. This was the starting of getting on our feet. These were the years of learning and working, making decisions and becoming a man. We farmed in the summer and fed sheep in the winter, living good lives.

Holidays and birthdays were happy times at home. Mother and the girls would often spend the Thanksgiving weekend in Sugar City at Grandma Ricks' house. We boys would take them to the train and then cook and take care of ourselves until they returned. Many times the trip to and from the depot was made in a straw-filled sleigh.

Mother always raised a few turkeys for the holidays. Many nights we were awakened by the disturbance of thieves trying to steal the turkeys out of the apple trees. The canal which ran by our house would be frozen over, so the culprits would cross over into the orchard on the ice. We boys would chase after them clad only in our underwear, but we usually frightened the thieves away and lost very few turkeys to them.

Mother would always clean a nice fat turkey for Dr. H. Ray Hatch's wife for Thanksgiving to help pay any medical bills we'd have at that time.

Our home was a happy place. Mother would always sing the words to the familiar Church hymns as she would go about her work. My sister Lavonda played the piano and she and Geneva had good singing voices so there was always music at home. Although some of us had a difficult time carrying a tune, we'd often gather around the piano for a song fest.

I was active in athletics in school. We had a great coach, Coach E. T. Williams, and won most of the games we played. My position always being center. I played short stop on the high school baseball team and after graduating from high school played on community teams – both basketball and baseball. I played in the Outlaw league.

Bishop Lyle Anderson asked me about going on a mission when I was 26 years old, but not being

financially able to accept at the time, I had to refuse.

In 1933-34 we remodeled our home, making it a fit place for us to live with the modern conveniences of a bathroom and running water inside.

In the fall of 1934 as I was going down the road one day, Bishop Lyle Anderson stopped me and asked if I would now consider going on a mission. I told him I didn't see how I could go as I knew Derrald was planning to get married in the spring and that would leave me with Mother and the girls to support and take care of. However, he told me to think it over so I talked with the folks and they wanted me to go. Derrald said, "I'll keep you on your mission!" he didn't have any money but had worked up a good credit and said, "I know I can get the money to keep you anyway."

Then a chance came in December that I had been wanting for years – we could buy 1200 head of ewes and range to run them on and get the money we needed. Derrald and I talked it over and that was the deciding point! When we went over to the church to settle our tithing the last of December, we told Bishop Anderson that I was ready to go. He sent my name in and I received a call to report in Salt Lake City on February 25th to go the Southern States Mission, the same mission in which my father had served 37 years previously.

Derrald had to set his marriage ahead, so he and Ann Crystal left for Salt Lake the 10th of February and were married in the Salt Lake Temple on February 11, 1935. They arrived home before I left on a Thursday with a big responsibility on their shoulders with a wife to take care of and Mother, the three girls in college who were supporting themselves all they could by working for their room and board, etc.

After receiving my release from my mission I hitch hiked to Miami, Florida and back for a little sight seeing trip. I returned home the first part of April, 1937.

My Uncle Ephe helped us buy some sheep range the spring I returned, so I spent most of the summer out with the sheep on the range hauling

water and camp jacking. We took other people's sheep out to make up a herd. Mother used to like those rides up to the sheep.

I ran the sheep and farmed at this time and would also attend some of the dances at Wandermere and some ward parties. At one of the parties and dances I met Zola Yancey and from then on we went together for about a year. She was a hair dresser and lived with some other girls at Rev. Gulik's home. We decided to get married on February 14, 1940. Money was scarce so in order to buy a ring, Mother sold her milk cow and gave the money to me just a few days before Zola and I were married. Zola's dad and mother took us to Salt Lake. My mother was unable to go. We were married in the Salt Lake temple on February 14, 1940.

Lawrence and Derrald worked together throughout their lives, forming the partnership of Ricks Brothers. Both families were blended together and worked hard and played together.

Lawrence and Zola had 5 children: Larry James, Beth Ellen, Ernest Wayne, John Lawrence, and David Stanford.

They lived in the original home that Lawrence's mother and father lived in when Lawrence was born, later building a brick home next to the original home. Then, after the farm was sold for housing, they built another home close to the railroad tracks on land that Lawrence had farmed his entire life.

—Jean Ricks Schweider

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LEO ROMER

By Leo Romer

Romers and Country Life

My family, the Romer's, moved to the Ammon area in 1939-1940 so we were Johnny comes lately to the scene. Actually, as people subsequently told us, we were not in Ammon proper, but rather

we lived in Hog Hollow, a suburb of Ammon though a little remote. Actually Hog Hollow was a small shallow valley tucked tight against the foothills east of the village of Ammon. The valley's main characteristic was the fact that the easternmost canal ran right around the head of it.

Prior to moving to the Ammon area, we lived in a large stucco house on K Street in Idaho Falls when my father entered negotiations with the Crow families. The mother Mrs. Crow was quite old and lived alone in a log house with no running water, no electricity, and no central heating. The privy was accessible only by a narrow footbridge with no hand rails that went across the small canal next to the house. The Crows had good reason to be concerned about their mother. And my brother and I were told that the reason for the impending move was so that we could learn how to work. There may have been other reasons but that was what we were told.

The final agreement between the families provided that my father build a small home with all of the conveniences for Mrs. Crow on a small lot near the ball park and in return we would get the log house and the 40 acres it sat on. The 40 areas included about 4 acres of irrigated land below the canal. Later on my father bought the 40 acre parcel of mostly dry land just south of us for back taxes and a small additional payment.

It must have been a cultural shock for Mother Crow. In her whole life she had never known anything but the outside privy and no electricity. Now all of a sudden she had all of she had all the modern conveniences. And the Crows were certainly glad that their mother did not have to walk across the rickety canal bridge anymore.

For the Romers it definitely was a cultural shock in reverse. My brother, my sister, and I had never experienced the vicissitudes of the outdoor privy nor had we ever been without electricity. It took a while but we finally got electricity and with the effort of much hard work, the log cabin became gradually a house with modern conveniences. But I do remember it took a long time to replace that old rickety bridge across the canal.

Our nearest neighbors were the Mawsons, husband, wife, two daughters, and a son. They lived below us above the canal in an unpainted wooden frame house that again had no modern conveniences. Further north and living in a basement house alongside the county road and under the canal was the Simmons family. Further up the county road at the bend where the road became First Street was the William Walker family.

Further down the canal was first the Ben Crow and further on down the Walter Crow family. The Crow brothers and their families were generally known as the black Crows and the red Crows because Ben and his family were dark and they all had black hair. On the other hand the red Crows all had fair complexions and red hair.

All of these families had daughters about my brother's and my age so it wasn't long before we knew these families pretty well and of course we got our share of kidding because we were the city slickers.

Another aspect that we were not used to was the wild life. Sometimes it occurred in unexpected places. My father likes to smoke an evening cigar, but he always had it in the basement. One evening while he was enjoying his cigar he found a skunk enjoying the smoke too. Over a number of days my father and his cigar and the skunk were comfortable with each other. One night the skunk curled up in an open wash tub. The wash tub had a lid so my father walked over and put the lid on the tub, calmly walked out of the basement, and dumped the skunk into the canal. It was nice to be friendly with that skunk because there was no smell, fuss or muss. My mother was glad to have the skunk gone and she consented to go into the basement once more. There was the time when my mother got into the car and found she had company in the form of a snake. After we got rid of the snake, it was a while before she consented to get back in the car.

My father was a carpenter and a builder and remodeled and built many homes for the well-known families in the Ammon area. Among the

families he built for were the Ricks, Purcell's, Judy's John and Clifford, Blatter's, Elkington's, Dolph Holm and Roy Southwick.

To conclude this there is one more story about wild life. My father was doing a small remodel job for one of the Owens's boys. He lived in an old stone house located where 17th street made a jog near the Nielsen farms. One of the tasks was to shore up the floor and there was no basement so he went into the crawl space under the floor. It was dark and as he searched for his hammer, he put his hand on a big snake. He left the crawl space rather hurriedly. Come to find out the crawl space was inhabited by a family of snakes that were quite cozy living in the Owens house. I am not sure if the job got done or not.

Joann Romer Barzee adds these stories about her parents. My Dad rarely spoke of his life but one time he was on a train when he was robbed. He just had his weekly pay in his pocket and they took that. It made him scared so he got off the train and walked back to Brigham City. He spoke also of a new motorcycle he bought and rode it home; a friend asked to drive it around the block. Dad allowed him to do this and he wrecked it. He worked on Boulder Dam and I was born at this time in Las Vegas. My mother Ann loved her flower garden, sewing and knitting and was a very good cook. She passed away when I was young not realizing what I was missing.



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ROLAND AND JOY ROMRELL

History and Business

I was born during the Great Depression in Ogden, Utah on June 15, 1922 to Hyrum and Ruby Taylor Romrell. When I was five years old my mother died making life more difficult for us but my dad managed to keep the farm from being foreclosed on. Our home was a well-constructed yellow brick home and the first in Harrisville to have indoor plumbing.

I grew up working hard on the farm with lots of chores. I loved all aspects of farming and wanted to be a farmer when I grew up. During my adult life I owned two farms. My first was used to help me start my blacksmithing business and I developed the latter into a 108 lot housing development, so my early farm experience served me well.

When I was twelve years old, an agent of the Desert News was looking for a paper carrier in our area. Although the minimum age requirement was fourteen, partly because no one else wanted the job at the time, I convinced him to let me take the route. The route consisted of thirteen papers to be delivered over a ten mile area. I began delivering on horse-back nearly wearing the horse out. With my earnings I managed to buy the first balloon tire bicycle in Ogden. The bicycle was great in good weather but winter, with heavy blizzards, made deliveries difficult. Many times I parked my bicycle in a snow drift and walked the rest of the route because I couldn't keep it under me on the icy roads. At times I was so cold I could hardly take it. I was too shy to ask to go inside any of my subscriber's homes to warm up so I just kept going. I suppose many would have considered the travel and exposure not worth the effort but the feeling of having a few dollars in my pocket gave me a reason to tough it out. This early experience taught me a lot about the value of hard work, endurance and sticking it out when times get tough.

After high school I took a course in blacksmithing which was being offered at Weber High School. This class ran from 6:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m. This gave me just enough time to get to Weber College for a welding class that started at 10:00 p.m. and went until 4:00 a.m. I spent a lot of time with these courses, especially the welding. My uncle, Joe Bingham, had been taking a welding course too. The two of us decided to go to California where we found a job working in the shipyard for Consolidated Steel. I was working in Craig Consolidated Yard. I did well there and loved my job. Just coming off the farm, everything I saw there was amazing to me. The gigantic cranes and the ships being built in the yard were overwhelming. It was a wonderful experience.

With World War II in progress, the job could have exempted me from war service. I was making what was then considered "big" money (\$1.25/hour), but felt I wasn't really doing my fair share when so many of my friends were in the armed services. I was notified of my work-related draft deferment but didn't immediately tell the boss. He had earlier explained that I was more valuable there building ships than I could be carrying a rifle but I still didn't feel good about it.

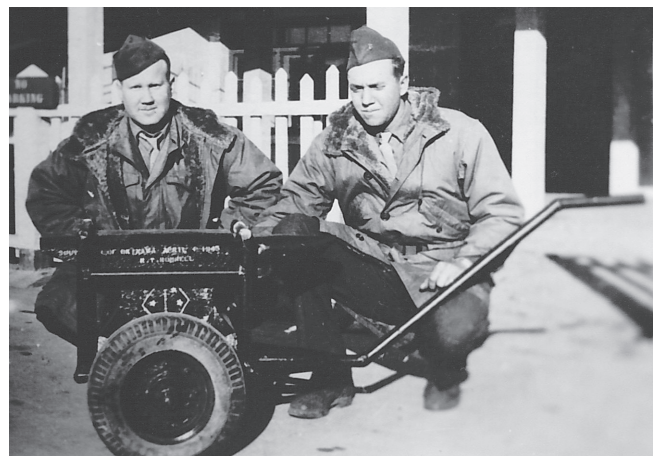
I returned to Ogden and attended a meeting with the county agent. With so many men serving in the war, farm labor was short and they were offering deferments to those who would be willing to stay through the summer to harvest the crops. I took this deferment and the money I made that harvest, with earnings from the first crop, enabled me to purchase and completely pay off a farm with a home on it in Lewisville, Idaho. This early farming venture allowed me to make much more money than I could have made in a similar time span in the shipyard and gave me a start when I came home from the war.

That fall I enlisted in the Marine Corps. I trained with the engineers and shock troops with a specialty in demolition. This group hit the beaches first. As we were getting on the ship our commanding officer called us to attention and said,

"Romrell, step out." They sent me to headquarters. They had seen on my record the metal and welding experience I had. They told me they needed technicians and didn't have time to train them. They could train anyone to carry a rifle but it would take too much time to train anyone to get the experience I had.

When we got on the ship to go over to the South Pacific there was another LDS fellow who was making work assignments. He told me about the auto transport company that supplied the troops with food and ammunition. He said he felt that is where I should be. I was assigned to the maintenance crew of the First Marine Division, Third Battalion in the auto transport company consisting of trucks, drinking water trailers and other types of equipment, including amphibious cargo carriers called "buffalo trailers." Our commanding officer told me they were having trouble getting the floating buffalo supply trailers hooked up to the "amphibs" in the water. I designed a hitch for these buffalo trailers out of truck axels. My design was approved making a big job for me because the large number of units that needed to be altered.

We landed on the tropical Island of Pavuvu which was a coconut plantation. It was a beautiful place. Our tent was right on the edge of the water near a coral reef. All kinds of tropical fish could be seen when swimming in the ocean. Unbeknownst to us, this island was a staging area for the landing



Roland and military ordinance

of Okinawa. Soon after our arrival, another ship came in carrying the First Marine Division who were just returning from the battle on Palau, where the Japanese were entrenched in caves and concrete bunkers. When the Marines went ashore there they were mowed down, killing so many that incoming amphibian vehicles had to run over the dead bodies to access the beach. If not for the fortuitous earlier events and decisions in my life, I too, would have ended up dead on the beach as my original group would have been one of the first to storm the island. When the ship arrived on our island of Pavu, companies of sixty men would come ashore with enemy fire reducing the number to as few as twenty men in some companies. They took a terrible loss there.

We had a lot of hard work there, but it was great duty living in a tropical paradise. After six months or so we loaded up and boarded a landing craft that was designed to go right up on the beach and let a big door down. The loaded tanks and equipment were able to drive out on dry ground.

After we unloaded there were some of us that had to stay on the ship overnight. During the night there was a blackout. I happened to be below deck when something hit our ship hard enough to knock me down. I ran up to the deck and discovered another big ship had been bombed, losing its rudder. Unsteerable, it was coming directly toward us. We managed to get away from it without too much damage.

The next day the sky was filled with hundreds of kamikazes. At that time the kamikaze suicide planes were designed with internal explosives. When they took off, their wheels dropped off so they could not return. Their mission was to dive into the ships and blow them up. We watched as the kamikazes were shot down. I counted seven at one time that were spiraling down in fire and smoke after being shot. There were 1500 ships in that armada. Over 100 ships were sunk.

The First Marine Division was assigned to cut through the center and take the north end of the island. We accomplished this in a short amount

of time. We then had to turn around and go back. The Marines took one side of the island toward Naha, the capital. The Army took the other side. There was a very vicious battle where thousands of Japanese were killed. We also lost a large number of Marines there. There was a place called Cherry Castle, which had rugged hills and a lot of caves with tunnels that would go from one side of the island to the other. Our troops would fight fiercely to clear the area only to have the enemy use the tunnels to regroup. The Japanese were able to move to another location and shoot at the Marines from the back. That was a terrible battle with heavy loss on both sides.

After Cherry Castle our next objective was the capital of Okinawa, Naha. The troops battled day and night. The 155 mm artillery shells, shot from cannons, were coming over our heads and would shake the island with their firing. Fewer than 60 seconds would lapse between the firing of the shots from the ships and the return fire from our land based artillery. As a result of this shelling when we arrived at Naha, there wasn't a building standing or a foundation of more than three feet high. The shelling had totally obliterated the city.

Prior to our arrival, the Japanese government propagandized that our marines would beat, rape, and then eat the captured Japanese. They were so terrified of us that when they were cornered at the edge of the island, to avoid capture and torture, they jumped off the cliffs by the hundreds, both civilians and troops. The officers were committed to do hara-kiri, putting their swords up to their stomach and laying on the blade to commit suicide.

As this battle ended and we were preparing to invade the Japanese Islands, President Truman authorized dropping the atomic bomb on Nagasaki and Hiroshima, killing hundreds of thousands. Most at the time felt justified in this considering the terrible loss of lives on Palau and Okinawa (more people lost in the 90 day battle than in any other battle in the war for that period of time) and the additional lives that would be lost on a Japanese invasion.



Roland and anvil

Some of my buddies were exploring the island of Okinawa and found underground suicide boat bases. The suicide boats would launch at high speeds and strike the ships broadside, blowing them up. My buddies found a 480 pound anvil in one of the boat bases. They loaded it up and brought it back and gave it to me for my blacksmith work. I used the anvil all during our time on Okinawa and China. Many of the other guys were taking rifles and other military hardware home as souvenirs. Because of the usefulness of the anvil during the war and the importance of metal work in my life, I determined to have this anvil as my war souvenir. The size and weight of the anvil required me to make a cart with wheels on it to ensure I could get it home to the States. At Camp Pendleton my commanding officer gave me a hard time about my anvil. He told me if I was crazy enough to try and get it home, he was crazy enough to help me. He told me he had a little errand I needed to do in Oceanside. He said there was a ten-wheel truck available and that he thought it had an anvil in it. He let me take the truck to Oceanside and make

arrangements to ship the anvil home by rail. When the anvil arrived in Ogden, Utah, my brother, Leonard, and wife Joy brought it to Harrisville for me. The anvil was a great asset in my early years in my blacksmith shop in Ammon. Sadly after many years sitting unused in our warehouse, it was stolen by a renter who had leased some space from our business.

We sat around at Camp Pendleton in Oceanside, California for a week or so waiting for our discharge papers. While there I received a small disability payment for foot fungus and malaria as a result of my tropical duty.

Joy and I purchased an automobile, loaded our anvil and moved to Idaho. We visited Joy's sister, Dean Judy and her husband Clark. He offered me a job in the grain harvest. It was a new experience driving a caterpillar tractor, pulling a combine. Clark mentioned that there was a blacksmith shop in Ammon for sale. Ed Williams owned and operated the shop for twenty-five years. Wanting to retire, he offered to sell me the home and business for \$6000.00. My quandary was to purchase more land to make the seventy acre farm I had in Lewisville able to sustain my family or to sell the farm and use the money elsewhere. There was no land near the farm available at the time and I had no farm equipment. Consequently, the better choice seemed to sell the farm and buy the blacksmith shop. I sold the farm to Weldon Madsen, who had been renting it. I paid six thousand dollars for the farm. Crops and rent paid off the mortgage and, because land values had increased, I sold it for fifteen thousand. My farm neighbor later informed me he would have paid five thousand more for the property.

We purchased the Ammon blacksmith shop and hired the former owner, Ed, to work for me and train me on the plow shear business. The shears had to be heated in the forge and drawn out to a sharp edge with a trip hammer. The shear had to have the point shaped just right in order for it to go into the ground and do a good job of plowing. It took some time to get that exactly right. It was

physically hard but very lucrative work. Some of the plow shears were thirty inches long and very heavy. I had to heat them in the forge and take them out with a pair of tongs requiring a lot of leverage moving them from the forge to the trip hammer. It was very hard on my back. I didn't know at that time that I had scoliosis in my spine. The stress of the work caused me a great deal of pain at the time and much suffering in my later years. As I became more proficient, the plow shear business became my bread and butter. I started at 4:00 a.m. and made \$50 before breakfast. My Japanese anvil was being put to good use.

During the winter two men, Walt Davenport and Basil Fosbinder --partners on a dry farm and diesel mechanics, approached me about working for me using my shop to repair and overhaul for other dry farmers in the area diesel tractors, caterpillars and various other makes of tractors. This too provided a good income. I paid them a salary and in return received the profit on the labor and the parts. This arrangement lasted for several years until the two men retired. About this same time I began manufacturing a combination steel stock and grain truck bed of my own design. Basil, who was working for me at the time, needed a truck hoist. He had a brochure and wondered if I might be able to get one. I called the factory, had them ship me the hoist and mounted it on Basil's truck. In one day's time I made \$100 on the sale of the hoist and \$100 labor to install it and was still able to keep up with my other work. Basil was the first of many customers to buy this truck hoist.

Bud Harsh, the manufacturer of the hoist, offered me the hoist distributorship that covered the territory of Idaho, Wyoming, parts of Montana and Utah. I would have to come up with \$50,000 for a car load of hoists (the smallest lot I could buy and still receive a low price). Reed Blatter offered to co-sign on a note to make this possible. The bank gave me 90 days on the note. Reed needed a hoist and so I gave him one at my cost. I searched out dealers and customers and had the hoists sold within the 90 days to pay the note. The next time I



Romrell campers

needed a load of hoists the bank wanted to know if Reed would sign with me again. I told them that I had proven myself and shouldn't need a co-signer. They agreed and gave me another loan.

My next opportunity to expand my business was when Keith Ensign showed me a well-built pick up camper with nice accommodations. I made up my mind on the spot and bought the camper and the International pick-up truck it was sitting on and ordered six more campers. He falsely told me the camper factory was in Toole, Utah, 40 miles west of Salt Lake City near the salt flats. In reality, he had built the camper in his garage. He and two partners, Dale James and the owner of the International Truck dealership in Toole, used a shop that was part of the truck dealership to build the next six campers I had ordered and delivered them. I put them out in front of our home and they began to sell. I did really well with them.

After a period of time, Keith informed me that someone else in Idaho Falls wanted the camper franchise. He would let me keep the franchise if I would move out on the North Yellowstone Highway where I had more public exposure. I agreed that I needed a better sales location. The camper business was good and I felt like it would get even better so I built a '40x60' show room on the North Yellowstone property at a cost of about \$60,000.00. The camper sales business improved and I built a second 60 x 100 foot building adjacent to my showroom and moved my truck body manufacturing business there adding the Farm Hand Implement dealership. We had equipment that was designed specially for handling hay. It

would accumulate the bales and leave them in a bundle. Farm Hand had a tractor unit that went with a front end loader. It could pick up the stack of bales and haul them to build a larger stack.

Keith Ensign again approached me telling me he had sold the Vista Liner camper business. He wanted me to manufacture campers and would use his \$300,000.00 share of the sellout to buy 700 campers a year from me and distribute them guaranteeing me a 15% mark-up on my campers. I knew I wouldn't be able to continue with the Vista Liner. Consequently, I decided to build my own line of campers, constructing another 60 x100 foot building for the manufacturing of the campers.

We decided on the name "Freeway" and had the name copyrighted. When the first camper rolled off the assembly line, I handed Keith the invoice only to have him admit that he not only didn't have the original \$300,000 but that he didn't have the money to pay for the first camper. I had invested a lot of money in the building and the equipment and was over a barrel. I had an excellent credit rating, so I had to operate on that and trust Keith to sell the campers and bring the money back after they had been sold. Fortunately, that worked well for a time.

After operating for a while, a man named Frank Reed approached me for a job saying he was down to his last \$10. I was impressed with his gutsiness and told him I would give him a job in the warehouse organizing our supplies. Reed also talked to my plant superintendent, Jerry Edwards, explaining that he had been in the camper manufacturing business in Tennessee and was

acquainted with a lot of dealers around the country. Frank became a terrific salesman for Freeway. He lined up dealers from Alaska to Washington D.C and New Jersey and parts in between. The business really boomed. At one point we got production up to where we were putting out a camper every 45 minutes. We had a production line that went down one side of the building to build the frame and back down the other side where it went through various stages of construction. Each stage of production, such cabinet installation, had an allotted time to do their job. Jerry Edwards, 22 years old at the time, was the plant superintendent and had superb organizational skills. Keith Ensign brought

a crew from Toole, who were all experienced in camper construction to be the Freeway construction department heads.

We had a dealer in Alaska that would take all the campers that we could ship him. It took over a week to make the round trip with a transport load of campers. The Alaskan Highway at that time was not paved. It had a flint type shale rock on it that shredded the transport tires. On one trip we had to replace nine tires making the shipping cost nearly prohibitive. We found, however, that the Alaskan



"Freeway" camper

winter snow-covered roads protected the tires from the sharp rocks allowing us to ship our campers to Alaska on the plowed, snow covered highways. This also allowed us to keep the factory operating during what would otherwise be slow winter months.

As the business grew, we needed a professional looking brochure for our campers. We wanted to get a four page, four-color brochure, and it was going to be expensive. Frank Reed called the president

of Dodge Motor Company and asked if he would like to have their Dodge truck featured on our brochure. Frank proposed that Dodge help pay for the brochures and furnish us with a new pickup. We would put 4000 miles on it and then take it back to the local Dodge dealer who would replace it with a new pickup. This worked out really well for us. We used the pickup in deliveries and showing campers to dealers. We had a good working relationship with Dodge and our Freeway camper was included in the advertising on their Chrysler Theater and Dodge-sponsored Bob Hope Show that was being shown on Sunday nights during prime time giving us a tremendous amount of free advertising. One Dodge promotion was a contest where a new Dodge pickup equipped with a Freeway camper was the grand prize. They advertised this for a few months. When they finally had the drawing, a pastor from New York, won the prize. The camper was the most deluxe, fully equipped, self-contained unit with a refrigerator, furnace and shower. It was a beautiful camper. The winner called Dodge and complained

that the camper didn't have jacks on it (camper jacks were relatively new at the time and we had never used them). Dodge asked us to send a pair of jacks to the winner and arrange to have someone install them. I felt like that man was looking a gift horse in the mouth, but we did it to keep our relationship with Dodge.

Each January there was a big recreational vehicle (RV) trade show at a coliseum in Cleveland, Ohio. We were invited to bring the Dodge pickup that we were driving and three campers. Dodge paid \$6000 for the display area. The campers were sold at the show. This gave us a tremendous outlet for finding new dealers. Frank Reed flew back and met me so that he could help sign up dealers. This annual show worked very well for a number of years.

After the show at the coliseum, Dodge decided they would sponsor a caravan—a sort of train—that included three Dodge pickups all carrying our Freeway campers—one truck pulling an Airstream trailer and one hooked to a Chrysler motorboat.

They went to Mexico and toured that country and showed all the beautiful areas to camp and fish. All of this was narrated by Paul Harvey. It was great advertising for us.

In an effort to allow driver and passengers to be together, we designed a camper that could be mounted on a one ton truck with the back of the cab open to the camper living area and installed side



Coach and Tetons

by side seats which would allow a walk through. This gave us a chance to make a bigger, roomier, more deluxe camper with the added stability of dual wheels on the rear and had the convenience of getting into the truck cab directly from the camper. We bought one ton trucks directly from Ford Motor at manufacturer's price with the cab back cut out and the seats arranged just the way we needed them. The new product sold very well.

At the peak of our manufacturing we had as many as 100 people working for us in the retail and camper manufacturing business, making us Idaho Falls' second largest employer exceeded only by the INL site.

The chassis-mount camper business waned when we discovered that we could buy a mini (class C) motor home out of California as cheaply as we could manufacture them and the sales of mini motor homes boomed. Transport costs were kept down by using our children, LuDean, Karleen and Garth to fly to Los Angeles on weekends to drive them back three at a time.

Idaho is a long way from the major suppliers of camper manufacturing supplies and it was becoming more difficult to get supplies out of California, Oregon and Indiana to build our Freeway campers. In order to keep the production line running we were required to maintain a large \$250,000.00 raw material inventory. The cost of the maintaining the raw materials and the lag time before we received payment from selling and delivering the finished product caused a great financial burden on the company. In addition it was hard to compete with manufacturers who were able to have their raw materials delivered to their door daily without maintaining an expensive stock pile. In order to compete, we really needed to move our production facility nearer to one of these larger supply cities but I didn't want to uproot our family.

Salt Lake based Vista International, organized from the company that originally started us in this business, wanted us to merge with them. They made us a lucrative offer and it was agreed

that we would maintain the operation in Idaho Falls. I was offered a position as a director on their company board. But for some reason that didn't happen. Vista was also merging with several different companies such as a potato chip company out of Idaho Falls, a big greenhouse operation out of Bountiful and an auto transport company that shipped cars manufactured in Detroit and Canada. The Vista International president was an LDS Stake President and was the head of the accounting department at the University of Utah. His partner was an LDS Bishop in Bountiful. Initially this gave me confidence in the new merger and I continued being busy operating the Idaho Falls operation. After a period of time I hadn't heard much from them and decided to go to Salt Lake and see what was going on. They also acquired a bankrupt camper manufacturing business in Beaverton, Oregon. Vista felt like it would be better to consolidate our Idaho Falls operation with Beaverton even though I had leases with them. They decided to move the Idaho Falls branch to Beaverton and offered to continue paying the lease on the buildings. I gave in to their desires and agreed to the move.

Vista then decided to go public with their corporation. I had been promised stock at the opening but didn't receive it. I bought in and the price went up. Shortly after that the market had a down turn and the stock value of the company went pretty low. Vista was so spread out with all of their various companies that they couldn't stay on top of the management causing them to take out bankruptcy. Because I had been involved with the company, I had to pay back the stocks that I bought as part of the bankruptcy settlement.

After our separation from Vista International, I and members of my family continued a successful retail business for many years as a dealer for manufactured homes and recreational vehicles.

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CLYDE ANTHON SMITH AND VIRGINIA JULIET PETERSON SMITH

By Carolyn Smith Grover Jan. 2012

Clyde According to the record, I, Clyde Anthon Smith was born on September 11, 1911 in a log building located on my father's farm approximately two miles directly East from the center of Ammon, Idaho, just to the north of the road now called Sunnyside, but was then known as the Ozone-Bone Road which led back to the Willow Creek and Gray's Lake area. (This homestead is also close to the Ammon Cemetery.)



Clyde and Virginia Smith

All through their life, George and Lovina were very active members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and taught their children well the principles of the gospel. The following is taken from Lovina's life story regarding the early years as her family was born and growing. "We (Lovina and George) lived in the little log house where Clyde was born September 11, 1911. Clyde was a very large baby weighing 10 pounds eleven ounces. He had blond hair and blue eyes. Clyde was a very smart child and loved books." When I (Clyde) was about

three years old, we moved into the new large home just west of the former log building and there is where I spent my boyhood and school days up until the time I was married. I've always been stubborn enough to try to do the best I could in whatever position I found myself. At the time of my birth my mother, Lovina Shurtliff Smith, was 19 years of age and my father, George Abraham Smith, was 32.

Although I didn't particularly like school, I learned to read, write and spell with the top of the class and graduated with "A" grade point average and high honors. While attending Ammon High School, I played on the basketball and baseball teams. I played alto sax in the orchestra and band. I was on the yearbook staff, the school's "A" team, as well as in school plays.

In the fall of 1930, after the harvest was finished, my brother George and I enrolled in Coyne Electrical School with headquarters in Chicago, Illinois. This was a trade school and the courses we studied were general electricity, house wiring, meter maintenance, and learned other electrical skills. One of my hobbies throughout my life has been photography. I have documented most of my life through pictures.

I, Virginia Juliet Peterson was born on 6 March 1914 at Grandpa Peterson's home in Heber City, Wasatch County, Utah. The first Grandchild of John and Frances Peterson was a girl. How delightful. My dad was Samuel Leon Peterson and my mother was Geneva Nuttall. I was named after my mother's mother, Juliet Wall Nuttall. Dad was 21 years of age and Mother was 19.

I grew up in the Heber City, Provo, Orem, and Vineyard area. My father was a dairyman and a farmer. My parents were very active in Church, community and civic affairs. All through their life, they were very active in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They were very diligent in living the gospel and teaching it to their children.

I was active in the church and in school with the yearbook, plays, and music (I played the violin). I held many school offices during my school years: secretary during my freshman year, vice president



Rock house

my sophomore year, historian during my junior year and vice president to Arch Madsen during my senior year.

Clyde relates that In the spring of 1932, a new family by the name of Peterson moved into the large rock home north of the Ammon store which had been built by William Owen. They had a daughter named Virginia. This young lady with her beautiful quiet smile impressed me more than any girl had to date so I made a special effort to get better acquainted.

Virginia relates that In 1932 my parents moved from Provo to Ammon, Idaho, as Dad bought a large farm east of Idaho Falls, Idaho. I graduated from Lincoln high school on May 13 1932 with high honors. So with a heavy heart I left my boyfriend, Rex Blake, and my other friends and moved to Ammon, Idaho. However, as we drove into Ammon, the old rock house was a delight to see and I loved it. I loved the house and I knew there would be happiness in the future for me here in Ammon, Idaho. My dad was also a dairyman and a farmer in Idaho, and we spent many hours processing the milk and butter to sell. In addition, there was a large farm to run.

It was at church in the Ammon Ward that I met Clyde Anthon Smith, and we became good friends. It wasn't long until I knew I was in love with Clyde and he asked me to marry him. I decided to set the wedding date and get married the 24th

of November 1933 to Clyde Anthon Smith, my Ammon boy. Plans were made for a temple wedding in Salt Lake.

We were married, in the Salt Lake LDS Temple. We had a short honeymoon in the Provo and Salt Lake area visiting areas and friends where I, Virginia, had grown up. We had a lovely wedding reception in Ammon, Joe Armstrong sang, "I'll be Loving You Always," at our reception. I wore the blue velvet dress mother made for me; Clyde bought roses for our reception. It was a very memorable night and we came home to our own home. So, I began my married life as Mrs. Clyde Anthon Smith in Ammon Idaho. I, Virginia, remember before we were married, mother and I came up to Nance's property to pick up some apples for the winter. I was looking at the little green house across the road. Then mother said, "Is that where you'll be living and not in a nice home in Idaho Falls." I said, "I guess so. After doing some research, we have discovered the two room house was built in 1910 by Martin Empey who used to own some of the ground on the South Side of Sunnyside which Clyde's dad, George Abraham Smith, purchased. This little two room greenhouse was on the South West corner of Clyde's folk's property.

Clyde's dad had it all cleaned out and painted and papered. This was to be their home from now on. They had a little doggie named Whitey that Virginia grew much attached to and Whitey followed Virginia everywhere. As I, Virginia, think back on the events. I remember thinking. "I did receive Heavenly Father's blessings; I knew that He'd help me now." Virginia had grown up in a rather affluent circumstances and her mother was very concerned about the place they were going to live in.

Mother felt bad because we were not going to live in a nice place. But I trusted the Lord and knew we could make it. Clyde's father said we could live in that little green house. Two rooms, one shade tree, no running water or bathroom and located in the Smith's pasture field with their bull loose in it. Our toilet facility was an outhouse behind the

property. We had done some furniture buying; a spindle bedstead, mattress, an overstuffed chair at a furniture shop, a coal range and cabinets at Montgomery Wards. Mother gave me a dresser that I had used, (one that Aunt Jose gave mother when they were married in Idaho Falls years earlier. A few years later, mother asked for the dresser back to give to Lamar Whiting as it had been his great grandmother's. His great-grandmother had gathered material to pay for it in England.)

We had a potbellied stove to heat the bedroom. Clyde made a closet for our clothes. We purchased a rug with the bedroom furniture. The kitchen had the stove, cupboards, which we also purchased at Wards, and four chairs and the drop leaf table. Clyde's folks gave us a radio for that Christmas. With gifts from our reception, we were comfortable and warm. I made and embroidered curtains. (I bought the material from Wards) We were fortunate that in the fall of 1933, the power company had put a line up to the cemetery and so all families along the line had electric power. They connected our house so we did have electrical power to run our lights, radio and electric iron, (from our reception) .

We had to haul water from our neighbors. Later, Clyde's folks dug a well. They had running water and we got water from them. Mostly we

hailed water from Nances or John Empey. It was difficult hauling a 10 gallon milk can full of water in the winter. The 10 gallon can would freeze and we had to melt the ice then. We had a wash stand for washing hands and face and Clyde made a small cupboard to go above it for our



Outhouse

toilet things and a mirror. That made the makeshift bathroom better for us as there was no bathroom in the house. We had an outdoor outhouse. (An outhouse is a small structure separate from a main building built over a large pit which often contained a simple toilet.) It was along a dark path, and there were no lights in the outhouse. It was not a fun

place but very useful and necessary. It was a lonely trek especially in the winter time.

We planted flowers, rose bushes, and a vegetable garden. It was good to have our own food. My dad had given us a young heifer, but had left it at his place. The dogs got to chasing the calf and it went into the garage and trying to turn the heifer broke its neck. No help to us. Dad gave us another one later and we started a small dairy herd. Still, I was afraid of the bull in our pasture so I stayed in the house.

It was over two years before their first child, Carolyn, was born. On January 3, 1936 in the small community of Ammon, Idaho, five miles east of Idaho Falls, Idaho, a terrible blizzard was raging, but with no consideration for anyone else but herself, our first child decided it was about time to put in an appearance. So early in the morning a very frantic father, Clyde, rushed the soon-to-be mother, Virginia, out to the old car and made it as comfortable as possible then coaxed the car into town through the ice and snow. Finally at 9:19 a.m. on that eventful morn, baby Carolyn was born. (Although not the first baby of the New Year, still starting out the New Year right and we got a new fuzzy blanket from the hospital.) She was a little red headed, green eyed (actually blue eyed turned green later); baby girl weighing seven pounds ten ounces and 19" tall. Carolyn was here stay; thus started out the family of Clyde Anthon Smith and his bride of two years, Virginia Juliet Peterson Smith.

In 1937, Clyde and Virginia had purchased a new Chevy car for \$996. They had sold their old car a little bit earlier because it had worn out and they needed a new one. Since Clyde was only working at odd jobs, we had decided to raise chickens to sell eggs for financial help. First Clyde built the brooder coop. Before the coop was built, we had ordered 500 baby chicks to come in April. Virginia had made a new outfit for Carolyn and with the money she had earned and bought a blue suit for her. It was Easter and Clyde and Virginia, along, with baby Carolyn were all dressed up in their new Easter outfits and new car ready to go in style to Easter Sunday meeting.

“Just as we were leaving for church the chicken people called and said the baby chicks Clyde had ordered came in early. They had to be picked up immediately. Surprise! We had planned on really having a nice Easter date, but the chickens came! We had to get them out now. No church for us that day. The chicken coop wasn’t ready so we had to keep the baby chicks in the house to keep them warm, so that was our Easter Sunday and sure enough, our finery was spoiled.

Now what? The only thing to do now was to put them in the corner of our kitchen until Clyde finished the coop. What a surprise! Baby chicks are cute, but they can grow and need constant care. I remember that mom and dad had put the baby chicks upstairs in our house in Heber when they had hatched out early. So I decided to take care of them. Water, (we had to haul water) feed and see that they weren’t too crowded, but kept warm. If we wanted those chickens to help us, we had to provide care so they could. It was about a week or 10 days before their coop was finished and we bought a brooder heater to keep them warm. Clyde had to put electric wires and lamps in the coop also. It was nice to move them out in their own place.”

Virginia, was working part time at Montgomery Ward’s department store when the book “Rudolph, The Red-Nosed Reindeer” by Robert L. May was published and marketed by Montgomery Wards. It was quite a sensation and delighted children all over the world and still is today.

Clyde and Virginia’s family was growing fast and many adjustments had to be made such as where to put everyone as one bedroom certainly was not enough. Now with three small children, the two rooms were getting mighty crowded. So Clyde and Virginia borrowed \$150 from the bank and built on two more rooms – a lean-to for a kitchen and divided the back porch for small bedroom for Leon and Dennis. The girls had a bed in their parents’ bedroom. Eighteen months later Dennis C. was born January 20, 1941 and was a blue baby. They didn’t think he would live, so in their rush to give him a name, they named him ‘Dennis C’, the

‘C’ was to have been ‘Clyde’, but in the rush it was left out and was recorded that way. Dennis did live through faith and prayers of family and friends and has been a great blessing to our family.

By 1946 Clyde and Virginia had six children Sandra, Alan, Dennis, Betty Rae, Leon, & Carolyn. The family kept growing and so did the house so more room was needed. Clyde and Virginia borrowed \$1500 from the bank and began building again. This time they were going to make the house large enough to have a 26 x 26’ living room and a basement and an actual bathroom. This renovation took several years to complete.

November 23, 1941, a new Ammon Ward



New Ammon Ward Bishopric

Bishopric sustained;
Secretary Lamar
Whiting, 1st
Councilor Almon
Brown, 2nd
Councilor Dolph
Holm, Bishop Reed
Blatter.



Here the children are at their cousin’s -Marjorie Jo Whiting’s birthday party. 1st row: Leon & Betty Rae Smith, Marjorie McDonald, Sharon Purcell, 2nd Row: Bethalene Judy, Carolyn Smith, Joan Judy, and Marjorie Jo Whiting. It was so fun.

As stated, this house edition took several years to complete. In the meantime three more children were added to make a total of nine children. Pauline was born April 8, 1950, Sterling was born May 15, 1953, and Julie was born May 20, 1956. Clyde



*South Idaho Falls Stake
Presidency: Front Row: LaRue
Merrill -President Cecil Hart
2nd Row: Reed Blatter –
Howard Cullimor, Sec*

and Virginia had nine children in a span of 20 years. By this time their eldest; Carolyn had received her associate degree from Ricks College.

As their children were growing up, Virginia made beautiful clothes for the girls,

always in style. She was an excellent seamstress. Virginia love to sew and was very good at it. She couldn't afford to buy clothes for her family, so she learned to be exceptionally good at designing and sewing dresses, suits, coats, pants, formals, and shirts for her nine children and herself. Virginia would go to town and check out the latest styles, buy the material, and then go home and make stylish clothes for her children and herself.

In 1952 Clyde was sustained as ward clerk to our new Bishopric. Back Row: Clyde Smith, Clerk, Orval Crow, Clerk; Front Row: Dean Elkington, 1st Councilor Bishop Artell Switter, Keith Hansen, 2nd Councilor

Clyde had chickens, cows, and various other farm animals around. Son, Dennis, relates, "Grandpa Peterson gave us some bum lambs to take care of and raise. Then we would sell them in the fall. One year we had 14 bum lambs that we had raised. Dad said that if we would sell them and give him the money, he would put the money towards a new inside bathroom. OK! We were very willing."

Their gardens were always the envy of the neighborhood. Clyde and Virginia were good managers and very resourceful. Clyde always was a good provider for his family. They still had chickens. Over the years they planted grass, trees and flowers. The old poplar tree became the children's favorite spot of refuge. As the children grew up, they would use the tall poplar tree to climb to get out of the reach of pursuing enemies.

Even mother could become an enemy at times they thought and so in rebellion would climb the tree only to find that mother could climb it too much to their surprise. When Carolyn their oldest took to the tree thinking that she could evade mother to get away from punishment when she had defiantly slapped her younger brother. Carolyn said. "Was I surprised to find that mother came up right after me. It took all the fight out of me. She didn't even have to spank me. It made me think that there was no place I could go that mother couldn't reach me. I had to be good."

Through the years Virginia was busy with Cub Scouts and primary and various other church jobs. Virginia was an excellent teacher. Clyde was very active in Scouting, Sunday school superintendency, ward clerk, stake missionary, and teacher. No matter how busy they were, they always had time to take the kids fishing, to town, to the park for a picnic, and always to church.



Clyde loved scouting and he and his scouts won many awards. Clyde recalls." I joined the old Ammon Troop 12 in about 1923 or 24 when I was 12 years old. As I grew older I took on the responsibility of boy leadership, assistant scoutmaster, scoutmaster, troop committee member, and then committee chairperson. I was scoutmaster when I met and later married my lovely wife, Virginia, and we began raising boys and girls of our own."

During the 1940s Clyde was scoutmaster for

five years. His troop made headlines when eight of his scouts became Eagle Scouts on the same night at a Court of honor – Merlin Anderson, Jarl Empey, Rulon Robinson, Jerald Hammer, Milton Jones, Marlin Fife, Glenn Blatter, and Homer Wolf. Later several more of his scouts became Eagle Scouts. They were Derlin Campbell, and Jim Christensen.

In Clyde's over 40 years in scouting he received many awards such as The Silver Beaver Award in 1954 and the distinguished service award by the Teton peaks Council. The Silver Beaver Award is the council-level distinguished service award of the Boy Scouts of America. Recipients of this award are registered adult leaders who have made an impact on the lives of youth through service given to the council. The Silver Beaver is an award given to those who implement the Scouting program and perform community service through hard work, self-sacrifice, dedication, and many years of service. It is given to those who do not actively seek it.

As the family grew, Clyde just kept adding to "the little green house." Clyde decided to build on a lean-to for a kitchen and divided the back porch for small bedroom for Leon and Dennis. The girls had a bed in their parent's room. In 1946, Clyde hired a construction company to come in and dig a hole for the basement on the back of the house. Clyde and his sons built the forms on the West side to fill the side walls with cement for the sides of the basement. As they were finishing the forms for the walls one of the forms on the section of the wall on the West fell in. Leon volunteered to climb down in between the narrow forms and scrape the cement away before it hardened. He was only eight years old then. It was after his baptism, so we knew the Lord protected him. Dad repaired the forms and set the wall and the building of the house went forward.

In 1953, Clyde had a plumber come in and put in a bathroom complete with toilet, sink, and bath tub. OH, what joy to have an inside bathroom. No more trips to the outhouse. What a thrill it was to have hot and cold water and to take a bath in a bathroom on Saturday nights. What a great blessing. Also connected up was the water on the

back porch so Virginia could do washing on the back porch. Virginia always hung her immaculate white clothes outside on the clothes lines. The clothes were always so fresh smelling.

Our church procedure was to hold Sunday school in the mornings 10 AM, and sacrament meeting at 7 PM, the children were often very tired after two meetings. Then in March of 1980 the block plan was put into effect and all meetings were put together one after another. This is very much better as the family can go together and not have to make so many trips.

Winters in Ammon were brutal. Often roads were closed because of the snow and school was closed. It was common that during the winter that we had to melt snow before washing the dishes or watering the chickens. We were often snowed in and many, many times during the winter the children had to walk over the drifts about a half a mile to the corner to catch the school bus.



1949 winter Carolyn, Dennis, and Alan on Sunnyside Road

In 1952 Clyde was working volunteer work, helping build the South Idaho Falls Stake house in Idaho Falls on 21st St. The beams of the cultural hall fell down like dominoes, Clyde was in the center of them next to the chapel, tying the beams together on the roof. He went down with the beams all around him. Only his head was sticking out and everyone thought he was dead. Three other men were hurt badly. Clyde was taken to the Hatch clinic and fixed up for cracked ribs. His working days are over for a while. That summer we lived off our garden, the cows, and the chickens.



Peterson children

Clyde eventually got a job at the Pumice plant. The pumice plant was just down the road from our house about a mile so it was convenient for Clyde to work there. Although the pay was not great, the Pumice Company did not require Clyde to work on Sundays which was one of his concerns. He always honored the Sabbath Day. Clyde and Virginia always kept their Sunday clothes on all day, because they felt that "If you are dressed for the Sabbath, you will honor the Sabbath." Many of their children continue to honor that tradition in their families.

Carolyn graduated from high school in 1954 and received her associate degree from Ricks College in 1956. The family span was from a baby to a college student – 9 Children in a 20 year span. The next several years passed quickly and were very busy years for Clyde in Virginia. Their children grew and served missions for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, attended college, and got married and had children of their own.

Clyde and Virginia blessed their posterity by their many examples of service. Clyde and Virginia spent many hours doing genealogy work, working in the Idaho Falls Historical Museum, and also spent countless hours doing temple work for their ancestors and connecting families through family group sheets.

All through her life, Virginia, had a great love for her ancestors. She wrote many letters to England, Scotland, Denmark, as well as places in

the United States trying to locate more information regarding her ancestors as well as Clyde's. Virginia accumulated many interesting histories and made certain their children received copies. She was a prolific writer and wrote newspaper articles and stories. She belonged to a Writer's Club and several of her articles and stories were published. Virginia was also a poetess.

Clyde was also a good and interesting writer. He wrote of many incidences in his life history that are enjoyed by his descendants.

Clyde and Virginia's children all remained active in the LDS Church.



Clyde and Virginia's children and their spouses

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GEORGE ABRAHAM AND LOVINA SHURLIFF SMITH

By Geraldine Smith Guymon

George Smith the son of Joseph Stanford Smith and Jane Arabella Coombs was born June 8, 1879 in Cedar City, Iron County Utah. His father Joseph Stanford Smith crossed the plains with his family and settled in Cedar City Utah after his marriage is where my father was born on June 8, 1879. Father, his wife Jane Arabella Coombs and family along with others was called to help colonize the San Juan area in Colorado. His family figured quite prominently in the famous "Hole in the Rock"

episode which has received quite a lot of publicity in the last few years. His was the last wagon down the hole in the rock. The "Hole in the Rock" expedition was to settle the San Juan River basin of southeastern Utah. It was called the incredible passage in "The Undaunted" book by Gerald Lund parts of his recount of this event are also noted.



1917 - Four generations - Carolyn, Clyde, George A., Joseph Stanford Smith

They lived in Durango Colorado, Mancos, Colorado then to New Mexico and back to Durango. The move to Idaho was made and a farm purchased East of Ammon in 1901. I am Grateful to my father Joseph Stanford Smith who kept a daily diary of events during most of his married life. When I (George) was 19 years of age in the winter of 1889 to 1890, I went to school at Brigham Young University at Provo, Utah. During the same winter my father Joseph Stanford Smith heard of a new farming land around Idaho Falls Idaho. Some relatives wanted him to see the country that was just opening up around the country that was just opening up around Idaho Falls Idaho. He decided to buy a place East of Idaho Falls. He decided to buy a place east of Idaho Falls near a little village called Ammon paying \$1600 for a hundred and 20 acres. In the spring of 1901 he loaded his belongings in a boxcar; stopped at Provo to pick up George on the way and landed in Idaho Falls on May 2 1901. A family by the name of Ezariah Williams let us rent two rooms in his house in the Ammon town site as

there were no buildings on the farm.

Then in the year of 1907 George went on a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to the Northern States mission. His mission was located in Minnesota where he served for two years. While he was on this mission his father bought a farm in Shelley, Idaho about 15 miles from Ammon and moved down there. It was here that his father's second wife Agnes died. George came home in the spring of 1909 from his mission. That December 7, 1910 George Abraham Smith married Lovina Shurtliff.

George's wife, Lovina Shurtliff Smith, relates how she met George. Lovina Shurtliff was born August 2, 1892 in Downey, Idaho to Selah Andros and Harriett Emily Howell Shurtliff. Harriett had 10 children from 1882 – 1902. Lovina was the sixth child. When I was 10 years old my mother passed away on March 10, 1902. After my mother died, caring for nine little children was a superhuman effort so my dad, Selah, hired a widow lady Olive Coombs Fretwell to care for the children. My dad and Olive Coombs Fretwell were married. The older children found work helping other farmers. I went to live with a family by the name of Joseph Stanford Smith. His wife was ill so I took care of her and he raised me. It was here that I met his son George. When I was 15 years old, Mr. Smith bought a farm at Shelley, Idaho so we moved there and lived there for two years. George A. Smith was the only child living with them. Joseph Stanford Smith bought a home in Shelley to live in while they farmed the Ammon place. George and his father hauled logs about 35 miles to build a two room log



Joseph Stanford Smith log home

house. It had a dirt floor and when it rained hard, it leaked. They dug Sagebrush and raised a crop of grain and some hay that first summer.

Mr. Smith's second wife, Agnes, became very ill; she called Lovina to her side and asked her to take care of "her boys". Agnes died leaving me without a mother again. Afterwards he sold the farm in Shelley and we moved back to Ammon in the little log house. Lovina cooked and kept house for Mr. Smith. Agnes had been a fastidious housekeeper and Lovina had been a good student.

George returned from his mission in 1909. The family had been spending the winters in Ammon so Lovina could go to school and then spent the summers at the farm. George and his father contracted smallpox and Lovina helped care for them. It was there that I (Lovina) married the returned missionary George. George and Lovina were engaged and went to Salt Lake Temple to be married on December 7, 1910. George was 31 years of age and Lovina was 18 years old. They return home to keep house. George Abraham Smith and Lovina Shurtliff Smith remained on the farm and began raising boys. Some of the children were born in a two room log house built by George's dad, Joseph Stanford Smith.

George and Lovina's first child, Clyde Anthon Smith was born on September 11, 1911 in the log building located on my father's farm approximately 2 miles directly east from the Ammon store just to the north of the road now called Sunnyside but then it was known as the Bone Ozone road. This was also close to the Ammon Cemetery. In Clyde's history he relates that a midwife who lived at Iona attended the birth and took charge of things. Her name was Sarah J. Rowberry. I've often wondered about the five dollar fee charged by sister Roseberry as compared to the cost of a baby born today.

Leland was born November 9, 1914. We built a new home and moved into it after Leland was born. I will always remember how thrilled I was when we moved into it. Ours was a healthy family. We lived through two depressions with a large family to keep and we nearly lost our home but through



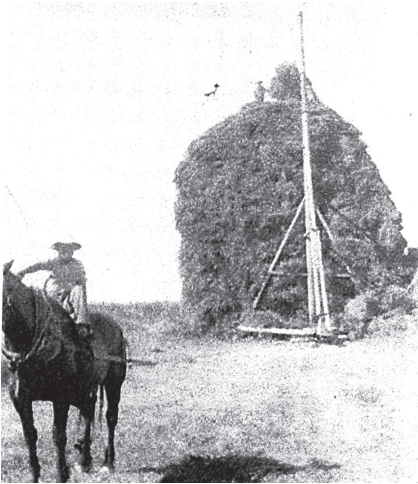
George Smith Family, 1921

faith in prayers we hung on and raise nine of our 10 children. Only a midwife attended me for our seven children that were all born at home.

In Clyde's history he said, we didn't have indoor plumbing or electricity when I was real young, but when I was three or four years old my parents got electricity and drilled a well. We had indoor plumbing. We used to refrigerate food by putting it out when the weather was freezing or cold outside. Sometimes we brought ice and packed the food with ice but ordinarily we used the actual weather to keep the food cool.

We were hooked up with a telephone system when I was just a boy. During these times we raised chickens. A chicken coop was built to house 1000 chickens. The hens laid the eggs which were incubated, hatched, and then they had laying hens again. Lovina spent much time candling the eggs for sale. It was a process where each egg was placed over a light to be sure there were no imperfections and then put into crates and sold to markets and cold storage. We farmed and planted orchards with fruit trees, sometimes even carrying water to them. The farm was a good one, but the work with horses was toilsome with long hours. We milked cows, fed pigs, herded sheep and worked horses. We made our own butter and sold it- 30 pounds a week. All this and all else farmers have to do.

Dad owned about 130 acres of ground and grew potatoes, hay, grain and sugar beets. The family picked potatoes by hand, shocked grain, then hoed



Stacking hay

beets and picked apples and cherries for canning from a large orchard. At harvest time the neighbors helped each other, moving from field to field until everyone's crops were harvested.

It was always an exciting time when the threshers and the hay men arrived. Soap and a tub of water was placed outside of the house for the men to wash for dinner. Lovina always had a delicious meal ready for them. Every year Lovina made bottles of homemade root beer and everyone enjoyed the refreshing drink after working in the fields during the hot summer days.

In later years a Farmall tractor was purchased for working on the ground replacing work the horses had been doing. Each spring the family spent many hours cutting potatoes for planting. In the fall a combine was purchased that replaced picking the potatoes by hand. The potatoes were dug and elevated over chain links while the vines and clods were sorted out by hand. The potatoes were then run into sacks at the back of the combine



Farmall tractor

and were placed in rows in the field awaiting the truck to pick them up to be hauled to the potato cellar for storage or to be sold.

In 1927 George was called on his second mission and went to Florida for six months. During the winter our family came down with scarlet fever and was quarantined. None of the family could go out of the house and none could come in. The hired man cared for the stock and brought the food in. I, Lovina, cared for my family alone. The winters were long, cold and often snowbound. The children walked to school or rode a sleigh until school buses came in.



Ammon school buses

The clothes the children wore were a coat, shirt, knickers (knee pants) and long stockings that came up past the knees. "Knickerbockers" is what we called them. They were our dress pants and we wore coveralls for our work clothes. When we were young we had to walk a mile and a half or more miles to school. Then in a few years they got wagons that were pulled by horses and we rode on those to the schoolhouse and back. We had phonographs and played phonograph records. Some of the popular radio shows were Amos and Andy and several groups of musicians. The old-time musicians and the fiddlers were the kinds of things we listened to. For chores dad usually had an average of 1000 laying hands, six or eight milk cows, and 4 to 6 workhorses to care for each night and morning.

Clyde continues; George Leland and I used to herd the cows east of the farm in the sagebrush during part of the summer. We had a 22 rifle and jackrabbits, ground squirrels and magpies

made good practice targets. In the winter time I remember the rabbits would visit the barn yards at night, beginning about sundown, and before morning they would undermine a haystack several inches all around the bottom. One of the favorite wintertime pastimes for the Elders Quorums or other groups was the participation in a "Rabbit Drive". No guns were used, but men and boys on horseback and a foot formed a circle and drove the rabbits by the hundreds into the enclosures usually made of wire. There the rabbits were killed and their meat or pelt was sold to mink farm owners, animal products and fur buyers. This may seem cruel to some of us, but this was one method of control and helped with the quorum funds.

About the skunks. The chicken business seem to draw the skunk population from far and wide and we were always having some type of encounter and skunk was one of the familiar odors in the area, especially near the chicken house. One special incident in which I was involved happened one warm afternoon while dad and mother and the rest of the family had gone to town. The three great hunters, George, Leland and I found that our trap had caught a large male skunk. He was in a hole in the rocks. He could be seen but not induced to come out, so we proceeded to put an end to his life right where he was. We finally finished him off and reset the trap. Peculiar we could smell the odor at first but later on could not, so thinking all was well we went home and mother found us all three in the living room reading and playing that photograph. Mother was usually mild and did not get upset easily but as she and dad entered the house, she apparently did not smell the scent of roses. She



George and Lavina Smith

just shouted and invited us out of the house until we had cleaned up.

We had our pets, dogs, cats, pigeons, rabbits, and believe it or not, two coyote

cubs at one time. We cared for the school mascot-- a Bobcat-- for a season. Young baby skunks were also nice pets if handled carefully and not excited suddenly.

In the fall of 1930, after the harvest was finished, my parents made it possible for George and me to enroll in the Coyne Electrical School with headquarters in Chicago Illinois. This was a trade school and the courses we studied were general electricity, house wiring, meter maintenance, etc. As I have always felt an interest in the building trades, it was quite an experience for George and me to attend Coyne Electrical School. The experience of being away from home and finding our way in a big city was an education in itself! The practical things about electricity and its use has helped also when I worked in the construction trades and maintenance here at home.



Clyde's car

George and I had an old car like this one. When we came home from Chicago in 1932 we bought a Chevy and this is what we courted in. I usually had George or Leland with me when we went anywhere as it was a "boys" car. When George and I completed our trade school experience and received our degrees we returned to Ammon and back to farming. It was during the depression and jobs were difficult to come by, the people in the city needed food so dad's farm did okay.

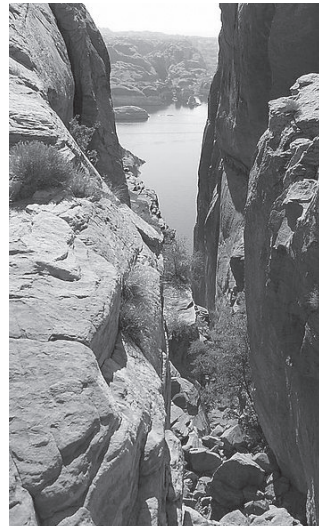
In December 1960, George and Lovina celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. They

JOSEPH STANFORD SMITH

THE HOLE-IN-THE-ROCK TRAIL

This account is widely known and the place visited by many people in southern Utah but is less known elsewhere. The interest to Ammon folks is that George Abraham Smith of Ammon was the baby in the last wagon to traverse the so called "Wagon Road" built down through the crevice. This account is to help explain the purpose and how it was built. The pictures show how it looks now even

after they chiseled a path down. It must be realized that nearly a century of disuse has eroded away most of the original pioneer road and rendered the route impassable for animals and vehicles. "But for at least a year after its completion in 1880 this was the major highway from southern Utah settlements to San Juan County. Much



Hole in the rock today

traffic went over it both ways. Scores of wagons were driven up through that notch as well as down, impossible as this may seem to those who visit the spot now." (Source: *The journal of Platte D. Lyman*)

In the spring of 1880 a direct supply and access road connecting southwestern and southeastern Utah was completed. Known as the HOLE IN THE ROCK TRAIL, it's direct penetration through the Colorado River Gorge and surrounding topography shortened distances over alternate routes by up to hundreds of miles. Built by Mormon pioneers answering a mission call to colonize the southeastern section of the territory, the trail provided a crucial link for one year before the most

were married December 7, 1910 in Salt Lake City Utah. They had 10 children, nine of them lived to maturity. George and Lovina lived in Ammon, Idaho all of their married life. A cute story was told about George Smith. Abe Day, a jovial man, said if I ever see a man with a longer nose than mine I'll give him a dollar. One day he met George Smith for the first time at the blacksmith shop and he pressed a dollar bill into George Smith's hand without a word of explanation. George put it in his pocket without asking a question. You don't look a gift horse in the mouth. (Taken from the life history of Al Carter, blacksmith).

In December 1962 George suffered his second stroke, one that left him unconscious and he died 26th of December 1962 in the Idaho Falls hospital. Lovina was alone in the big house, the children were all married. The winter in 1962-63 was exceptionally bad with blizzards and heavy snows.



Smith family at Clyde's funeral

She spent many lonely snowbound hours there alone. When spring came she decided to build a home

in Ammon next to her daughter Geraldine. In November 1964 she moved into her little home in Ammon. On August 19, 1966 she married James S. Empey, a widower, a friend from her youth and they spent five years of happiness and companionship together; each fulfilling the need of each other.

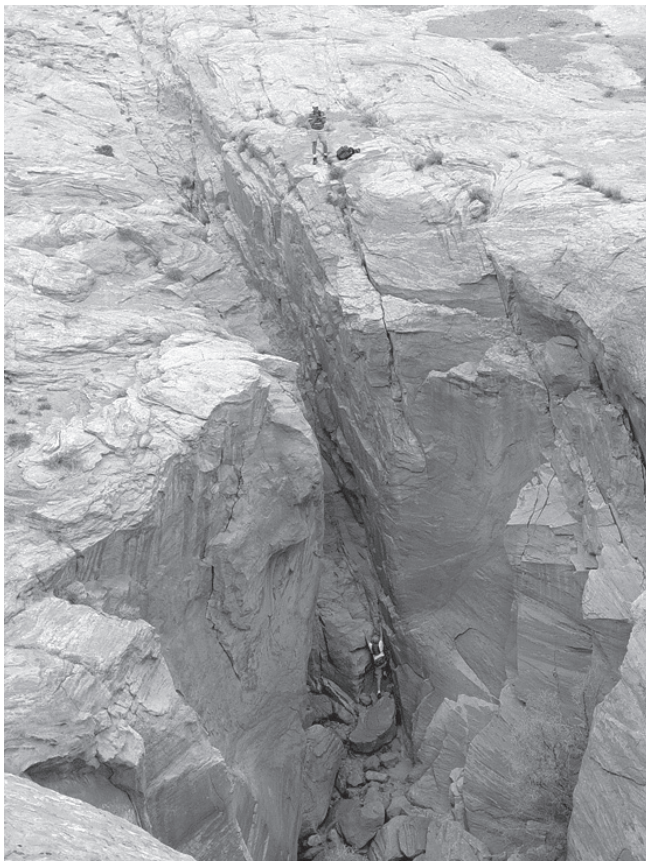
In April 1967 Leland was plowing in the field and the tractor tipped over on him and killed him. Lovina never quite got over that. In November 1962 she was operated on for cancer. Cecil's wife, Wanda, a daughter-in-law, fell at work and never gain consciousness. Wanda's funeral was on Monday, and Lovina passed away on Tuesday, October 19, 1971.

rugged stretches were bypassed with the opening of Hall's Crossing.

The mission which resulted in the trails construction was initiated by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints to secure peaceful relations with the Indians and to open the area to further colonization. After four months of exploring for a feasible route to their intended destination, the pioneers selected a direct route from Escalante. Although it was the least explored of all the possible routes, it was by far the shortest.

As winter approached at the end of November 1879, 250 men, women, and children, with 83 wagons and 1000 head of cattle, found themselves up against terribly broken, seemingly impassable terrain. The settlers had been en route for more than two weeks when they reached the 1200 foot deep Colorado River Gorge, 65 miles south east of Escalante.

For six weeks, the men labored on a wagon road down the sandstone cliffs to the Colorado River.



Hole in the rock crevice

Built by chiseling and blasting a path through a steep crevice named the HOLE-IN-THE-ROCK, the road stands today as a testament of pioneer ingenuity and determination. Construction consisted of cutting away a 40 foot drop-off at the top of the crevice, moving huge boulders, leveling high spots, filling depressions, and widening crevice walls. To avoid the steep grades near the bottom of the HOLE-IN-THE-ROCK, the pioneers tacked their road onto the face of the North wall of the crevice. The tacked on road was supported by oak stakes secured into holes drilled into the crevice wall at 2 foot intervals. A picture shows these holes.



Bens's dugway post holes

After driving the wagons through the HOLE-IN-THE-ROCK and ferrying across the 300-foot-wide River, the immigrants proceeded east out of the River Gorge. On April 6, 1880, after another 10 weeks of grueling labor in harsh winter conditions, the missionaries reached a sandy bottomland along the banks of the San Juan River where they established Bluff City.

The hundred miles of road built after descending the HOLE-IN-THE-ROCK crossed some of the most rugged terrain in North America. Deep ravines and washes were crossed, trails down thousand-foot drop-offs blasted, deserts traversed, paths through thick cedar forests cut, and steep cliffs ascended. Many grades required seven spans of horses to pull the heavenly laden

wagons, and the worst stretches could be identified by the blood and matted hair from the forelegs of the struggling teams.

In all, the trek took six months. Food supplies were depleted, and teams had been worn to the point of exhaustion. Two babies were born en route and, miraculously, no one had died. The pioneers had toiled under the most trying circumstances in a harsh land. Most significantly, their ordeal forged them into a self-reliant colony ready for the formidable task of nurturing peace with the Indians, controlling the lawless who sought refuge in the area, irrigating with the unruly San Juan River, and eking out a living from the sun baked land.

Source HOLE IN THE ROCK by David E. Miller

History of Joseph Stanford Smith

• *From Liverpool England, they crossed the plains in the Milo Anderson Company* • *Arrived in Utah in oct 1866* • *Last wagon through the Hole-in-the-rock* • *Father of George Abraham Smith of Ammon* • *Read at E-Dah-Ho Camp* • *Bonneville County Ammon, Idaho* •

Last Wagon Through the Hole-in-the-Rock as told to grandson Raymond Smith Jones

My grandfather, Joseph Stanford Smith, was only five years old when his parents, Joseph H. and Maria Stanford Smith and their family set sail from Liverpool, England for the United States. The family had been converted to Mormonism in their native Staffordshire, and was on their way to join the Saints in Utah. They sailed on the old ship, "Curling" in April 1866. They landed in New York a month later. It was October before they reached Salt Lake City, having come across the plains with Milo Anderson's Handcart Company, the elders walking all the way.

In December of that year they were sent to the Iron Mission in Southern Utah and settled at Cedar City. Here Stanford grew to manhood.

Arabella Combs was born in Colorado and migrated with her parents to the Iron Mission. In 1870 she and Stanford Smith were married in the Endowment House at Salt Lake City. She was 17, a

pretty dark-haired girl, pleasingly plump. Stanford was 20, tall and thin with brown hair and blue eyes. They set up housekeeping in Cedar City.

In 1879 word came to them from the church leaders that they were among the families chosen to found a colony in the far off corner of San Juan County. About 80 families, from Cedar City, Parowan, and Paragonah answered the call, perhaps not cheerfully but certainly without question. They gathered at the frontier town of Escalante and when word came from the scouts that a place had been found to cross the Colorado River, the caravan started out.

Stanford had a stout covered wagon and two teams. With him were his wife, Arabella, and their three little children, Ada Olivia, five years old; Elroy, three years old; and George Abraham, six months old.

When the crevice through which the scouts thought the wagons could be taken down to the river was reached, the men were dismayed. It would take weeks, some even said months, of hard work to make a passage way. It was October and supplies were rapidly diminishing. Perhaps they should turn back and find an easier route.

But church authorities said, "No, proceed at any cost."

So groups of families back-tracked to camp at the springs: Rock Correl, Soda Springs, Fifty-mile Spring, and Forty-mile Spring, as the latter was a great natural bowl carved by erosion in the sandstone. On its smooth floor the older men, the women, and children danced to pass away the long evenings and forget their cold and hunger.

Grandfather used to tell how they snared gophers and made stew of them to supplement the meager rations. The younger men set about carving a road down through the Hole. It took them three months to do it, a road more like a crude staircase, down which they hoped they could take their wagons. The families were called to the rim and the descent was begun. The wagons were lowered one at a time, with locked wheels and ropes attached to the rear axles, then relayed around a stout

juniper post, solidly embedded in the rock rim. The strongest men slowly played out the ropes, letting the wagons descend as easily as possible.

As road foreman, Stanford had seen little of his family for weeks. He was laboring to exhaustion, first at the rock hole, then on the ferry and the long dugway up the opposite bank of the treacherous river.

At last the word came that all the wagons were down, and the crossing on the ferry began. Stanford looked around for his family and wagon, but it was nowhere in sight. He dropped his shovel and climbed to the top of the crevice. There, huddled in a heap of tattered quilts on packed dirty snow he found his wife, her baby swathed in blankets in her arms.

"Stanford I thought you'd never come," she said. "But where are the other children, and the wagon?" he asked. "They're over there, they moved the wagon back while they took the others down," she answered. She pointed to a rusty stovepipe showing above a huge sandstone boulder. For a moment Stanford's face flushed with rage. He threw his hat on the ground and stomped it, as was his habit when he was angry. "With me down there helping get their wagons on the raft, I thought someone would bring my wagon down, drat 'em!"

"I've got the horses harnessed and things all packed," Belle breathlessly assured him as they ran toward the wagon. Stanford hooked up the team, two at the tongue and old Nig tied to the rear axle. The fourth horse, a cripple, had died at Fifty-mile Spring.

The children woke up, and tumbled from their beds in the wagon wanting to help. Stanford climbed in, unlocked the brakes, and paused long enough to give each of the youngsters a bear hug. Arabella climbed in and laid the baby on the bed and Stanford started the team toward the crevice through which the wagon must be lowered to the river.

"I'll cross-lock the wheels, Please throw me the chains, Belle." She did as he asked, and then jumped down to help. Stanford took her arm and they walked to the top of the crevice, where hand

in hand, they looked down: ten feet of loose sand, then a rocky pitch as steep as the roof of a house and barely as wide as the wagon, below that a dizzy chute down to the landing place, once fairly level but now ploughed up with wheels and hoofs. Below that, they could not see, but Stanford knew what was down there--boulders, washouts, dugways like narrow shelves. It was the first drop of 150 feet that frightened him. "I'm afraid we can't make it," he exclaimed. "But we've got to make it," she answered calmly.

They went back to the wagon where Stanford checked the harness, the axles, the tires, and the brakes. He looked at Belle and felt a surge of admiration for this brave beautiful girl. They had been called to go to San Juan, and they would go. With such a wife no man could retreat.

"If we only had a few men to hold the wagon back we might make it."

"I'll do the holding back," said Belle, "On Old Nig's lines. Isn't that what he's tied back there for?"

"Any man with sense in his head wouldn't let a woman do that," he ordered

"What else is there to do?" she countered

"But Belle -- the children!"

"They will have to stay up here; we'll come back for them."

"And if we don't come back?"

"We'll come back, we've GOT to!" answered Belle.

Carefully she set three-year-old Roy on a folded quilt back from the crevice. Between his short legs she put the baby and told him, "Hold little brother till papa comes for you." She told Ada to sit in front of her brothers and say a little prayer. She kissed each one and tucked quilts snugly around them. "Don't even stand up -- as soon as we get the wagon down, papa will come back for you."

Ada turned to Stanford, "Will you come back, Pap?" He could only nod a yes and turn away with tears. "Then I'm not afraid. We'll stay here with God until you and momma get the wagon down." And Ada began her little prayer, "Father in heaven, bless me and Roy and baby until our father comes."

To take Belle's mind off the children, Stanford told her to test Nig's lines. "Pull back as hard as you can, I bet you couldn't pull the legs off a flea." Arabella wrapped the lines around her strong supple hands. Stanford got aboard. "Here we go. Hold tight to your lines." Arabella smiled at her little brood. "We'll be right back," she said.

Stanford braced his legs against the dash board and they started down through the Hole-in-the-Rock. The first lurch nearly pulled Belle off her feet. She dug her heels in to hold her balance. Old Nig was thrown to his haunches. Arabella raced after him and the wagon, holding to the lines with desperate strength. Nig rolled to his side and gave a shrill neigh of terror. "His dead weight will be as good as a live one," she thought.

Just then her foot caught between two rocks. She kicked it free but lost her balance and went sprawling after Old Nig. She was blinded by the sand which streamed after her. She gritted her teeth and hung onto the lines. A jagged rock tore her flesh and hot pain ran up her leg from heel to hip. The wagon struck a huge boulder. The impact jerked her to her feet and flung her against the side of the cliff.

The wagon stopped with the team wedged under the tongue and Stanford leaped to the ground and loosened the tugs to free the team then turned to see what had happened to Arabella. There she stood, her face white against the red sandstone. He used to tell us she was the most gallant he had ever seen as she stood there defiant, blood-smeared, dirt-begrimed and with her eyes flashing dared him to sympathize. In a shaky voice he asked, "How did you make it Belle?" "Oh I crow-hopped right along," she answered. He looked away.

He walked to the apparently lifeless form of Nig, felt his flank. It quivered under his hand and Nig tried to raise his bruised and battered head.

Stanford then looked back up the crack. Up there on the sharp rocks a hundred feet above him waved a piece of white cloth, a piece of her garment. Why she had been dragged all that way!

"Looks like you lost your handkerchief, Belle,"

He tried to force a laugh; instead he choked and grabbed her to him, his eyes going swiftly over her. A trickle of blood ran down her leg making a pool on the rocks. "Belle, you're hurt! And we're alone here."

"Old Nig dragged me all the way down," she admitted.

"Is your leg broken?" he faltered.

She wouldn't have his sympathy; not just yet anyway. "Does that feel like it's broken?" she fairly screamed, and kicked his shin with fury.

He felt like shaking her, but her chin began quivering and he had to grin, knowing by her temper she wasn't too badly hurt. He put his arms around her and both began crying, then laughing with relief.

They had done it! Had taken the wagon down --alone. Stanford put Belle on the bed in the wagon, found the medicine kit and cleaned the long gash in her leg.

"Darling, will you be all right?"

"Of course I will. Just leave me here and go as fast as you can for the children."

"I'll hurry," he flung over his shoulder and began the steep climb up the incline they had just come down.

He passed Old Nig, who was trying to regain his feet. He climbed too fast and became dizzy. He slowed down, and looked around. He had driven a wagon down that fearful crevice, and dragged his wife behind. Her clothes and flesh torn, she had gamely said she'd "crow-hopped right along." God bless her gallant heart! He kicked the rocks at his feet and with tears streaming down his face lifted his hat in salute to Arabella, his wife.

"Papa! Papa!" a faint call came from far up the crevice.

He answered: "Papa's coming, Ada!" His voice echoed and re-echoed among the rocks as he called to the children over and over.

At last he reached the top to find the three little ones sitting where their mother had left them.

"God stayed with us," said Ada. "The baby's gone to sleep an' my arm's 'most broke," said Roy. Little George woke up and smiled a toothless grin.

Stanford Smith lifted the baby tenderly in his arms, took his son's hand in his, and with Ada clinging to his pocket, went down to Arabella.

Stanford's wagon lumbered out of the canyon, the team limping painfully. Old Nig followed behind on trembling legs, his hide torn and bleeding in places.

Just before they reached the river's edge, five men came into view just ahead of them, carrying chains and ropes.

"Look Stanford," she said. "They are coming to help."

He cracked his whip and shouted to his team and bore down on the men evidently without any intention of stopping. They jumped out of the road just in time.

"We came back to help you," one of them began, but Stanford cut him short. "How's the ferry boys? Any of it left for us?"

"Brother Smith, we didn't--" Again he was cut short. Stanford hadn't gotten over the bitterness he felt when his family and wagon were left stranded above the Hole-in-the-Rock. He glanced at Arabella. She was pale. He remembered her gallant conduct, and was ashamed of his own ill temper.

"Forget it fellows. We managed fine. My wife here is all the help a fellow needs." Arabella's smile forgave his petulance. They went down to the ferry, followed by the abashed men. The wagon was loaded onto the raft. Arabella lay on a pallet at the raft's edge and watched red cliff walls recede, then closed her eyes and slept. When Stanford lifted her to the wagon an hour later she was completely relaxed.

After they got up out of the canyon of the Colorado there was still a long slow journey to reach their final destination at Montezuma Creek on the east side of the San Juan River. For two and a half more months the tired caravan plodded westward from the Colorado, hewing its way through juniper forests, fighting mud which balled the wheels into solid disks, sliding the slick clay hills where the wheels could get no traction, climbing from canyon to mesa and back to canyon over and over again.

Each mile of the long trek was a fight to conquer weariness, hunger, discouragement and fear, in bitter winter weather. Finally they came to their last barrier - San Juan Hill. For a week they pitted their strength against its slippery sandstone and almost gave up. But they had to make it, and they did. The trail was strewn with broken spokes, worn-out shoes, livestock that had collapsed from exhaustion. Men toiled and sweated, goading the wagons on and up.

The caravan finally crawled back to the San Juan's brink and found between weird bluffs of many-colored sandstone a tiny green valley. They stopped because they could go no farther. Here was grass, water, and good soil - a place to rest and recuperate. It had a fierce untamed beauty that refreshed them. There were fish in the river and rabbits in the willows - food. They decided to call their new home "Bluff".

"End of the trail," sang out one of the men. "This is San Juan."

"But it's so small -- no bigger than a backyard," protested his wife.

"Where is the fort? The Indians? Our own people?" (Settlement had already been established at Montezuma Creek.)

"This is not Montezuma, but it's decided we stay here. We can't go on." Some of the women refused to believe this small parcel of land was their destination and were reluctant to get down from the wagons. Others leaped down with eagerness, ready to make a home here. Arabella and her friend Mary Jones were eager to pick out their plots, adjoining as they had in Cedar City. "We can build our houses side by side, of this pretty stone," cried Arabella, and Mary agreed.

"Well, it's a wonderful place to camp for awhile," said Stanford as he unhooked his team. It was the 6th of April, 1880. Songs were on the women's lips as they carried water from the river to bathe the children -- their first real bath since leaving Escalante. And then they washed the clothes.

They must still live in the wagons while the men built homes, and some must move on seventeen

GLEN AND GLADYS PORTER SOUTHWICK

Life History of Glen Southwick

I was born January 20, 1908 at Rexburg, Idaho where my folks were going to Ricks Academy. In the spring they moved to Ammon which was Dad's home. There he bought a farm and built a house. Here we lived five years. At age three my folks went to work on the Osgood Canal. Dad worked with a team and scraper and Mother had a large tent where she cooked and fed a large crew of men. To keep track of me, she had to stake me on thirty feet of rope.

Melba was born three years later than me. At about five they rented the farm out and moved to Roseville, California. Dad worked for the railroad. At age six I entered school. We lived there for two years then came back to Ammon. School was too crowded so they sent me home for that year and the next year school law made me take first grade over.

My first go at being a cowboy was at age seven when we took a team and wagon to Lamont, Idaho to get Dad's cattle which were on his brother's ranch. We drove the stock, about thirty head, with one of us walking to shove them. I think it took about four days. The next few years my job in the summer was to herd cows on the side of the roads which I did on foot. At age eleven I got my first

miles up the river to Montezuma, for it had become evident that this place was too small for so many families. So they began a lottery for the land. Each head of family lucky enough to draw a land number would receive 15 acres and a small city lot.

Platt Lyman was their leader. "We will meet here on this spot tomorrow morning for land-drawing," he said. "Go now, and prepare yourselves." He stressed the fact that Montezuma was their original destination: that the families already there were expecting them, hopefully waiting for help to come, as they were surrounded by hostile Indians whom they had hoped to convert. The majority had to go on.

Stanford failed to draw one of the lucky numbers, and he and Arabella went on to Montezuma, and three years later moved to Mancos Colorado. Of all the colonists mentioned in this story, only the baby, George Abraham Smith, now 74, is living -- making his home in the little Mormon colony at Ammon Idaho.

Today a monument stands on the bank of the Colorado River where that historic crossing was made — a tribute to the self-sacrifice and courage of the Stanford's and the Arabellas of the heroic period in Western history.

Before his death at the age of 94, Stanford Smith told members of his family the intimate details of his personal experiences as a member of the historic Mormon colony which in 1880 crossed the Colorado River at the Hole-in-the-Rock on its way to establish a new settlement at Bluff, Colorado. The personal sacrifice and courage of that amazing trek are revealed in this story, told by one of Smith's grandsons.



Glen and Gladys Southwick

horse. She was small, gray colored, named Siwashie. From then on I was a cowboy.

There were very few cars and no trucks to bother so most of the time you had the roads to yourself to do as you pleased. The next year I went into business on my own. Our neighbor had a dairy so I took his cows up on the foothill each day and made them stay till four o'clock at the price of 10 cents per day per cow. This lasted one year, then sheep took the range.

At age fourteen I got my first real saddle horse. He was born and raised on the farm. He was coal black and smart. He was a great runner and showoff in any crowd of saddle horses. The next year Dad bought me a nice saddle and bridle which I soon decorated with rosettes and harness rings. For the next few years, where I went so did the horse. I named him Link.

The next few years in the spring the kids all thinned beets to earn spending money. You used a hoe with a handle 12 inches long and stooped or crawled along the row chopping out the plants and weeds leaving one single beet plant every 12 inches. You were paid by the acre. I got so I could do about an acre a day if I worked hard at it. During the summer I went back over the field with a long handled hoe and hoed the weeds out. I got paid by the acre. This was not so hard a work but the pay was less. In the fall we picked potatoes and topped beets. Got paid by the sack for potatoes and by the ton for beets.

My money all went for show tickets and clothes and for recreation.

My crowd all went to church on Sunday morning but had the rest of the day to do as we pleased. Everybody went to town on Saturday afternoon to go to the picture show. That's when I learned to read. You watched the picture, and then the next scene printed out what the cowboys and Indians had to say. Most of the shows were continued so you just had to go next week.

On January 11, 1922 Roy Junior was born. It was sure cold that morning. Dad got me out and on a horse to go for Aunt Rettie Jones about a

mile away. When I got there I was too cold to start back so my aunt took my horse and left. After I got warm I walked back. By then I had a brother. By this time there were four children; myself, Melba, Gail, and the new brother Roy. The rest of the winter the house was kept warmer. Dad had bought two tons of coal.

By the time I could handle a team I began to drive four head on the wagon. From then on I spent my time hauling road gravel for the county and sugar beets to the beet dump. At times I hired out to drive outfits for other farmers. So I had a paying job most anytime I could find time.

In the last half of the eighth grade the basketball coach talked me into playing on the high school team. We now had a two year high school. The next year it became a four year high school. played on the main team as center for the next three and a half years. Then I got infection in my right leg, almost lost it, but Doc. West did a local and cleaned the mess up. But for the next couple of years I'd get blood poison every time I got a skinned spot.

At eighteen I rented a forty acre farm. I raised hay, beets and potatoes. My first try at irrigating on my own, my dikes washed out and I sure shoveled a hell of a lot of mud. The beet crop was not too good. The hay got rained on and the



Ammon basketball team: Glen Southwick, Vernal Humphreys, Jesse Day, Dolph Holm, Kepple Naegle, Alton Attison, Reed Anderson, Coach DJ Williams

potatoes- no market so I didn't make much money but I got a good lesson in farming.

In January that year I took the train to Oregon, then to Seattle, Washington where I took in seeing what a city was like. I even got a job as a painter till the boss found out I didn't know how to mix paint. Next I took a train to California where my mother had two sisters. From there I went to Gridley (California) where my grandparents (Loessers) lived. I found my mother there visiting. So I took in Frisco and Sacramento for a couple of days. After about a week we left for home. But I spotted Harold Southwick getting on the train so we got a ticket for Ogden, Utah. Mother went on home.

We took in the city for a couple of days then went to Salt Lake City. When I woke up the next morning I found I was in the Hotel Utah where the price was too much for me so I moved out in a hurry. On my way to the depot two guys tried to hold me up but some people came around the corner so they had to back off. So I took off in a hurry. After that I worked on at any job that came along till February 1929 when I left for a mission in the Southern States.

This part of Glen's history was written by himself and found in a journal entitled STORY OF GLEN SOUTHWICK. The following was written by his wife and sweetheart Gladys Porter Southwick

At the end of his mission (1931) he returned home to Ammon.

It was this spring he attended a party at the Christian Anderson home where he met Gladys Porter from Ashton. She was visiting her sister who had a room there.

For the next two years Glen with Clyde Anderson visited the Porter sisters, Gladys and Connie of Ashton until by June they were planning to be married. Both couples were married June 8, 1933 at the L.D.S. Temple in Logan.

By this time Glen's parents had purchased a home in Ammon where his father had taken a job as school custodian. Glen and Gladys moved into the little house on the farm and Glen undertook the running of the farm. The ensuing years were

bitterly meager as the "Great Depression" was at its height. It found them doing every kind of job available to keep the wolf from the door.

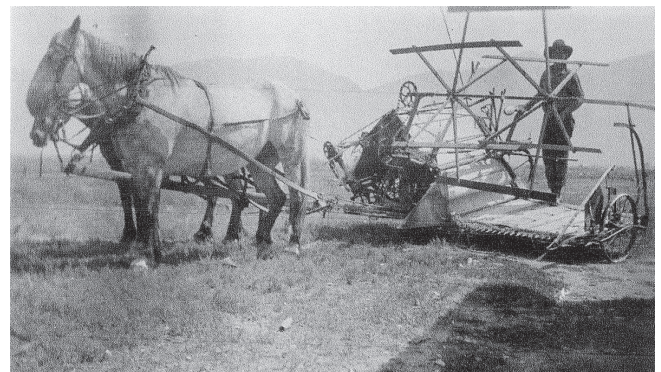
After nearly two years a son, James, was born. He was named for the great-grandfather James because he was the first great grandchild named Southwick. Two years later he was joined by a brother, Glen Ervin. The little family struggled on with Glen working for Garrett Freight lines, the Sugar Factory, Roger Brothers potato house in the dehydrating plant, sorting for Hurley's, plus many other smaller jobs in order to make ends meet.

The old house was quite primitive and they even had to haul their drinking water. They were very careful to make everything count. Glen had a great aversion to going into debt. Things finally began to be a little better. They raised pigs and were able to get their first \$100 saved and in the bank. That was the richest time in their lives.

Just after the war school teachers were in demand and Gladys was able to get employment as a substitute teacher in the Ammon School during the winter of 1946-47. The next spring she signed a contract to teach full time. This eased the financial strain and they were able to save more and improve living conditions. They could have a well and a cold water tap and a better heating system.

During the next eight years Gladys was able with summer school and night classes to get her degree and improve her earning capacity, all the while teaching in the Ammon Grade School.

The boys grew up and went away to school and after twenty five years of running the farm it



Horse-drawn binder and Roy Southwick, Sr.

was time for Grandfather Roy to retire. Glen took the job of custodian and built the little home in Ammon town site in 1957. Grandfather Roy sold the farm shortly thereafter.

Glen worked as custodian in Ammon for several years then when the eighth grade building came into being he moved there and worked under Blaine Godfrey and others. In all he worked 17 years for the district, retiring in 1973.

The following has been taken from the life history given at his funeral and read by his grand daughter Pamela Southwick Kelly

After his retirement Gladys continued to work for three more years, but Glen didn't have a chance to get bored or lonely. He spent many hours working with his hands, either whittling, making leather belts and buckles, building willow bead necklaces, constructing small scale wagons and sleighs with moveable parts exactly like the ones people used to use. He and Gladys spent many hours gardening and the rewards were in abundance.

Glen was a charter member of the Ammon Fire Department Volunteers and remained active until retirement. During his lifetime he had the opportunity to serve as a Scoutmaster in the scouting program and as a Sunday School teacher in his home ward. He was meticulous in the things he did and prided himself on being organized. When he started a job he always finished it. Glen was never afraid to be friendly and as a result he made many friends. He spent a lot of time tending his young grand-daughters and was proud of his sons and their families.

After Gladys retired in 1976, they were able to fish and devote more time to gardening and traveling. They went to California, Florida, Washington D.C., Alaska and Hawaii. There were several fishing and camping trips with Erv's family and always plenty of fish to go around. In 1978 Erv and Julia built a home directly next door so they could be near and help when help was needed.

In the spring of 1981, Glen began to experience some physical discomfort, which subsequently led to surgery. At that time the

doctors diagnosed cancer. The remainder of the summer was spent in taking radiation treatments in the Pocatello hospital. By early fall he felt well enough to go elk hunting with the regular hunting party made up of sons, grandsons and close friends. After a three week hunting outing in the Island Park area he felt good and his spirits were on the upswing. However by late November his health began to deteriorate and continued to do so until he passed away on January 19, 1982, just nine hours before his seventy-fourth birthday.

The Life Sketch of Gladys Porter Southwick

The following was written by Grandma. I have changed it from first person.

Grandma was born in a two room log cabin on her father's homestead in the outer reaches of a small fanning community called Ora which is west across the river from Ashton, Idaho on October 6, 1911. She was the third in a family of six. They were the four daughters and two sons of Stella Jeppson and Frederick Charles Porter.

She attended a one room school until she finished the eighth grade in a graduating class of four.

During these years their little ward had dwindled until the church had to be closed and they were joined to the larger ward in Ashton. On Grandma's seventh birthday, they moved to a larger farm and a new house fitted more to the size of their family.

When she attended high school in Ashton she had to board with a family in Ashton during the winter. (There were no school busses.) After high school Grandma went to Ricks College. During her first year her youngest sister was stricken with spinal meningitis and Grandma left school at the end of the winter term to help with the farm chores and be with her younger brother at home. She went back to school during the summer quarter to catch up.

Her graduation the next year was in the midst of the great depression and only fifteen per cent of the graduating teachers were able to find positions.

She was among the fifteen per cent only because her Aunt Elizabeth Whittle was able to find her a place in Teton Valley in a two room school where she was to teach grades five through eight and Grandma was to teach grades one through four.

Before school started Grandma spent some time in Ammon visiting her sister, Connie (who was a teacher in Ammon) Connie and Grandma attended a dance and Grandma met Glen Southwick. They started dating and things got serious and they decided to get married in June after Grandma's first year of teaching.



Southwick sleigh

During that winter they lived at Cache and drove three miles to school. They used a car until winter then changed to a team and canvas covered sleigh. They never missed a day due to bad weather. Her pay was seventy dollars a month issued as a county warrant which most of the time could not be cashed because the district had very little money. The school year lasted seven months.

Grandpa and Grandma were married in the Logan Temple on June 8, 1933. Grandma's sister Connie married Clyde Anderson the same day.

Grandpa's parents had purchased a home in the village of Ammon and Grandpa and Grandma settled down on the farm from which his parents had moved. The house had four rooms, two up and two down, no central heating, an old fashioned kitchen ranged and pot-bellied stove in the front room. The "bathroom" was down the path in the back. It was primitive. At first they only used the two rooms downstairs and had a hard time keeping warm in winter months. Times were hard and they had an extremely hard time paying the rent which in turn barely paid the installment on the farm.

Grandpa & Grandma have two sons, James H., born March 9, 1935, and Glen Ervin, (my Dad) born March 2, 1937. After Dad was born they expanded into the two upstairs rooms and installed an oil stove. Life was a little more tolerable.

During the 1946-47 school year Grandma was offered a job as a substitute teacher in the Ammon school. She taught 105 days that year, at first mostly in the junior and senior high school, and then in March when the fifth grade teacher left due to family problems, she finished the year. She was offered a contract for the coming school year and her teaching career resumed.

She started working to attain a Bachelor degree. It took eight years with several summers in school, numerous night classes during the winters and the patient support of her family for her to graduate in 1956 at the end of summer quarter. This was the last graduation before Ricks changed back to a two year institution.

In the spring of 1957, Grandpa & Grandma had saved enough money to build a new home in Ammon. (The one Grandma still lived in)

Grandma changed from teaching 5th grade to 4th grade when several small school districts consolidated making Joint District 93. She eventually moved from Ammon to Hillview where



Glen, Gladys, and their two sons James and Glen

she taught for thirteen years before going back to Ammon in 1975 for her last year of teaching in the same room that she had begun her career 30 years previously.

After Grandma retired, Grandma and Grandpa took some very enjoyable trips. They went to Washington, D.C. and Colonial sites, Alaska and Northern Canada, California Hawaii, and the Southern States.

One evening in the fall season of 1980, Grandpa and Grandma were out in the garden covering up the tomatoes so they wouldn't freeze. Grandma made a quick tum and fell. She heard a sudden pop and felt pain in her ankle. It was broken. She was in a cast for the next three months.

Early in 1981 they discovered Grandpa had prostate cancer. They spent the summer driving to Pocatello five days a week so that he could have radiation treatments. Grandpa passed away on January 19, 1982 just 9 hours before his 74th birthday.

After Grandpa died, Grandma served as Sunday School Secretary. She also worked in Extracting in the Stake program for about six years and in Men's Linen in the Idaho Falls Temple. She continued to raise a garden and give away most of the produce. She kept up her flower garden and did her own irrigating. My Dad did the mowing. This ends Grandma's "autobiography" written in 1991.

For several years Grandma and Grandpa went on summer vacations with our family. We went in two vehicles, the pickup with the camper pulling the tent trailer and our Subaru. Dad drove the pickup and Grandpa rode with him. Mom drove the Subaru and Grandpa rode with us. Wherever we were at noon we stopped for lunch whether it was in a picnic area or the borrow pit on the side of the road. We also went to Birch Creek for the opening day of fishing season every year.

Grandma spent many hours crocheting and knitting. She made afghans, baby layettes, coats, hats, mittens and scarves for different family members. She did oil paintings in addition to taking care of her gardens.

One of the last positions she held in the Church was as a visiting teacher which after she turned 90 she wrote in her journal, "I called the Relief Society President and told her I wanted to be retired as a Relief Society Visiting Teacher." Grandma started keeping a journal after Grandpa died. After the first year she recorded the high and low temperatures each day.

For the last few years she would tell Dad when he left to visit my sisters and I in the east that she probably wouldn't be here when he got home. And whenever we came to visit, she would tell us that she probably wouldn't see us again. She was really tired of living and would have rather been on the other side already.

The last year and a half Uncle Jim and Dad have taken turns taking Grandma grocery shopping every Tuesday. She would buy her groceries then they would go to lunch (Grandma's treat). My cousins, Susan and Pam filled in this spring and summer when Dad was gone and Uncle Jim was in Salt Lake for his radiation treatments. Grandma looked forward to Tuesdays. She really enjoyed her one on one time with her sons and granddaughters. Her favorite place to go was North's Chuck Wagon. She was devastated when North's went out of business.

Even though Uncle Jim and Dad took Grandma to town so she could do her shopping, Grandma still had her car but only drove to church on Sunday mornings. She wouldn't go with Mom and Dad because she went home after Sacrament Meeting and didn't want to bother Mom or Dad by having them take her home after Sacrament Meeting. The late spring of 2004, while driving to Church, a policeman pulled up behind her with his lights on. Grandma didn't stop because she didn't think she had done anything wrong, so he put on his siren. She still didn't stop. He pulled up beside her and motioned for her to stop. She still didn't stop and continued on to Church. He followed her to the church with his lights still going. When she parked he was there at her door when she opened it. She asked what she had done wrong. He told her that she had been going too slow and that she hadn't

stopped when he put his lights on. He told her that he thought she was too old to drive and that he was taking her driver's license to send to Boise for them to determine whether she could keep driving.

The next month she got a letter from the State saying that if she wanted to keep driving she needed to have a physical, an eye examination and take a driving test with an officer. She said she wasn't going to do that. After that she really didn't want to be here. She even lost interest in her gardening. But after Dad found some cantaloupe on some volunteer plants, she checked on them almost daily. She picked them when they were ripe.

Uncle Jim married Reula Mickelson and had two daughters and three sons. Susan, Pamela, James, Michael and Eric. Dad married Julia Harris; they had four daughters, Julie, Lynda, myself and Cindy. So Grandma had nine grandchildren. Those nine grandchildren are all married and Grandma has 22 great grandchildren and as of last Friday, 3 of those are married. Grandma passed away at home, the way she wanted, Monday, July 25, 2005.

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JOSEPH HYRUM AND LILLIE VIOLA RUSSEL STANDLEY

Joseph's parents were William Hyrum Standley who was born in Arrow, England and Elvira Jane Mooney, who was born in Rome, Georgia. They had six children, Mary Ann, Emma Jane, Charles Henry, William James, Joseph Hyrum, and Nephi, all were born in Spanish Fork, Utah.

When Joe was three years old his mother died, later his father remarried and they moved to Darby, Idaho, they had one more son George. Then when Joe was twelve years old his father died, and his step mother took George and moved to California leaving all the children to fare for themselves. Joe ended up in Ririe, Idaho; he lived with Alma Moss and his family and worked as a farm hand for his board and room.



Joe and Viola Standley

Lillie Viola Russell's parents were John Wesley Russell and Mary Marie Cook. Her father was born in Payson, Utah and her mother was born in Nephi, Utah. They had seven children, Mary Jane, Rosy Violet, John Wesley, James Ruben, Lillie Viola, Edward Jackson, and William Alford, and Effie.

Lillie Viola was born in Vernal, Utah. When she was two years old they moved to Labelle, Idaho, they later moved to Iona, Idaho, Viola lived with her parents until she was 19 years she. At that time she married Joseph Standley, they lived in Antelope, Idaho for a few years, then moved to Ririe, Idaho, all the children were born in Antelope and Ririe except Glen who was born in Clark, Idaho, John Wesley and Keith were born in Idaho Falls.

In 1931 they moved to Ammon, Idaho just a half block north of the School house on the West side of the street, they then moved to the corner house North East of the School, Joe was working for Ed Parr at that time, then in 1935 they moved to Dolph Holm's farm and started working for Dolph, during this time they bought a home just North of the School house on the East side of the road. They rented the home to Ed Russell until they sold it. They then bought a home on Blaine Ave in Idaho Falls. They continued working for Dolph until 1950, when they moved to Homedale, Idaho and rented



Left to right: LaVere, Luella, Dortha, Glen, Veda, Keith, Zelma

Ed Parr's farm. In 1951 they moved back to Idaho Falls. Joe then went to work for Ellsworth Dodge garage, and then he worked for the City of Idaho Falls Parks and Recreation department until he retired. Joe died in 1961 at 65 years of age. Viola worked at the LDS hospital until she retired, she died in 1967 at 69 years of age. Eight children were born to this family, Dortha (Demar) Workman, Zelma (Carl Coburn), Luella (James Lovell), LaVere (Ann) Standley, Veda (Shorty Lazzratto), Glen (LaRue) Standley, John Wesley (only lived two days), Keith (Jackie) Standley.

LaVere died in 1999, Dortha died in 2000, Luella died in 2003, Keith died in 2008, Zelma died in 2009, Glen and Veda still live in Idaho Falls.

In 1948 Glen joined the Army and served in Japan and in the Philippines, after returning home in 1951 he married LaRue Thomas, He then had to returned to Texas and Georgia until he was discharged, LaRue continued working as a telephone operator, They lived in Idaho Falls for a short time then they moved to Pocatello, Idaho and started working for UP Railroad as a fireman. He worked for Allied Van Lines as a truck driver from 1953 to 1964. In 1964 he started working at INEL as a bus driver then in 1977 into management where he remained until he retired in 1992. They were the parents of three children, Vicki (Gary

McAtee), Brenda (Jeff Taylor) and David (Tami Russell) Standley,

Glen & LaRue bought a home on Lincoln Road and lived there for 32 years. When we sold the home we bought a new home in Ammon, Idaho and we still live there.

—Compiled by Glen Standley

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ARTELL AND TWILA EMPEY SUITTER

It was the summer of 1913 when Twila Empey Suitter was born on July 6th to Alonzo Ernest Empey and Olive Adeline Mitchell Empey in the



Artell and Twila Empey Suitter

small town of Ammon, Idaho. Twila was the fourth of nine children which included her three older siblings Worth, Rulon, and Norma along with her five younger siblings Leah, Lois, Sheldon, Ferron, and Melvin. The family lived within the village of

Ammon on the northeast corner of what is now the intersection of Molen and Central Avenue directly east from where the LDS church stands today.

As with a lot of family in the area during this era, agriculture was a big part of everyday life. There was always plenty of work to be done, and some of Twila's earliest memories are of waiting for Edgar Carson, her dad's hired man, to bring the horses to the barn at noon to water them. She would go to the barn and meet him, and he would fill her apron with the eggs collected from the chickens. Twila often recalled how heartbroken she was when he was called to serve in World War I.

Life in early Ammon also had its exciting

moments. When Twila was about two years of age her father Ernest was kidnapped and held for ransom in the hills about twenty-five miles southeast of town in Long Valley. After a few days, he managed to escape unharmed and make his way back home.

Twila attended school and graduated number two in her class of twenty-one from Ammon High School in 1930. She loved the school colors of purple and white and was a cheerleader her senior year. She also sang in the girls' chorus. After graduation she moved to Salt Lake City to attend LDS Business College. After six months she completed her studies there and returned home. By the time she returned the Great Depression was well underway, and she could not find a job anywhere. This was obviously disappointing, and she worked any job she could find in order to make a little money.

In the spring of 1931 Twila was still looking for work when the Nielsen Brothers Ranch offered her a job cooking for the sheep shearing crew. It was there, in a little cooking cabin at the outlet of Willow Creek where she met a young shearer from Oregon named Artell Sutter. He had been born September 4, 1911, near Brogan, Oregon, at the base of Juniper Mountain. A couple of years later the family moved to Vale, Oregon, where his mother passed away in 1914. The family later moved to Emmett, Idaho, where his father worked as a builder, and eventually became the Sheriff of Gem County. In 1926 he sustained fatal injuries in the line of duty, leaving the children without a father. During the next few years, Artell worked for a number of ranchers in Emmett, Idaho, and the Durkee, LaGrande, and Pleasant Valley areas of Eastern Oregon. In 1923 he went to work for the Little Land and Livestock Company in Emmett, Idaho. They were one of the largest sheep operations in the nation at the time. Perhaps it was here that his love for sheep and the sheep industry began.

Now, in 1931, Artell was one of a crew of sheep shearers who traveled throughout Nevada, Oregon, California, Montana, and Idaho each year, working

on many ranches including the Neilsen Brothers Ranch where he met Twila. Each spring when the shearing was complete, Artell would leave and tell Twila that he would return "when it's springtime in the Rockies". For three years he did just that, until in 1934 he stayed for good. It was in that same year that they were married on November 5th by Bishop Lyle Anderson. Artell then continued to travel and shear sheep for six more years, covering thousands of miles while doing so. It was estimated that he probably sheared somewhere in the neighborhood of eighty thousand head of sheep during those years. During the seasonal layoff from shearing he would find work where he could. In the summer of 1936 he worked on a paving crew resurfacing roads in Yellowstone National Park, and he would also work for the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company in Lincoln. He retired from shearing, and trained with the Union Pacific Railroad as a switchman. In 1942 Artell and Twila had the opportunity to rent a farm south of Ammon where they stayed for five years. Artell located some used machinery, and with \$2,500 borrowed from a lending institution along with purchasing some workhorses and farm equipment, wheat, sugar beets, potatoes, and alfalfa were planted. Later, Brownie the saddle horse, some dairy cows, pigs and chickens were added. Even later, several head of purebred Columbia sheep were added to the farm. It was during this time that German prisoners of war were housed in a building at Tautphaus Park in Idaho Falls. These soldiers, who were mostly officers, were brought out to work in the sugar beet fields. Being prisoners of war, they were not treated especially well and often their work reflected their treatment. The prisoners' sack lunches were not sufficient to sustain them through a long day of manual labor, so Artell and Twila would often butcher and dress a sheep to make stew for the prisoners. This was against the rules, but the Sutters felt that they should do something for people who they felt were basically good, and the prisoners showed much appreciation. One particular experience was related by Artell



Suitter family photo

about a group of prisoners who came one day and spoke very little English. These prisoners started through the fields and began to destroy the beet plants as well as the weeds. All efforts to get them to stop were useless, as they continued on up the field. Artell drove to the home of Emil Wirkus, a German immigrant, whom he was well acquainted with. He brought him back to the farm and he had him speak to the prisoners, and their performance was much improved. In 1947 their lease was up on the farm and it was sold, so they moved to another rented farm on 17th street for two years after that before moving to their home on First Street in 1949 along with their five children, Marjorie, Artell, Francis, Richard, Dale, and Robert. While there, five more children, Maureen, Kathleen, Ray, Delaine, and Deanne joined the family. It was at this home where they raised this family and lived for some 57 years.

Farming and family were a big part of their lives, but it was not everything. Artell was called to serve as the bishop of the Ammon Ward and then he was called to serve as Bishop of the newly formed Second Ward where he enjoyed serving for a total of five years. After serving as a Bishop he later served on the High Councils of both the Idaho Falls South and Ammon Stakes. In 1958, while maintaining his obligations and responsibilities to the farm, Artell interviewed for a so called part-

time job as the head of the disease control for the Idaho Sheep Commission. A rather unique thing happened during that interview. A member of the board interviewing him was Mr. Drew Little, a son of the Little family for whom Artell had worked for many years before on the Little Land and Livestock Company ranch near Emmett, Idaho. He was given the job, and worked for the commission for approximately fourteen years.

During his years of farming and ranching Artell also served as president of the Idaho Purebred Sheep Association for twenty years, as a charter member of the Bonneville County Fair Board, as chairman for many years of the July 24th Pioneer Day Rodeo Committee, and in 1972, was elected to serve as Bonneville County Commissioner. Artell also served on the National Public Lands Board and the Idaho Water Quality Board. It was these services that led to Artell's induction into the Eastern Idaho Agricultural Hall of Fame. Throughout Twila's years she was an active member of the LDS church where she served in the Relief Society, the MIA, and the Primary organizations. Service was always important, but not as important as their family. Twila spent thirty-two years raising their large family. She raised a lot of gardens, sewed a lot of clothes, washed and ironed mountains of laundry, cooked and prepared food endlessly, and canned thousands of jars of fruits and vegetables. The children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren always loved to go to their home, and large family gatherings could always be seen on Thanksgiving and Christmas.

It is hard to capture in these few sentences, the full life of Artell and Twila Suitter. Their lives spanned several decades, through the greatest period of change the world has ever known. They witnessed the Great Depression as well as the involvement of our nation in several military conflicts. Man learned to fly and even landed on the moon. One can travel in a few hours in air conditioned comfort what once took them days to travel by horseback and horse drawn wagons. What

used to be done with work horses can be done with tractors and heavy equipment in a fraction of the time. Vaccines were developed to cure and prevent many of the diseases which for so long plagued humanity. Just as progress was made beyond Ammon, so did many changes take place here. Families grew, people moved in, and churches, schools and neighborhoods changed much of the landscape. For Artell and Twila it was definitely, and still is, a very special place to call home.

—Submitted by: Scott R. Seedall,
Shawn R. Seedall, Ray E. Suttter

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EDWIN RALPH AND PHOEBE ANN TAWZER

Ida Augusta Torneten Tawzer

I was born 29 March 1891 at Pottawattamie Iowa to Henry August Torneten and Eva Marie Meppen. My mother, Eva Marie Meppen, had come from Germany with her parents and their seven children on May 12, 1881 and settled in Council Bluffs, Iowa where there was a community of Germans and the church and school was German. I knew my maternal grandparents (Siebelt Onnen Meppen and Theite Margarethe Gralfs) better because I lived with them one winter while I attended German school which was held in the church.

I was confirmed in St. Paul's Evangelical Church in Dumfries, Iowa when I was 16 years old. I started to school when I was four and a half years old. My older sister, Louisa, started to school the same time and didn't want to go alone. We had to walk two miles to school through pastures and sometimes the cows that had calves would take after us which really frightened us. I attended school until I was fifteen years old which was longer than necessary, but I had to take my brothers and younger sister to school.

We lived right in the center of a place that had four schools and it was two miles to each of them.

Our school was a one room building with a big pot-bellied stove to keep it warm. I was always very close to my father Henry and I loved him very much. I helped him with the chores and milked cows and shucked corn. My older sister, Louisa, or Lizzie as we called her, helped mother in the house. I was a bridesmaid when Lizzie was married on June 20, 1907 to Anton A. Tiarks. We picked wild flowers to decorate the barn for Lizzie's wedding dance.

My paternal grandfather, Henry Torneten came to the United States about 1852 from Holstein Germany. His brother Conrad came with him and they settled in Council Bluffs, Iowa. Grandma Torneten, (Louisa Steinke) came to the United States with her sister when they were young girls as they were from a large family and were poor so they came over here to find work. She met Henry Torneten and they were married. He was a very hard worker and owned a brickyard. He made the bricks that were used to pave the streets of Council Bluffs, Iowa.

He was hauling wood from Nebraska in the winter because he had to cross the Missouri River while it was frozen as there was no bridge. He used the wood to fire the bricks. One day he accidentally fell from the wagon and the wheels ran over his head killing him instantly. He was carried home to Grandma with his head crushed and bleeding. It was such a shock to her that her hands broke out in a rash. She had four little boys, Henry (my father), Fred, Conrad and Edward. She had no family to turn to for help so she went to work for other people.

While she was at work the Indians would come and look in the windows. This frightened the little boys something terrible. She used to make candles out of tallow and this furnished their light. Grandpa Henry was killed 23 January 1868 at the age of 36 and Grandma Louisa was 33. Sometime later she married Grandpa's brother Conrad and they had two sons, Theodore and William. My father, Henry, and his brother Fred married sisters. Fred married Ida Meppen and Henry married Eva Meppen.

The fall after I turned seventeen in March I met Charles Tawzer at a dance in McClelland. One

night he asked to take me home from the dance. I asked my mother if it was alright and she said I could go. I was in the buggy with Charlie to go home when my Dad said to come and go home with them, but I didn't. My father didn't care for Charlie at first. I think he was afraid he was going to lose me and he wasn't ready to let me go. After he got to know Charlie he liked him. We went together about a year. We were married 2 February 1910 at a Methodist preacher's home. I baked 15 cakes for my wedding dance. Our wedding dance, musicians, hall and all cost \$40 dollars.

We moved to Linton, North Dakota soon after we were married. We had to be there March 1, 1910 to farm 480 acres that my father Henry owned. They moved a four-room house there for us to live in and my Dad gave me \$125 dollars to furnish our house. That summer we didn't have any rain and dried everything out so we moved back to Grandpa and Grandma Tawzer's in time to help them shuck corn. A few months later we moved back to McClelland where Charlie ran the livery barn. The next spring we moved to Grandpa Tawzer's and farmed their farm for two years. It was here our first child was born 10 May 1911. We named him Elmer Henry after both Grandpas'. Hazel was born 6 August 1912 while we were living on the Tawzer farm.

Uncle Fred Torneten moved to Idaho in 1910. My father, Henry Torneten, also decided to move to Idaho in 1913. He had such severe headaches from the heat in Iowa and Uncle Fred told him how nice and cool it was out here in Idaho. After he moved to Idaho we moved on his farm of 270 acres which we farmed for a year and then he sold it for \$125 dollars an acre to buy the farm of 160 acres in Idaho for which he paid \$125 dollars an acre. We then moved to Bill Engle's place of 70 acres which we farmed for two years. It was here that Edwin (Bud) was born 22 April 1915. We moved back to Grandpa Tawzer's place and farmed there for two years.

My father, Henry Torneten, was a kind, easy-going man about five feet six inches and weighed about 170 pounds. My mother, Eva Marie Meppen, was a large woman, about five feet nine or ten inches

tall and weighed about two hundred pounds. After my parents moved to Idaho my father worked very hard building a big barn and improving his place. He was so happy with it. My mother wanted water in the house so one day in December of 1913 he was going to C. W. & M.'s warehouse on the west side of Snake River to get parts as he was putting water in the house. As he was driving across the Snake River Bridge, crews were blasting ice under the bridge. They gave no warning of danger and the ice flew all over his team and buggy. The horses were frightened and ran away and hit a cement abutment. Dad was thrown about forty feet in the air and lit on his back. His back was broken. The accident happened Monday and he passed away Tuesday night. He would have been 55 the 20th of December.

In 1917 my mother, Eva, wanted us to come west and farm her farm. My brothers were young and single and didn't care to farm. I came to Idaho the last of February on the train with the three children. Elmer was five, Hazel four and Bud two years old. My father's farm was a "tree claim" homestead. They had to pay \$300 dollars or plant 100 trees. Mr. Fowler, the homesteader, planted the trees. We farmed with horses. We bought an Oliver 70 tractor with steel wheels, but we still did some of the work with horses. In 1939 we bought another Oliver 70 with rubber tires and traded the old one in. We raised hay, grain, potatoes and sugar beets.

Mother, Eva, moved to Idaho Falls on Eleventh Street. She loved the movies and went to them often. At first they were silent pictures and later the "talkies". Mother passed away 5 November 1930 three weeks after she underwent a gall bladder operation. She seemed to be recovering from the operation, but her heart failed her. After my mother's death we bought the east 80 for \$15,000 dollars and Anton Tiarks bought the west 80 for a little less. After Elmer got married we bought the farm from Anton for \$9,500 during the depression. I received an inheritance from my parents for \$12,000 dollars.

Bud married Phoebe Ann Peterson 12 July 1939. That fall we built a house for Bud on the

corner north of our house for \$2200 dollars. They had four children, Joy, Charles, Lynn and Holly. Charlie and the boys Elmer and Bud farmed together. Charlie was water master from 1928 to 1942 of the side hill and Gardner canals. In 1944 the boys and Charlie bought the Leonard G. Ball farm one and a half miles north of us for \$300 dollars an acre or \$24,000 dollars. Charlie retired after he had a kidney stone operation in January 1956. The property was divided among the children and Hazel (who has never married) received the home eighty. Elmer the west eighty and bud the Leonard Ball eighty.

My health was not too good after we moved out here. I had my appendix removed in 1921, my tonsils in 1923 and a goiter in 1933. Charlie's health started to fail in 1944. He had a kinked bowl. Then he suffered from high blood pressure and had to quit smoking cigars and chewing tobacco. He had diabetes and was compelled to watch his diet. He started taking insulin in 1956.

We celebrated our Golden Wedding February 2, 1960. About 250 friends and relatives came to an open house in our home. Lizzie, Marie and Ed Howard, Lucille Andersen and Henry and Bonnie Tiarks came from Iowa. We had dinner at Jack's Chicken Inn which was hosted by our children. Holly who was not yet six years old, stood on the table and sang, "Around the World" which was Grandpa's favorite. Joy accompanied her on the piano.

Elmer Henry Tawzer

When I was almost six years of age my parents Charles Preston Tawzer and Ida Augusta Torneten Tawzer moved to Idaho and settled on my grandmother Torneten's farm near the foothills in the vicinity of Ammon which is a farming community near Idaho Falls. I was born May 10, 1911 on a farm near Council Bluffs, Iowa. I was the first grandson on both sides of the family so I was named Elmer Henry after both grandparents.



My entire life, since the age of six has been spent in Ammon. That is where I received my schooling. Baseball was my favorite sport and Bud and I played with the Dewey team. Bud pitched and I caught. There was a farmer's league and our team won three tournaments. We always had a good time.

When I was a young man the highlite of the week was the dance on Saturday night. I looked forward to those gatherings and that is where I met my wife to be, Lois Schulze. We were married September 12, 1934. We had three sons; Gary, Lanny, Thomas and one daughter, Janice.

My father, brother and I farmed together. We bought the farm where I live in 1934 and that is where I have lived since and still do. Our son Tom bought the farm in 1980. Farming was a lot of hard work when we farmed with horses, but became a lot easier when tractors and better equipment became available. In the 1930's farming didn't pay much so I worked in the winters at Hurley Potato Warehouse sorting potatoes to make ends meet.

My wife and I belonged to a bridge club of eight couples and we played bridge together for forty years and always had a good time. I began driving a school bus in 1962 for Bonneville School District 93 and drove for four and a half years.

We spent the winter months in St. George, Utah for fourteen years. While there in 1990 Lois passed away while playing bridge with three of her friends of a heart attack. I continued to go there for three more years, but it wasn't the same without Lois so I spent the last two winters in Idaho.

In 1994 I suffered a stroke. I survived it but it affected my memory. It isn't as good as it used to be. I live alone, but Tom and Sonja live close by and I spend time with Janice and Larry and their family in Star Valley, Wyoming. At the present time (1997) I have ten grandchildren and sixteen great grandchildren.

Hazel Marie Tawzer

Hazel was the second child and only daughter of Charles Preston Tawzer and Ida Augusta Torneten Tawzer and was born on a farm near



Council Bluffs, Iowa August 6, 1912. When she was four and a half years old her family moved to Idaho Falls, Idaho, and settled on her grandmother Torneten's farm in Ammon.

The next seventy-four years of her life were spent in this vicinity on this same farm where she attended school and grew to womanhood. Hazel is a lady of many talents. She is an immaculate housekeeper, a wonderful cook and her yard was the envy of every neighbor. Every gate and fence had to be painted white. It seemed she always had a paint brush in her hand and her nephews kidded her by saying they hoped she didn't paint the woodpile.

Always busy, she was crocheting or sewing or painting ceramics. Whatever she did was done well. She helped with the farm work right along with the rest of the family during World War II when help was hard to get, milking cows, picking potatoes, gardening, etc. Ida, her mother (who was knick named Edie and always went by that name) was the envy of every friend and relative because she had Hazel who was so talented at decorating the home and yard, cooking and cleaning. Hazel and her mother were very compatible. One was hardly ever seen without the other. Charlie was very proud of Hazel and her talents. She had a sweet disposition. The three of them went everywhere together, Ida and Hazel in the back seat of the car and Charlie, with his big cigar, driving.

Hazel's brothers and their families lived close by, each had four children. Her cookie jar was always full and the grandchildren loved those cookies. Hazel never married and had children of her own, but she treated all her nephews and nieces like they were hers. Even the great grandchildren love Hazel and know all about the cookie jar.

Charlie passed away in 1964 at the age of 77. About 1968 an interior decorator asked Hazel to paper the walls and paint in the homes she was decorating. Hazel accepted and enjoyed the work very much taking her mother along with her as she

didn't want to be left at home alone. She had to give up this occupation in 1980 when Ida became ill. No daughter could have been more dedicated to a mother as Hazel was to hers. She kept her mother neat and clean, her hair cut and curled and answered to her every need.

Hazel and Ida became members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in November of 1974. They attended every Sunday and seemed to enjoy the association of the people. Ida passed away in 1988 at the age of 97. Hazel continued to live on the farm until she sold it and moved to a town house in Idaho Falls. Hard work had taken its toll and because of arthritis was unable to continue caring for a house and large yard. The only thing she misses is her flowers, especially the petunias she enjoyed so much.

Every few years they would travel to Council Bluffs to visit with relatives. Hazel looked forward to these trips as she enjoyed traveling. One time they accompanied Dolph and Dora Holm taking a trip back east to New York and other points of interest.

Edwin Ralph and Phoebe Ann Tawzer

by Phoebe Ann Tawzer

Edwin Ralph Tawzer was born April 22, 1915 in Hardin Township, Council Bluffs, Iowa and was the third child of Charles Preston Tawzer and Ida Augusta Tometen Tawzer. A brother, Elmer, and sister, Hazel welcomed him into their home. Elmer called his little brother "Bud," and it was a name that suited everyone.

In March of 1917, when Edwin was nearing his second birthday, the family moved from Iowa to Idaho and settled on a farm then owned by Mrs. Tawzer's mother, east of Ammon in the vicinity of Idaho Falls. That is where Edwin grew to manhood and attended school. Some of his favorite pastimes were riding his Shetland pony "Spotty," and his



"Bud" Tawzer

dog, "Rawly," pulling him on the sled. As a young man he enjoyed playing baseball in a league which included teams from the surrounding area. He was the pitcher and Elmer the catcher. They called them the "Tawzer Battery." Bud also enjoyed dancing, bowling, snowmobiling and having a nice car.

On July 12, 1939 he married Phoebe Ann Peterson in Idaho Falls. Phoebe Ann was born and raised in Jefferson County, Rigby, Idaho on January 11, 1922. She graduated from Idaho Falls High School. She met Bud at a dance and they started dating. A year later they were married and built their first home on the corner of Crowley and Township Road. They became the parents of four children: Blanche Joy, Charles Edwin, Lynn Hyrum and Holly Ann.

All four children graduated from Bonneville High School and attended Brigham Young University (BYU) in Provo, Utah. The boys were active in athletics. Charles was named one of the top ten high school basketball players in the nation. Lynn played football and received a scholarship to play for BYU. Bud and Phoebe Ann never missed watching a high school game. The girls were good students and active in music. Joy took piano lessons and accompanied Holly when she sang. Bud was proud of his children and always got a lump in his throat and tears in his eyes when they performed.

Bud enjoyed his occupation as a farmer, especially a good crop of potatoes with nice straight rows, free of weeds. He was very industrious, never idle, and was a good neighbor. He was a hard worker - a trait he learned from both his parents and passed down to each of his children. Bud had been taught to always do things right the very first time. Bud believed in the "golden rule" and to "forgive as you would like to be forgiven."

He built two other homes on Crowley Road, one on the Leonard Ball Farm where he owned and farmed 80 acres. He also farmed part of the old home place where he later built a home next to his mother and sister. Bud and Phoebe Ann both worked additional jobs to support their



*Back row: Charles, Joy, Lynn.
Front row: Phoebe Ann, Holly, Bud.*

children's college education. Bud drove a school bus and worked at the Sugar Factory while Phoebe Ann worked as a secretary for the city electrical department.

In 1964 Bud had a sixteen-unit student apartment complex built in Provo near the university, known as the "Tawzer Apartments." The apartments rented easily and turned out to be a good investment. However, farming in Idaho and having apartments in Provo made it impossible to be in both places at once, so when a buyer from California came along, they sold the apartments and were happy to stay home in Idaho.

Bud was not interested in belonging to clubs and organizations but supported the farm organizations and took his turn as chairman of the local Farm Bureau. They are active members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and have enjoyed serving in various callings throughout their lives.

The most enjoyable times for Edwin and Phoebe Ann have been when they were together with family members. One of their favorite vacations was when all the families rented a houseboat at Lake Powell and spent a week on the lake. In 1973, Bud and Phoebe Ann were devastated by the sudden passing of their oldest daughter, Joy of cardiac arrest. She had been one of the greatest joys of their life.

Bud and Phoebe Ann bought a house in Mesa Arizona where they spent thirteen winters. Then thinking they would rather be closer to home, sold it and bought a house in St. George, Utah where they spent six winters. Bud eventually sold his farm and retired. They were able to travel throughout the United States, toured several countries in Europe, toured Canada and Mexico, visited Hawaii and cruised the Caribbean.

After Bud's mother passed away in 1988, they moved into a town home in Idaho Falls. Bud's Sister Hazel sold the family farm and also moved into a town home next door to them. In July 1989 Bud and Phoebe Ann celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in Idaho Falls with their family and friends. Ten years later they joined their family in Portland, Oregon with a 60th celebration and family reunion. Bud passed away May 10, 2008, two months before their 69th anniversary.

Phoebe Ann was honored on her 90th birthday in January 2012 in St. George Utah, where she now resides and enjoyed a get together with her children and grandchildren. She has spent most of her life researching their family history and has compiled a comprehensive and impressive library of their ancestors. The history includes many pictures, individual life sketches and stories for her posterity to enjoy and learn from. Bud and Phoebe Ann have 11 grandchildren, 38 great-grandchildren, 12 great-great-grandchildren and 5 more on the way.

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ROSINE K BLATTER AND WILLIAM LINCOLN VOLMER

Rosine K Blatter and William Lincoln Volmer Family

Hand written by Loren Volmer, excerpts taken from this history and typed corrections made.

These people are my Grandpa and Grandma Volmer. William (Bill) Volmer was born Sep

22, 1860 in Perry County, Illinois, and died Jan 15, 1943 at his home in Round Prairie, Illinois.

Rosine (Rosie) Katharine Blatter was born July 23, 1867 at New Athens, Monroe County, Illinois and died Dec 29, 1931 at her home in Round Prairie.

Bill and Rosie are buried at New Concord, Perry County, Illinois. They were married March 8, 1885. Bill was 24 ½ years old and Rosie was nearly 18.

Seven children were born to Bill and Rosie:

Daughter Volmer – apparently died at birth

John R. Volmer married Velma K. Goldman

Ida J. Volmer married Willie H. Goldman

Jeanette Volmer (Nettie) married John Huston (1st).

Henrietta Volmer (Etta) married Chris Nagel

Emma Volmer married Harry Krupp

Caroline M Volmer (Tillie) married Jack Carrol (1st)

The birth place of all children is shown on the record sheet as Round Prairie, Perry County, Illinois.

It is not known where Bill and Rosie lived just after their marriage. Aunt Nettie sent me the following account.

"My father and mother bought 40 acres which was all timber. He has often told us kids that when he bought it and moved there in April (I don't know the exact year), he had a wife and two children, a team of horses and a wagon, a cow, a few chickens and \$3.60 in cash. He cut some trees and hauled to the saw mill, worked at the mill to pay for the sawing. He then hired a carpenter to build a house until his \$3.60 was used up. They got the house far enough that they lived in it that summer. Then he cleared a patch of ground and planted some corn to feed the live stock thru the winter.

Grandpa Blatter Rudolph) lived a short distance from there so I assume they must have stayed with them until they got the house built. No doubt you or any of your generation would get a big chuckle when you think of building a house for \$3.60.

I (Nettie) was born there May 23, 1891. We kids all grew up there and as far back as I can remember

we all sat down to a table full of food three times a day. Very little of it came from a grocery store.

There were lots of good oak trees and Dad cut them and made railroad ties and hauled them to Tamaroa. I believe it was about 10 years later that Dad bought another 40 acres $\frac{3}{4}$ mile south of there. In the meantime they built another big room for a bedroom. I can well remember the pretty lace curtains for the windows and a hand made rag carpet on the floor.

A few years later they built another house which no doubt you can remember. I often think that I must have lived to this ripe old age in order to appreciate how well my parents managed with so little they had to do with. No social security, no welfare; just plain honest hard work."

End of Aunt Nettie's comments

John R. Volmer and Velma C Goldman Family

These are my dad and mom who brought me and my brother and sister into this world, who I have seen, known, and was supported, fed and sheltered for twenty one years two months and with who I visited nearly every year until their passing.

John Rudolph Volmer was born Jan 9, 1887 and died April 4, 1963.

Velma Catherine Goldman was born July 25, 1891 and died Dec 29, 1964.

They were married Nov 1, 1911 at Nashville, Illinois. Four children were born to Mom and Dad: Loren Herschel, Lawrence Olen, Daughter died after birth, and Shirley Lewell.

Both Dad and Mom were born at an area called Round Prairie, Perry County, Illinois. This is a rural area devoted to farming and is located eight miles north east of Pinckneyville, the county seat.

Southern Illinois land is less fertile than central Illinois, and has been described as a "poor area." Although abundant soft coal is stripped mined to the south at Carbondale, there seems to be limited deposits in the area of Round Prairie.

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Illinois to Idaho

There was no one to meet us at the (train) station so Dad tucked me under one arm and carried a suit case with the other. Mom carried another suitcase of clothes and leading the way we all walked or were carried to Grandpa and Grandma Blatter's house about a mile east of the depot (in Idaho Falls).

Uncle Louie, Aunt May and cousins, Aileen and Ella were with us. What a sight we must have been!

The Blatter's (John Rudolph and Elizabeth) welcomed us with open arms, prepared supper and a place where us kids could lay down and rest. They had been expecting us but didn't know the date or time of our arrival. That day their son John (Dad's Uncle) had hauled a load of hay to town for sale and he drove by his folks place to see if by chance we had arrived. Aunt May says, "We all piled on the empty hay rack and John Blatter drove us to his home at Ammon, about five and one-half miles south east of Idaho Falls.

Uncle Louie's family stayed with John Blatter and we stayed with Dad's uncle Bill Blatter, who lived in the old house of Great Grandpa Blatter. This house was located on the same farm as John Blatter only on opposite corners. It was one mile south and three quarters miles west of the Ammon store.

Bill and Olga Blatter had been married since November and we stayed with them for a week or so until Dad could find a house for us to live in.

The early years in Idaho were happy times for Dad and Mom. They were young and strong, work was plentiful for Dad. He picked spuds and topped beets for Blatter's the first fall. In the winter he sorted spuds and helped haul them to market. There were also jobs of hauling hay, plowing, hauling wood and looking for better housing or any housing.

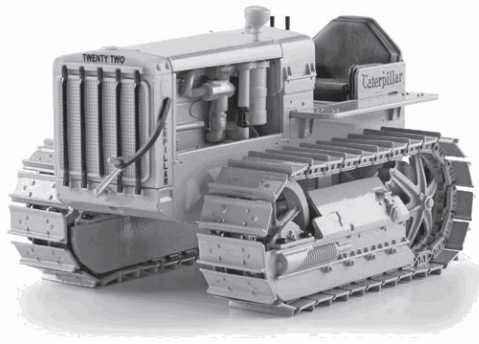
The Blatter's raised many crops of beets on the heavy clay soil and it was hard work. John would watch the summer rain storms form over Taylor Mountain and wonder if some day the drought would be broken which had caused the abandonment of dry farming some years earlier.

For several years John watched the clouds and noticed that rain always fell in a particular area of Taylor Creek. He said he prayed for guidance and was led to go into the area and investigate. There he found the grass thick enough to graze sheep and he made his first purchase of Taylor Creek land and began to clear land of sage brush and plant winter wheat. The next summer he invited us up to see the crop ready for harvest and it was beautiful, reaching to my arm pits, thick and heavy and that year he cut it with a binder and it produced more per acre than the irrigated land in the valley. Gradually he and Reed bought more dry land in the Taylor Creek area, bought a crawler tractor and machinery for dry land operation. His son, Reed, took over the farm operation and prospered more. Now one of Reed's sons, Glenn took over the mountain land...

During the years after Lawrence's (Volmer) return to the area he has helped Glenn with the operation, and in turn Glenn has helped Lawrence with loan of tractors, trucks and the shop and they continue to be good friends.

Gottlieb Blatter homesteaded dry farm land on Peterson Hill and (got) burned out from the drought. Then he bought the farm just south of Holm's and installed an underground wood pipe to carry water from one hill to the other. He and his family were very hard workers. They were able to buy a dodge sedan and he installed electric wires and installed the first gas powered Delco direct current electric system in the area and people came all around to see the electric iron, stove and lights and the many storage batteries. A few years later the power lines were extended from the city into the rural area by Utah Power and Light Co. and the Delco systems became obsolete.

Gottlieb sold the farm and moved to Montana to farm in the Milk River Valley near Havre, Montana. His oldest son Cleo and I used to go to



Tractor

high school band practice together and ride in his dad's Dodge sedan.

One day at his home, Cleo spotted a cotton tail rabbit in the wood pile and grabbed his dad's .22 rifle and was determined to get the rabbit. He leaned the gun against the wood pile and began to remove the wood to get at

the rabbit. During Cleo's excitement he did not notice the rifle falling until it discharged, putting a bullet in his left chest just above his heart where it lodged. All the way to town he kept pleading with his dad and then with the doctor not to give him chloroform as he was afraid it would kill him. Finally the doctor agreed and said, "I can stand it if you can," and with two people holding Cleo he went into the wound opening with the bullet remover (instrument) and pulled out the slug. Cleo told me later, "I almost passed out." Within a week or so, Cleo was out in the farm again. Later he showed me the blue scar of the bullet hole. He passed the incident off lightly but not his Dad, who worked him harder than ever so he wouldn't forget it.

Bill Blatter later also moved to Montana. His son, Levi, younger than me, visited with us in Burbank years later. He was with the F.B.I. at the time. I have not seen any of the families of Gottlieb or Bill since that time.

Andors sold his farm to Norman Bingham and moved to Ammon where he resided until his death. (Correction: Clara Bingham's diary says, "Bought A.C's place 20 Feb 1935 for \$500 down and assumed the mortgage.") His daughter Inez Olsen provided the family Genealogical sheets from which much of the data for this family history was taken. Inez passed away shortly after sending the sheets to us.

Clara Blatter (Reed's sister) married Perry Bingham. They lived on their farm south west of Dad's until their death. Their son Norman bought the home place and is also engaged in Mink ranching.

*Haying crew*

Tillie (Reed's sister) married Leonard Purcell and they bought the farm from Everett's. Later they sold to Guy Empey who traded this farm for Mom and Dad's. Purcell's moved to Ammon and bought the house of Erne Empey which is just east of the church house.

Bill Blatter died April 8, 1962, the last of the family of Rudolph and Elizabeth. One son Frank was killed in World War I on Feb 18, 1917. (Correction: Frank died in Idaho Falls, at the age of 46, not in the war). They were the only great grand parents of our family which I remember seeing, except perhaps Mary Reidelberger Redfern who died Dec 17, 1914.

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ELI ARNOLD AND SARAH HUMPHREYS WADSWORTH

Eli Arnold and Sarah Humphreys Wadsworth

Submitted by Their Grandchildren, Kaye and Ken

Eli Arnold Wadsworth was born on 13 December, 1889, in Hooper, Utah. At the age of fifteen, he went to Ogden to work for an Uncle Jake Parker, who owned a number of canning factories. Arnold started as a common laborer, but Jake soon realized his potential and asked him to work as a partner in the company. Arnold declined, however,

and moved to Idaho where his father, who was ill, needed him. His father passed away when Arnold was just nineteen years of age.

Arnold met his lifelong sweetheart, Sarah Ann Humphreys, after he returned from Utah. Sarah was born on 26 November, 1889 at Paris, Bear Lake, Idaho. She was a beautiful girl—very refined and cultured, intelligent, educated, and popular. She was a stark contrast to the rough, adventuresome and independent Arnold. Their two year engagement was an exciting introduction to their very eventful life together.

Arnold was a strong man, and he loved to fight—to box and to wrestle. Contact sports were very important in his life and he also loved to dance. The stories abound in his family about those early adventures. He even taught his nephews, who had come to live with them for a while, how to box. If there was anyone in the country who would stand up to him, it was his sweetheart, Sarah. His children remember one occasion when she ended one of their disagreements by breaking a serving platter over his head. Their courtship and marriage were frequently punctuated with those “extra-curricular” activities. For the most part, however, he wouldn't back away from anyone.

Arnold and Sarah were married in the Salt Lake Temple in 1911, and they began their life together in Shelley, Idaho. They were soon blessed with a baby girl whom they named Velta, and then another girl, Thelma. Shortly after Thelma was born, Velta tragically drowned. Because Sarah could not emotionally remain where the memory of that loss was so vivid, they moved. In the years that followed, they lived in several communities in Southeastern Idaho. They homesteaded a ranch in Paradise Valley. Sarah struggled there because they had no close neighbors/friends. They sold the ranch and moved again.

When Arnold was in his mid-twenties, he was kicked by a horse, and the force of that kick hurled him into a wall from which protruded a nail, about eye-level; and he lost the sight of one eye as a result of that accident. Arnold and Sarah continued



*Back row: Zella, Beth, Nona, Vaughn, Thelma and Donna.
Front row: Eli Arnold and Sarah Humphrey Wadsworth.*

with their family; and Nona and Vaughn followed Thelma, and then Zella and Donna were born.

Those years, while homesteading Paradise Valley and moving from one farm to another, were meager. But the children recall that no matter how little they had and how difficult it was to provide the necessities of life, they had fun together especially on holidays. The Fourth of July each year was started by Arnold popping fire crackers early in the morning. Arnold and Sarah moved to Ammon and commenced a farming operation there. Their home place was located approximately one-half mile east of the Ammon store on Sunnyside Road. Later, he heard of new farming opportunities in northern Montana. In February 1928, the family sold their Ammon farm to Bishop Lyman J. Whiting. They loaded everything they had—the household goods and the farm machinery—onto a train and with two Model T's, they left for Chinook. While in Montana, they raised sugar beets and sheep, and after Beth's birth, they finished adding to their family. Years later they would return to the farm they once owned in Ammon.

When Arnold was forty-seven years old, he was working with a beet planter on his farm in Montana (the planter was pulled by a team of mules). While he was engaging the spring-loaded lever that forced the planter mechanism into the ground, the lever snapped back and struck him in the face, injuring his healthy eye. At this point, he was completely blind. He got back on the planter

and gave the team of mules their head. After a meandering trip through the fields, they finally returned to the yard/house. He was hospitalized in Great Falls. President Wood, of the Cardston, Alberta Temple, blessed him that one day he would see again. He served in the branch presidency after the loss of his sight, and his family recalls how he had to be lead to the pulpit to conduct business in sacrament meeting.

He went to the Mao Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, where two operations were performed on his eyes; neither was successful. The doctor told him that there was nothing more that could be done, but Arnold insisted that at least one more operation be performed as he was blessed that he would see again. The third surgery was conducted, and a portion of his vision was restored. The doctor said that it wasn't anything that he did, and didn't understand how this man could see. Arnold knew and often spoke of the promised blessing given by President Wood.

Arnold and Sarah returned to the farm in Chinook and there finished rearing their family. They sent three of their children on missions for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints—Vaughn, Nona and Zella. In 1943, they returned to Ammon to the same farm they earlier left, thus fulfilling a promise Arnold had made to his wife. There they lived and farmed until Sarah died on 17 August 1964. Arnold's son, Vaughn, built and managed a commercial auto shop on the frontage of the farm—a business still in operation today and for a time also owned by Arnold's grandson, Jerry.

Arnold and Sarah's grandchildren have fond memories of going to their home and playing in the sheds and lofts. Rides on the bob sleigh on Christmas day behind Arnold's fine team of horses was a treat for them as well. He also loved raising his several Shetland ponies. Trading farm work, especially plowing, is well remembered by grand son-in-law, Larry Whiting. Arnold on his little gray Ford and Larry on his dad's equally sized Allis Chalmers, turned the soil and had pleasant visits while leaning against the tractor tires and relaxing

with a cool drink of ice water from a quart Mason jar. Ammon Ward members will forever remember his occasional signature “let it go” sneezes in sacrament meetings.

Arnold was modest in his expressions about being a religious man, but he and Sarah regularly paid their tithing, went to the temple, and served in the Church whenever they were asked—did what the Lord wanted them to do. They taught their children eternal values and high ideals.

Arnold passed away on September 28, 1980 after a life of high adventure. He and Sarah are both buried in Shelley, Idaho.

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WILLIAM "BILL" AND MARCIA ANN WALKER

The Walker Family of Ammon, Idaho

Stephen Smith Walker, son of Joseph and Betty (Smith) Walker, was the first white boy born in Cedar city, Utah on July 1, 1852. He married Jane Hall, daughter of William and Margaret (Dixon) Hall on October 4, 1869 in the Salt Lake Endowment House. They were the parents of 12 children, five daughters and seven sons. One of the boys, Lenard, died at the age of six, and one of the girls, Burnettia, became ill and died at the age of one year. Four of the daughters married in Cedar city. Six of the sons, Stephen Joseph, William “Bill”, Richard, Farley, Delbert and Raymond made the journey from Cedar City, Utah to the Snake River Valley in Idaho in horse-drawn wagons, and herding their livestock. They homesteaded north and east of where the Ammon Cemetery is now located. There they farmed and helped in the construction of the important upper irrigation canal which is still being used by area farmers.

William “Bill” Walker married Marcia Ann Waters in 1906. For a time they lived on the Walker homestead farm and other farms in the Ammon area. Bill and Marcia became the parents of George,

Bernice, LaPreal, Leonard, Paul, Claud and Leland. They returned to operate the homestead farm after the death of two of his brothers and his father. And, after the death of his son George’s wife, May Bell, in 1934, George’s children came to live with them. A few years later Bill and Marcia purchased a farm at the end of First Street next to the foothills where they operated the farm with the help of their sons Leonard, Claude and Leland. In July of 1940 their granddaughter, Geraldine Covert, came to live with them at age 2 after the death of her father.

George married May Bell Eggleston and they became parents of five children; Norma, Jack, Betty, Barbara and Ray. Shortly after the birth of Ray, May, died of complications. George’s parents helped raise the children and George worked for the Nielsen brothers on their farm. Later he purchased a small farm just south of First Street. He began working for California packing Company and sold his farm and purchased a home in town.

Berneice married Guy Empey, they had a farm near Ammon and became the parents of Beverly,



Bill Walker

Lerene, Audrey and Dewey, all of whom attended the Ammon School.

LaPreal married Smith Covert. They are the parents of Gerald, Wendell, Gene and Geraldine. LaPreal passed away the same day her daughter Geraldine was born. Two years later more tragedy fell upon the family when Smith was killed from an accidental gunshot wound. The family was split up. Gene and Geraldine remained in the Ammon area, and Gerald went with a relative in Washington while Wendell went with a relative in Utah.

Leonard worked on the family farm until he went into military service during World War II and served as a mess Sgt. in the Asian theater of war. After his discharge he returned to the family farm.

Paul married Anna Knapp and they had a daughter Sandra, and a son, Billy. Paul was then drafted and served in the European theater of war where he was wounded and spent some time in a German hospital. The effects of the wound (shrapnel in his back too close to the spine to remove) remained with him the rest of his life. After he returned home their sons Robert, Larry and Dennis were born and Paul went from farming to construction work. Sandra and her daughter, Judy, and Sandra's brother Dennis were tragically killed in a train and car collision. Bill and his wife, Launa, still live in the house built by Paul when he was in the construction business. All of Bill and Launa's children attended the Ammon School and live in the Ammon area, where Bill was a cement contractor.

Claud continued to work on the family farm. He married Reva Quinton and they became the parents of Earl, Claudia, and Vicki. After the death of Claude's father, Leonard and Claud sold the family farm. Claud then purchased a farm near Ucon and Leonard purchased a farm near Rigby.

Leland lived on the family farm, went to the Ammon School, served in the Navy. After returning home he met and married Della Petroff. He went to work for the railway and moved to Montana. Leland and Bella are the parents of Annette, Theodore (Ted), Marcia, and Janet.

—Norma D. Heinitz

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JOSEPHINE NUTTALL AND LYMAN JOHNSON WHITING

Josephine Nuttall and Lyman Johnson Whiting Life Sketches

Compiled by Marjorie Jo Whiting Coles



Lyman and Josephine began their lives together on June 21, 1905. They were living in Utah where they were both born and raised. Their first home was in Wallsburg, Utah. They spent several years trying to eke out a living during hard times. They tried living in Provo, moving to Shelley Idaho for a few years and then back to Provo. Finally after some financial hardships Lyman and Josie moved back to Idaho in November, 1930 and settled in Ammon. Their first residence was on an 80 acre farm east of the Ammon townsite on Sunnyside Road, which later was purchased by Arnold Wadsworth. Lyman started a dairy farm and sold the milk to his brother-in-law's (Jim Nuttall) grocery store and sold the surplus cream to the newly organized Upper Snake River Valley Dairyman's Association. He often commented on how helpful and kind the people in Ammon were. However, some of them advised him that he couldn't grow potatoes in the heavy soil of the Ammon area. Grandpa proved them wrong because

he raised some of the best potatoes ever grown in the valley. Grandpa and my dad, Lamar, farmed together and very much enjoyed their partnership. They bought their first tractor together, an orange Alice Chalmers Model "B".

It was while living in Ammon that Lamar met and fell in love with Uarda Ball, also of Ammon. They were eventually married. It was special for Lyman and Josie to have their three children, Lamar, Ronald and Helen living in close proximity to them after their marriages. They were a close knit family and as the grandchildren came along there were many fun "get togethers" that all of us well remember. We loved to go to Grandpa and Grandma Whiting's. We especially remember the bread and milk suppers when staying overnight. They were a very sweet couple and were generous and kind to their grandchildren. We knew for certain that they loved us and cared about us.

Lyman and Josie didn't especially enjoy the cold, snowy, windy winters in Idaho. Grandpa delivered the milk from his dairy in a "bob sleigh" over snowdrifts that were sometimes nearly as high as the telephone poles. He loved his team of horses, named "Dan" and "Rock", which he bought when first moving to Ammon. Many a time in the winter he and his team would respond to calls to pull people's cars out of the snow drifts.

Lyman and Josie were cordial hosts and loved to dance and go to Church parties. The grandchildren loved to go to their house and taste Grandma's good cooking and see Grandpa's smiling face because we were there.

In November of 1935 Lyman was called as bishop of the Ammon Ward. His counselors were Reuben C. Anderson and Wm Lavern Judy. He chose Lamar, his son, as clerk. Quoting from a history written of Lyman, "He was loved by everyone in the ward and stake, because of his tolerance of their problems and their willingness to serve. He was always cheerful and jolly, yet strict in discipline." Through the years several former Ammonites have told me how Bishop Whiting helped each of them make the decision

to serve a mission and how much they admired him. During his tenure as Bishop the recreation hall and Seminary building were added to the Ammon Ward building. He served as Bishop for six years and was released in 1941. Sometimes Bishop Whiting walked the one half mile through snowdrifts to Ammon to attend to his duties as bishop. Even though I was young, I remember when Grandpa was Bishop. He always greeted me with a special handshake and that jolly smile when I went to church. During their time in Ammon, Josie served in the Relief Society Stake Presidency. She also served in nearly every other auxiliary. She was called to serve as the supervisor of the first seminary classes in Ammon. She was responsible for selecting the teachers and organizing the activities.

Lyman suffered a heart attack during the winter of 1937 and was taken by sleigh to Idaho Falls to the L.D.S. Hospital. He was cared for by Dr. H. Ray Hatch and through the faith and prayers of his family he partially recovered. He never did regain his full health, however.

Because of his ill-health and the responsibilities of the dairy, Lyman and Josie decided to sell the cows and raise chickens. He remodeled the dairy barn and made it into a chicken coup. He could care for the chickens and eggs without so much stress and hard work.

They had bought a home on 17th street where the EITC College now stands but were there for only a short time. It was a lovely home with lots of fun little rooms that the Grandkids loved to explore. In the summer of 1943, they bought Elden Ball's 40 acres from the original Arthur Ball farm. It joined Lamar and Uarda's 40 acres. Their desire was to turn the farm into a chicken ranch and started by building a nice big coup and making plans to remodel the Ball home.

I would like to add a few thoughts about the joys of living close to my Grandparents. During spud harvest I loved to ride on the horse "Old Lade" with grandpa while he scattered the sacks. That was in the days when they still picked potatoes by hand.

I also loved to go into the field when Grandpa and Grandma were shocking the grain. I walked to them one day through the sharp stubble in my bare feet. When they saw me without my shoes, Grandpa picked me up with tears in his eyes and carried me home. I have such wonderful memories of these two special grandparents who meant so much to me in my life.

Grandpa served on the Ammon school board and after a meeting on February 14th, 1944 he ran an errand into Idaho Falls and suffered a fatal heart attack there. Grandma was in Twin Falls visiting her daughter Helen Denison. This was a very hard time for Grandma and the rest of the family. She had lost her beloved companion, the children had lost their kind father and the grandchildren had lost a very special Grandpa. He was buried on my birthday in the Ammon Cemetery overlooking his beloved Ammon.

Grandma was devastated with the death of her sweetheart and was so very lonely. I slept at her home every night for nearly one year after Grandpa's death. She would walk up to our place and take me by the hand as we walked back to her house together. We became very close and I always wanted to be the kind of Grandma that she was to me.

Just six months after Grandpa's sudden death Grandma was asked to be one of the house mother's at the LDS Nursing Home in Idaho Falls near the LDS Hospital. The first year, Mother and Dad drove her back and forth to work. She then obtained a small apartment in the Nursing Home and spent her working days there then came back to her Ammon home on her days off. This job was a blessing to her as she went through her grieving process. She loved the nurses she served and they in turn loved her. Through the years, many nurses have expressed their great love and admiration for Grandma. After working there for a year, she was asked to be an officiator in the Idaho Falls Temple. This was also a great blessing. She often said that she could leave her loneliness and homesickness outside of the Temple.

After recovering from a heart attack she suffered in 1958, Grandma left her beloved nurses at the nursing home. She was also released from her service at the Temple and came back to her home in Ammon full time. While working at the Nursing Home she remodeled the original Ball home (now hers) and made it more up to date. She kept her coal stove which used to cook the best breakfasts in the world for her family and warm the feet of her grandchildren on cold mornings.

Her family has lots of fun memories visiting her at the Nursing home and when she came back to her home in Ammon as well. The fence around her home had a 2 x 6 railing over the wire. The Grandchildren liked to see if they could walk on that 2 x 6 all the way around her yard. She would stress out in fear that we might fall off. There were lots of leaves that fell on her lawn in the fall and we liked to make leaf houses with a rake. She had a long sidewalk in her front yard which was perfect for roller skating. It was always a treat to visit at her home.

Larry recalls one incident which showed Grandma's practicality yet her sense of humor. One Thanksgiving, he and his cousin Ronnie complained of sore feet after walking the narrow fence in brand new but thin soled "gym" shoes. Grandma said, "I have some foot pads that will help". She brought out some cotton pads with some kind of netting around them that just fit inside their sporty new shoes. "Only later did we find out what sanitary napkins were", says Larry. He also remembers with much fondness her generosity and sensitivity. When he would pull into her yard for a break from plowing or cultivating she would have a plate of cookies and a cold drink of lemonade for him by the time he reached her cozy kitchen.

Her grandchildren often reminisce of the times we visited her even after we were adults. Each time she sent some little treat with us and many times slipped a little money into our hands. She was so very loving and giving.

After a couple of floods in the Ammon area and her house was flooded she decided she would move

to Pocatello and be closer to her daughter, Helen. She sold her Ammon home and bought a duplex so she could rent out the other half for a small income. It was hard for her to leave Ammon, but she knew the time had come to make the change.

Grandma passed away peacefully in her sleep November 3, 1969. Finally after 24 years she was reunited with her beloved companion, Lyman. She was sorely missed by her family. She never lost her sense of humor and loved to have family get together. She had such a contagious laugh and loved to share funny stories of the mischievous things her brothers used to pull. She loved to have Thanksgiving gatherings at her home in Ammon and all of us have wonderful memories of those special times.

L LAMAR AND UARDA JANE BALL WHITING FAMILY

Uarda Ball Life Sketch (Includes Mention of Her Parents)

I was born January 8, 1913 and reared on an 80 acre farm one mile east of Ammon on Crowley Road. In addition to my parents, my grandparents were all active members of the LDS Church. My grandfather, Arthur M. Rawson, was the first bishop of the Ammon Ward. My Father, J. Arthur Ball, came to Ammon from the Brushy Mountains in North Carolina where he was reared and converted. My mother was Dora May Rawson. Her parents came from Utah—both from pioneer heritage. Father and his brother, Bishop/President Leonard G. Ball, purchased adjacent 80 acre farms in 1900 from homesteader, Than Owens. Two other brothers, Phineas and Willard, later purchased farms nearby. Both my mother and father had been previously married then widowed. I had one “teasing” brother, Elden, two years my younger; one half sister and five attentive half brothers.

In addition to their church activity, my parents were involved in community affairs. Father served as county commissioner and was a member then chairman of the Ammon school board for 19 years. He was a member of the Bonneville County



Dora May Rawson and J. Arthur Ball

Farm Bureau. He had a great love for trees and planted many Carolina Poplars along the ditches on Crowley Road. Many are still standing today and a granddaughter, Marjorie Jo Coles, who lives on part of the original 80 acre farm, is shaded from the afternoon sun by some of those majestic trees.

Mother was often referred to as one of the best cooks in the Valley. She loved her flowers and planted every variety that would grow in that climate. She served on the Bonneville County Beautification Committee. Starts from her roses and peonies are still found blooming at homes in the Ammon area. She held many positions in the ward, including Relief Society President for 14 years.

Our family worked hard on the farm which was considered one of the best in the valley. Father loved his fine work horses and took especially good care of them. In 1933, President Warren G. Harding, 29th President of the United States, made a whistle stop in Idaho Falls on a trip to Alaska. He was invited by local officials to visit the Ball farm to see an example of excellent farming practices. After the tour, he stopped in our lane and had a drink from a tin cup of the cold, clear water from our well.

My parents were noted in the area for their hospitality and generosity. Most new move-ins

and all new Ammon school teachers were invited to a personal dinner at the Ball home. I had an enjoyable life growing up under the guidance of these good people. They may have pampered and spoiled me to a certain extent, though my father was stern and expected obedience.

In the winters I loved to ride in the open horse sleigh with fresh clean straw and hot rocks for warmth. Thus we traveled to church and town to shop. In my fourth year my father bought his first automobile—a 1917 Grant Six. I started school in the fall of 1919. This same year our family spent part of the winter in Long Beach California. Mr. and Mrs. John Blatter and family and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Anderson from Ammon were with us for part of that time. My early schooling in Ammon was in the three story brick building which burned to the ground in 1936. There was no bus service so I would either walk with friends or my father would take me in a horse drawn sleigh or buggy.

One summer, we took a rather discouraging trip to Yellowstone Park with the Joe Lee Family from Ammon. We burned up a generator at West Yellowstone and later Brother Lee stood over the Old Faithful geyser when a belch of steam badly burned his eyes. One highlight, however, was sitting at the campfire in Madison Junction where Joe had us all in stitches as he led us in campfire songs.

During my fourth grade I had rheumatic fever which settled in my knees. I was confined to bed for several months. The heart murmur which developed caused me considerable medical challenges throughout my life. When I again gained my strength, I took the lead parts in most school plays and musical productions. I had many friends and enjoyed dances and a few dates.

During the summer months I earned money by working on the farm including driving the derrick horse during haying season. One summer when the last fork of hay had been lifted to the stack, the entire crew gathered on our lawn. My brother, Elden, had a Shetland pony that he could not get on without standing on a box. Father decided to show us all how to get on Molly. He backed her hind end

into a small ditch. One of the hay crew held her bridle while Father ran up to her from behind. He placed his hands on her rear end attempting to leap up into a riding position. Molly bucked, throwing father over her head and into the ditch while the entire hay crew had a great laugh at the expense of Father's pride.

After I graduated from Ammon high school in 1930, I along with Lavonda Ricks (Rhodes) my good friend from Ammon, enrolled at BYU. I eventually acquired a four year teaching certificate there. I enjoyed college classes as well as the social activities. During summer break in 1932, I met the person who was to play the most important role in all my life. Lamar Whiting came to our home to pick raspberries for his mother. We saw each other a few times and eventually exchanged a few letters while I was at BYU. My father passed away in July 1933. I moved forward and graduated from BYU in 1934. Lamar and I became engaged that summer and married on November 26, 1934 in the Salt Lake Temple. Depression times were hard, but we sold milk for groceries from our cow (occasionally we held out a quarter for a movie). I canned fruits and vegetables and Lamar built a comfortable apartment and some furnishings for us in Mother's home.



Uarda J. Ball and L Lamar Whiting

Lamar worked for my mother on the farm until her death on October 10, 1936. Lamar and I were at the time making plans to build our own home on the north 40 acres of the farm which I inherited. After Marjorie Jo, arrived on February 18, 1937, I was again bedridden for several months with a cardiac condition resulting from the rheumatic fever. Nevertheless, in September, we moved into our new home which still stands one mile east of Ammon on Crowley Road. I gradually regained most of my health and Lamar and I worked together rearing our family on the farm. We accepted various church assignments and enjoyed outdoor recreation and many Ammon friendships. Larry Lamar arrived on February 26, 1941. Another little girl arrived on August 3, 1949, a very welcome little Katherine (Kathy) Jane.

We have always been active in the Church. Before my illness, I served as counselor in the Stake Relief Society then President in the Ward Young Women's MIA and later as ward Relief Society President from 1946-1949. I also served as Beehive leader in the stake Young Women and later taught Social Science lessons in Relief Society.

Because of some financial down-turns in the farming business, I began to teach fifth grade at the Ammon Elementary School in 1957. I taught there, then at Hillview Elementary, for a total of 18 years—retiring in 1975. During my teaching years and considering my health challenges, Lamar took care of all the household duties so that we could be free to go fishing, snowmobiling or enjoy other activities together on Saturdays.

We have received great joy in raising our family. One of the secrets of our success with our children was that there was always enough work to do on the farm to keep them out of mischief. Each child graduated from BYU and all are active Church members.

I found great satisfaction from duplicating the beauties of nature on canvas with several recent years of oil painting. I have painted hundreds of pictures, and sold some which hang in houses and offices around the country. Dad again shared in

the venture by making the frames. I won a second place ribbon for one painting in the Cody Western Art Show.

L Lamar Whiting Life Sketch

I was born on October 12, 1906 in Wallsburg, Utah, a little Wasatch Mountain community named after my grandfather, William Wall. I was the oldest child born to Lyman Johnson and Josephine Nuttall Whiting. I later had a brother, Ronald G. and a Sister Helen. My Dad farmed a small acreage in Wallsburg and Mother took in school teachers as boarders.

When I was three years old we moved to Shelley, Idaho on a 60 acre farm. Our home was not equipped with modern conveniences except a phone—no electricity or plumbing. On my first day of school, I was too shy and afraid to go to the outhouse and I wet my pants. We enjoyed many family outdoor activities when I was young. I fast learned how to work on the farm and enjoyed the cutter and buggy rides both for fun and farm work. I was baptized and confirmed while in Shelley.

In 1918 we boarded a freight train with our livestock and furniture and went back to Utah near Provo where Dad bought a small orchard with a modern home. I loved being with my dad—he called me his “shadow”. I also loved Provo and the schools there and graduated from Provo High School in 1926. I had many close friends but was too bashful to go out much with the girls. I learned to hunt and fish with my best friend. Those outdoor pleasures stayed with me throughout my life. I was a fast runner and won many track contests in high school. I loved woodworking and took shop classes every year. I enjoyed working with wood all of my life. I continued to live at home while I attended BYU and worked to earn money for tuition/ books on my Uncle Leon and Aunt Geneva Peterson's (later of Ammon) large dairy. I received my B.S. degree at the “Y” in botany and geology. I became a dedicated BYU sports fan which never got out of my blood.

It was after we moved to Ammon following my graduation from BYU that I really began to live. I



Lamar milking cow

worked for my dad on our 80 acre farm and dairy. It was there that I met a beautiful brown eyed blonde named Uarda Ball. We began to date regularly the next summer when Uarda returned from BYU. I was helping to pick raspberries from the Ball's garden for my mother—didn't pay much attention to the berries and mother and father Ball noticed the sultry looks Uarda and I gave to each other and invited the Whitings to dinner the next Sunday. We began to date regularly the next summer when Uarda returned from BYU. We double dated with Ed Lee and Millicent Porter of Ammon. We were married on November 26, 1934 in the Salt Lake Temple. Uarda and I have had many happy times, both working and in recreational activities.

I have served in many Church assignments mostly as secretary and clerk. I served as clerk to my father, Lyman, who was the Ammon Ward Bishop also for Bishop Reed Blatter. I was stake clerk and auditor with President Cecil E. Hart for nearly twenty years. These experiences with local Church leaders as well as with visiting General Authorities were both spiritually and socially beneficial for Uarda and me. In my later years, I

served as assistant High Priest Group Leader and secretary to the stake high priest quorum and for a significant time to our ward group of high priests. I also served as ward finance clerk under Bishops Elmer Holmgren and Wayne Peterson in Ammon. I was elected in 1944 as a member/treasurer of the Ammon School board.

L Lamar Whiting and Uarda Ball's Life Together

Compiled by their Children

Our parents had a good life together. They supported each other in virtually every aspect of their lives. Our family all worked hard as we raised/harvested potatoes, hay, grain, sugar beets and seed peas at different times. We had a herd of sheep of about 200 ewes for several years. We helped Dad during the lambing season by taking care of the orphaned "bum" lambs. Our place was the "headquarters" for sheep shearing, branding and docking the lambs with other Ammon neighbors including, Jake Empey, Phineas Ball, John Judy, Woodhouses, and occasionally others from the area. We all helped to trail the sheep each year on a two day drive to and from the summer range on Seller's Creek then later east of Willow Creek.

We regularly traded work in the thrashing and haying harvests with many of our good Ammon neighbors. At the opening of thrashing time, we could hear, from miles away, the steel wheeled



Lamar with the lambs

thrashing machine pulled by the steam driven tractor on the gravel road on its way to our place. Larry recalls the first time he was permitted to eat dinner with the thrashing crew at about age ten. Bishop Clifford Scoresby, who owned the thrasher, sat across from him and told a funny story just as Larry filled his mouth with peas, potatoes and gravy. Larry started to laugh then choked and sprayed

*Feeding a bum lamb*

Bishop Scoresby with a face full of partially chewed dinner. Larry was excused by mother to eat in the kitchen. We saw many changes in farming practices from the use of draft horses, to the tractors that we later owned. We changed from thrashing to combining of grain and peas and harvesting potatoes with a combine rather than by hand.

After a loss of nearly 30 lambs on the summer range, Dad sold the sheep and started a small dairy. We raise our own stock and milked between 15-20 cows for many years. Son-in-law Rex Coles later sold Dad a registered Holstein heifer name Jill. From this one cow and another named Ammon (purchased from the stake farm); Dad developed nearly his entire herd of registered stock. Each of us treasures the work ethic we learned from the farm and the love we acquired for the animals. Just one of many stories must be told about cow milking: One summer when we returned from Yellowstone Park, Rodney Smith who milked for us during our absence, met us at the front gate and said, "Lamar, I have done something terrible tonight while milking." Dad walked to the barn with Rodney, opened the door and saw the results of the "tragedy." One "breachy"

cow would not stop swatting Rodney in the face with her mucky tail. Rodney said, "I finally tied her tail to the beam in the ceiling with a piece of wire. When I turned her out from the stanchion, I forgot to untie her tail." There hanging from the beam on that strand of bailing wire was the cow's tail. Dad tried to resist but much to Rodney's relief out came his signature tight lipped and breathy laugh. The day Dad sold the herd after his heart attack in 1975, Mother said he came in the house, sat in his favorite rocker, put his head in his hands and wept.

For many years the entire family spent four or five days each summer in Yellowstone Park. Many of the Ammon residents including most of the Judy families, Elkingtons, Blatters, Everret Purcell, Holms and Armstrongs, were there together to fish the Lake and on the river when it opened July 1st. Most years, we stayed in cabins at Fishing Bridge, the kids played on the lake beach and Cliff Judy took many out in his fishing boat. Chasing the bears through camp was fun for the more adventurous ones.

Our entire family on one occasion took a memorable extended trip through Glacier National Park to Banff and Lake Louise Canada. With Marjorie Jo and Kathy, Mother and Dad drove to the Pageant at Hill Cumorah. Larry agreed to take care of the cows and the farm and enjoyed every minute of being his own boss. Mother and Dad traveled to 27 states in the U.S. often in their camp trailer—also to Canada, Mexico and the Holy

*Whiting combining*



Lamar with the cows

Land. They enjoyed many of their winters after retirement in Mesa Arizona with several other Ammon “Snowbirds”.

During their younger married life Mother and Dad joined with their Ammon friends in roller skating and square dancing. Dad agreed to dance if Mother would go fishing with him—a great compromise as Mother learned to love fishing nearly as much as Dad. While they had their disagreements, they fully enjoyed being together. Mother often rode with Dad on the tractor or in the pick-up in the evenings to change the irrigation water. She would read a book or magazine while Dad whistled his way across the rows adjusting the water. Whistling was a reflection of Dad’s moments of satisfaction. He used to also sing while stoking the basement furnace early each winter morning. We have pleasant memories of listening to his tenor voice echoing through the heat registers as he sang his own versions of country music.

Social relationships were important to Mother and Dad. Reed and Valeria Blatter were two of their closest friends and they did many things together until Reed passed away in 1956. After Valeria married Almon Brown, they all fished and took regular trips together including a Caribbean Cruise. They also enjoyed association/travel with Dolf and Dora Holm. They loved to share their garden produce with neighbors, friends and family. During their retirement years they did much family history work—gathering names, photos and histories.

One example of divine intervention into their lives came when Dad suffered a severe heart

attack in 1975. Through the promptings of the Spirit, Mother got him to the hospital just in time. A promise of healing by those administering to him was realized and he lived 21 additional good years. Dad died at his Ammon home on March 4, 1996 at the age of 89. He loved Ammon and was often found to be defensive in its behalf and of its sovereignty. He was upset when the

Co-op changed his milk can route number from “A-88” because the “A” stood for “Ammon”. Dad was tender hearted even though he was sometimes loud in his correction of the children and the cows. He died with his lips expressing love for his family and his confidence in the Lord whom he also loved.

Mother lived 12 more years after Dad passed away. She died peacefully at age 94 on January 19, 2007—still bright and alert. She lived out her last four years in a retirement home in Salt Lake City which was closer to Kathy and Larry. Leaving her beloved Ammon home, and the care given by Marjorie Jo who lived next door, was perhaps the most challenging struggle of her life. She loved Ammon and spoke often of the supernal influence good people there and the rural way of life had on her. She lived her entire life in only two homes within 150 yards until she moved to the retirement center. Mother was a determined woman who had grit.

When she was in the hospital just prior to her death, Mother refused to allow any treatments to prolong her life. With that decision, she had just two questions for her children, 1) “The Lord won’t



Uarda leaning on the tractor

view this as taking my own life will He?” and 2) “Is this alright with you kids for me to choose to be with your dad?” She felt that she was at peace with the Lord and had great hope in the atonement of Christ in her behalf.

Lamar and Uarda Whiting Children's Sketches

Marjorie Jo Whiting Coles

Thoughts and Reflections on Being Raised in Ammon

As I have been thinking of Ammon in anticipation of this book being written I have been reminded of the great blessing it is to have been raised in this wonderful community. I had wonderful friends that I associated with for 18 and more years and had wonderful teachers and mentors that shaped my life. Everyone in the community cared about and shared with each other. I was born of goodly parents and appreciate their influence in teaching me correct principles. Our home was always open to my friends and Mother always made something good for us to eat. I also have a wonderful brother, Larry and a sweet sister Kathy.

I have wonderful memories of those years when many from Ammon went to Yellowstone Park and stayed in the rustic cabins at Fishing Bridge. We had such a great time fishing and having wiener roasts near Yellowstone Lake. Then there were the Gold and Green Balls in the old recreation hall and as teen agers we learned to square dance along with

our parents in that place. There were the 4th of July celebrations, News Year's Eve celebrations at the old Ammon gym for the whole family. It seems like we were one big happy family. There were lots of long cold winters and many fun rides from our home down to the community of Ammon on the sleigh. There were farmers trading work with each other to do the haying and thrashing. Those used to be highlights during the summer and Mother and Grandma cooking sumptuous meals for the thrashers. Dad used to hire many of my friends both boys and girls to help in the spud harvest and with summer work.

It was such a wonderful time to grow up. I have seen many changes in farming methods from horses pulling the machinery to tractors.

The Ammon Elementary School was small enough that we only had one class for each grade and I was able to have the same classmates every year through the 8th Grade. We had many fun times participating in plays, operettas, special dances and other activities. Mother and Dad used to take us to watch the Ammon Hornets play basketball. They had some great basketball teams.

The Church was the center of our lives. When Sacrament meeting was held in the evening after the milking was done the kids used to enjoy going out on the church lawn to play games while our parents visited after church. We were released from school early on Wednesdays so we could attend Primary. I still hum the songs we sang there. I enjoyed the “all girls” dances I was able to participate in with my friends as we performed in Salt Lake City. I feel really blessed to have participated in some of those events that are no longer available because the Church has grown so much. I had special mutual teachers that I am grateful for. Thanks to the many teachers and leaders who taught so diligently and helped me become a better person.

After graduation from Bonneville High School I attended Ricks College for one year and then went to BYU and graduated in 1959. I taught elementary school in Utah for two years and in 1960 I married



Bagging potatoes

a special high school friend, Rex Coles. We lived in Provo, Utah for two years while Rex finished his schooling at BYU. We celebrated our 50th anniversary in December, 2010. We have three sons, Kevin, Brian, and Jason and three wonderful daughter-in-laws, 14 grandchildren and 4 great grandchildren. Our three sons all graduated from Bonneville High School and even though Ammon had expanded in growth they were able to feast on the many good things of Ammon.

We lived 15 years in Blackfoot, Idaho where Rex taught seminary. In 1978 we were transferred to the Bonneville Seminary where he taught for two years. We built a home on the farm next to my parents in 1978 and began a new life again in Ammon. When the church needed an Institute teacher at the Eastern Idaho Technical College, Rex was assigned to teach there and continued for 19 years until he retired in 1999. He taught many of the older ladies and men who had been in Ammon when I grew up. They were some of his choicest students.

Our move back to Ammon was such a blessing in our lives. Many changes have taken place since my growing up days, but the people are still accepting and kind. Those wonderful folks from my growing up days who were still here were just as thoughtful and kind as they were when I grew up. It was also special to live next door to my parents.

It has been hard to see all those wonderful



Frost in the winter

farms that grew potatoes now sprouting houses. Times change, but our memories are there forever.

I was privileged to serve as Stake Relief Society President in the Ammon Stake where I associated with many of these wonderful sisters and brothers from years past. It was a wonderful blessing in my life.

Thanks again to the good people of Ammon for all of the wonderful memories and for helping to shape my life. I am truly blessed to have been raised in such a wonderful place.

Larry Lamar Whiting

I always felt most favored in the entire world because I was reared, 1) by goodly parents and a grandmother, 2) on a farm, and 3) in the community of Ammon. I loved being on the farm, fishing with my dad and the family camping trips. I recall as a young boy, walking around the farm by my dad's side with his arm around my shoulder. It put me uncomfortably off balance but I did not want him to break his loving embrace. Because of my sassy nature, it took longer for me to fully appreciate my Mother but I learned to cherish that relationship. My sisters, Marjorie Jo and Kathy, also had an important positive influence on me. Grandma Whiting who lived nearby was the only grandparent I ever really knew. She was my confidant and mentor.

Even after the school district consolidation, my closest friends came from Ammon—Larry Ricks, Doug Bingham, Mark Ricks, Dennis Smith, R. J. Field, Dorothy Judy, Gloria Lee, Maurine McDonald and others. Our parents expected us to treat their parents and all other adults, especially our teachers/leaders, with respect. For example, one early summer morning, Bishop Dean Elkington was to pick me up to go to the Church Welfare farm. Dad excused me from the morning milking/feeding but woke me in time to be ready. After he heard the bishop's horn honk a third time, what I heard was the back door slam open and my dad tromp across the kitchen floor. With shoes in hand, I dashed down the stairs. My dad with



Larry stacking hay

tight lips said, “I ought to kick your butt—in fact, I think I will kick your butt,” and with three or four body raising jolts he booted me across the kitchen floor and out the door to meet the bishop. Those kinds of “little” reminders, coupled with the farm work were very important to my growth and development. I acquired some skills in properly stacking hay, taking care of the sheep and cows, and doing much if not most of the tractor work.

After graduating High school in 1959, I attended BYU for one year then served a mission to the Northwestern States. In 1963, I married Kaye Wadsworth, daughter of Vaughn and Nina of Ammon. She continues to be the greatest of all my blessings. I completed a BS degree in Sociology from BYU then a Masters in Social Work from the U of U. We reared eight wonderful and faithful children. In 1987, we experienced the sweet sorrow

of losing a ten year old daughter who inhaled a balloon while playing with her younger brother. Each of our seven living children and families are doing well and all but one, who lives in California, are within 40 minutes of our Bountiful home. Our family activities included much of camping, fishing and water skiing. We now have 22 grandchildren and one great grandchild.

Kaye and I twice lived in Ammon in a home which we built in my dad’s pasture; we also lived in St. Anthony; Issaquah, Washington; Sandy, Huntsville, Fruit Heights and now Bountiful, Utah. We also have a modest winter home in Hurricane, Utah. We have both served in a variety of Church assignments. To name just a few: Kaye has been in Relief Society, Primary and Young Women presidencies. I have served on high councils, as bishop(twice), stake president and together we presided over the Texas Fort Worth Mission. We served a second full-time mission together at Church headquarters. We have never been bored. I worked almost my entire career as a director in the Church Welfare Program including LDS Family Services, then as Director for Temporal Affairs. I traveled many places around the world training employees/volunteers and consulting with local Church leaders. I enjoyed and was challenged by a close association with most of the General Authorities while at Church headquarters for 25+ years. Kaye was able to stay at home with the children but for many years taught piano. I have been blessed throughout my life and in large measure because of my Ammon roots!!



Larry plowing



The Whiting farm

Katherine Jane Whiting Stucki

My Childhood Memories of Ammon

My memories of growing up on a farm in the Ammon area are near and dear to my heart. The things that I learned as a child have stayed with me throughout my life. Things like the value of hard work, loving and caring for animals, developing friendships, and learning from the examples of those around me. I also learned the importance of a value-centered life.

One of the early lessons I learned as a child was that of being honest. I learned that lesson the hard way. On a trip to Kelly's Market, I took a pack of gum home without paying for it. When Mother found out what I had done, she immediately piled me into the car and drove back to have me return it. I remember that it was a very hard thing to be held accountable for your actions. It was embarrassing and pretty scary to have to face Mr. Kelly to tell him what I had done. Because of his kindness and understanding, everything was made right and all was forgiven.

A seed of faith was planted inside and nourished throughout my growing up years by the many great leaders and teachers that touched my life. I'll never forget my first Sunday School teacher, Sister Bessie Judy with her beautiful white hair. I think I thought she was an angel because of her kindness and love for the little ones that she taught. I also remember Sister Romrell as she taught the music in Primary. She helped to instill in me a love for

music, especially children's music. I have had many experiences in my life that help me remember what and how she taught us to love to sing. Today I teach three and four year olds to sing. I only hope that they learn to love music as much as I do.

Another person from the Ammon area was my first grade teacher, Mrs. Jorgenson. She had such patience and love for all of her students. I was painfully shy at that time and she helped me to gain confidence in myself. I will be forever grateful for the impact that she had on my life and in the lives on countless other students that she lovingly taught. As a student teacher I again had the privilege of being in her classroom to work with her. There are countless others who were great examples to pattern your life after: Sunday school teachers, Elementary school teachers, YWMIA leaders etc.

My life was always surrounded by good friends. I had a summer birthday and every year that I can remember I had a big party in the backyard including sleepovers by our old rock fireplace. I can remember riding horses with the Robertson's, riding motorcycles with the "guys" (something that my husband and I enjoy doing today), sitting in the orchard eating apples, playing in the playhouse Dad made out of a pick-up cover. Some of the



Front: Uarda, Kathy, Lamar, Back: Larry, Marjorie, Jo

MARTHA AND EMIL OTTO AGUST WIRKUS

The Life Story of Emil Otto Agust Wirkus

As dictated to Jerrie W. Hurd, his Grand daughter

greatest memories are of the adventures with my two cousins, Ernest and Harold Cook, the grandsons of Phineas and Mable Ball. We spent hours together from the break of dawn until way past dark playing on the swing set, floating down the ditches on inner tubes which proved to be an electrifying experience when Ernest grabbed hold of the electric fence. We played in the tree house at my Grandma Whiting's, built forts in the straw stack and parachuted off the top of the hay stack with sheets for parachutes (not the most brilliant of ideas). When my mother cat was hit and killed on the road, the three of us fed and took care of her six baby kittens by feeding them with doll bottles. Miraculously all six kittens lived a long life and kept the farm relatively free of mice.

I have great memories of growing up in Ammon surrounded by loving parents, who taught us to work hard and to go the extra mile. My loving Grandma Whiting was always there when we needed someone to talk to and she always had something good to eat. She had great sleepovers at her home, something that I try to do with my grandchildren. I miss the fantastic Thanksgiving dinners, gathering the eggs in Grandma's chicken coup, feeding the baby lambs and later on the baby calves. I was able to gain a great love for all animals from my experiences on the farm. How I miss riding by bicycle up the hill where the potato cellar was. I will always have fond memories of the time well spent at the base of the foothills in Ammon.



Potato hauling

I don't know if I should tell the story. Who would believe it? When I was a boy, not very big, I had to carry the milk into the village to be separated. We had a wooded yoke that I put on my shoulders. It was so heavy for me that I could only walk so long and then I would have to sit down and rest a while. I would count the steps.

"All right, this time I will make it two hundred steps, then I would go to 200 steps before I plunked the buckets down again and rested." Then I would say to myself: "Now I will go to hundred and 75 steps!" That's the way I carried the milk to town in two buckets hanging off a wooden yoke. The kids today, nobody, would believe that, but that is the way it happened. Later we got a little wagon to pull the buckets. That was easier. Finally we got a separator and separated our own milk. Before that, there was only one separator in the whole village and that is why I had to carry the milk to the village every day.

I was not the only one. All the farm kids did the same thing. Before school would have to go down and separate the milk. School started at six o'clock in the morning and we did this before school. If you tell a kid today, he won't believe you. If you tell his kids in 50 or 60 years, they will say that is crazy. They will think you only made it up. So I am wondering if I should tell this story at all?

On August 13, 1893, I was born to a poor family then living in Golzau, Pommern, Prussia. My parents August Gottlieb Ernest Wirkus and his wife Johanna Gottberg were not blessed with great means. There were nine children born to my parents. I was the sixth child. My mother would

bake bread every two weeks and at every meal she would cut off 11 slices of bread for the eight children, my parents and my grandparents and if some had been working hard, they would get two slices of bread. By the end of the two weeks, we would have only a half slice of bread each. Then if you could go and find a piece of bread that you had hidden away, you felt good.

We had six cows, four sheep and two horses. At six years of age, it became my job to attend the livestock. We made our living on a small farm with these few animals so this was an important job for a six-year-old boy. Rain or sunshine, I was always in the field with the animals. I even herded them on Sunday when it was my turn. We took turns attending the stock on Sundays.

I should have started school when I was seven years old, but my father got the school officials to wait until I was 8 1/2 years old because he needed me to help him with the animals. So when I was 8 1/2 years old, I walked 4 miles to a one-room schoolhouse. It was there that I saw my first book. I had never seen a book before. My family had a Bible, but up until then I had never seen it. I was amazed to think that anyone could learn to read all those strange figures called writing. That first night when I returned home I was very discouraged. In just a year and a half, however, I had learned enough about reading that the teacher had me teaching the beginners. Soon I had memorized all four of the books in that school. When the teacher called on me to read, I could stare out of the window and read because I knew every single word.

As students, we didn't have a pencil and paper until our last year of school. We had a slate with chalk and a sponge tied to one end. We would work all the problems on our slates, including our homework. Sometimes when it was raining, we wouldn't do our homework because we knew it would get washed off by the time we got to school anyway. Also, we went to school the whole year around. In the summer we went from six o'clock in the morning until nine o'clock in the morning. The rest of the day we worked.

When I graduated from school, my family was in quarantine with the measles. Still I got my diploma. They brought it to the house and handed it through the door. We attended school all year but still all together I only spent four years in school. During the summer around my home, we were troubled with poisonous snakes. So the government offered to pay a bounty for each snake head that was brought in. My friends and I earned extra money by catching the snakes with willow sticks. I would wait until the snakes were sunning themselves in the warm summer sunshine. They would be all wrapped in a coil. Then I would lie on the ground and listen for the noise they made. I caught them with a stick.

One day I turned in eight snakeheads which was worth two marks. Another time I caught nine snakes, that was the most that I ever caught in one day. The agent who redeemed the snake heads was a rich old man who had no children of his own. He seemed to take a fancy to me and one day I overheard my father telling my mother: "Do you know what that crazy Ehrlich wants to do? He wants to adopt Emil as his own son." My father laughed at him and said: "I need that boy as much as you do." My mother agreed saying that I was her son as she would not let anyone else take me. I have often wondered since, what my life would have been like if I had gone with that man. He could've sent me to some fancy schools. I am sure he would've given me the best education that money could buy.

Besides tending the stock, I raised rabbits as a young boy. I had every kind of rabbit there was around where I lived. I would walk miles to trade for a new rabbit to add to my collection. I was proud of my rabbits and they were something to be proud of. Shortly after I left school, I entered the blacksmith trade as an apprentice. There was a young master blacksmith who talked my parents into apprenticing me to him. So they did. But this man was no good. He spent more time in the pool hall near the bar than at the blacksmith shop. So when my older brother Julius came to see me, I

told him all about it and he said: Emil you have a contract to learn here for four years, but if you run away and they can't find you, then the contract is broken. Pack up your stuff and throw it out the window to me. You jump after it and we will go home and hide. So that is what we did and the contract was broken because they never found me.

Then I began to herd the cows again for my father. One day the butcher came to buy our buck sheep, but he couldn't catch him. So he said he would give me something if I could catch the buck for him. I had no problem because for the animals were like pets. I played with them. So I caught the sheep. The butcher hefted him and then bickered with my father as to how much he would pay. As they were arguing, the buck backed off a little and butted the butcher off his feet. Then he didn't argue anymore about the money. He told my father how much a pound he would pay for the buck. I quickly figured out how much money that added up to and the butcher was impressed saying that he couldn't figure it that fast. So he suggested to my father that I should become a butcher.

In a few days, my father took me down to the butcher shop. There was a Rabbi there who killed kosher. So there was lots of blood. It was a hot summer day and as we passed the barrels filled with bones and wastes, that was as far as I got. It was stinking so bad, that I ran home. I told my father I could never be a butcher.

Then my father became angry. He said that he knew a good man named Sfarn and that is where he was going to take me to be apprenticed. He took me down to Butow where there were four journeymen and four apprentices in one shop. So I signed up with him and he was a good master. He made us toe the line. Every morning at 5:15 the bell would ring and we had to dress and be to work at 5:30. Then at eight o'clock in the morning, we stopped to have breakfast. My master was also a religious man and very honest.

The master was a good man and he took a liking to me. At Christmas time he gave me 10 mark and nobody else got anything but to me he

gave 10 mark. I tell you this that you might learn from it. I was just a dumb kid and on Christmas day some of the other smarter fellows came around to play cards and I lost my 10mark. I never played after that. I hated gambling.

I was pretty quick. Before long I could shoe horses faster than anyone in the shop including the journeyman. I was a little fellow and so I would go under the horses and not around them. Some of the customers liked me and would ask to have me shoe their horses. I wasn't supposed to get paid anything because I was just an apprentice, but once in a while one of the people I had shod for would give me a few pfennings. That was all the money I ever got. For four years, that was all the money I had. My parents couldn't afford to send me anything. From my master I would get something to eat and a place to sleep.

Then about this time, I had a serious accident. A piece of hot iron flipped into my eye. It was cut badly and for two months a doctor treated me, but I constantly experienced pain in that eye. It was awful pain. So the federal medical care officers sent me to a specialist quite a long way off in Stolp. The specialist took one look and he knew the trouble. My doctor had been careless in caring for the eye. Seven eyelashes had been embedded in the wound in my eye and every time I moved the eye it would really hurt. This specialist pulled the hairs out of my eye. Then the pain disappeared, but I lost the sight in my left eye.

It was hard for me to adjust my eyesight when I returned to work. Many times I missed the nails and hit my hand. Finally however, I adjusted and passed my journeyman's examination with flying colors. In Germany a journey man was expected to travel from one place to another and work for as many masters as possible. They did this to gain experience and knowledge so as to become a master. Six of us left from Butow at the same time. They all found jobs except me. Finally I got a job in Berlin as a horseshoer, but I was fired in half an hour. There I found that the horseshoer never asked the customer to hold the horse's foot as they

did in my master's shop. In Berlin the horseshoer held the foot himself. It was all new to me. That was the only time in my life that I was ever fired.

I found work in the Stettin shipyards. When I worked at the shipyards, I was in the repair group. Every morning, we would go with a small boat up to the big ships that could not make it into dry dock or even into the harbor. Many times there was work for only two men and the other 22 men would spend their time playing cards and drinking beer and whiskey. It was an easy life and good money.

Then one morning, the big boss called me into his office and said that the Forman no longer wanted me in his group, but I could have a job somewhere else in the harbor. I was so mad I quit. It made me so angry that I went back and asked that Forman why he didn't want me anymore. "Emil, you are a good clean kid," he said, "and you don't belong in this bunch." I don't want you to become what we are. He was my best friend. I didn't understand at that time, but he saved my life. If I had stayed with that group, I would have become like them, lazy and a drunkard.

In 1912 (19 years old) I was drafted into the German army. Here it was that one day they took all the recruits out to teach us to swim. As a kid, I lived by a lake and every morning when I got up, I would jump out of the window and go for a swim-- even when the frost was on the ground, because it was a big lake and the water stayed quite warm. I was the best swimmer in the community. One day some people came and said: Emil, if you swim across the lake, we will give you five mark. No one had ever done it that we knew of.

So I went down and ate a big meal and then I started swimming. It took me many hours and sometimes I would have to lay on my back to rest. Finally I made it and got my five mark---but I was really hungry. Later on I swam that lake back and forth, but I was always really hungry and tired from doing it. It was really too far.

Then the same people came another time and said that they would give me 10 mark if I could swim continuously while I smoked a Havana cigar

until it was gone. That wasn't easy, but I decided to try. I would have to be very careful and dry my hands in my hair and in the air before I touched the cigar or it would go out and I wouldn't get my money. In that way I smoked a whole cigar and got that money too.

The first time I was wounded, we were in Paris when the French jumped us. I was one out of five survivors out of 250 men. I walked 60 km before I receive medical help. I was wounded four times after that. The first time they shot me through the shoulder. It was Christmas Eve of 1917. We were in the trenches. In the front of the trench we had heavy steel shields with only a slot to look through and for the guns. At every section one man stood at those steel shields and watched the French lines. They were very close; the French could jump up and be in our trenches in no time, so we had to be very careful. It was my job to go along and check to see that no one was asleep and everybody was watching very closely. I had a friend standing at one of these parts and every time when I came to him, we would have a little conversation. One time when I came by he said, "My God, will the time ever come when we will have Christmas again like we used to have at home with a Christmas tree and family? We had already spent five Christmases in the war. Then he looked around again through the hole in the shield. All at once he stiffened up, stood a moment and fell over. A bullet had hit him right in the forehead. It had come right through the hole.

In 1918 I was released from the army and married Martha Jahnke. Then I went and asked for a job as a blacksmith for the railroad in Bromberg. After the Treaty of Versailles my homeland was given to the Poles and the Poles kicked all of the Germans out. The railroad officials in Bromberg give me a good recommendation and the German government transferred us to Schneidemuehl. I was to work at the railroad there. It was in Schneidemuehl that three of our children were born---our only daughter, Erna and our first two sons, Erwin and Jared.

In 1922 we accepted the Church of Jesus

Christ of Latter-Day Saints. This was right after the war, and we were having very hard times. We only received half of a quart of milk for our baby, Erna. My wife couldn't get much to eat either. So I sent them to stay with my parents on the farm. There they had all the milk they wanted as well as enough to eat. One day a package came from my wife. There was an old woman named Una who lived in the same house and she used to take care of the baby for us when we went out in the evenings. When Martha left to go stay with my parents, Una came in and cleaned and straightened things up for me. She would go and get my mail for me and she was happy when I got a package. I said, "wait, Mrs. Una, let's open it and see what is in it." So I opened it and divided the food with her.

She cried and said, "may the good Lord bless you." She really appreciated it because she got very little to eat. Listen I said, I am a Lutheran and you are a Catholic. If you ask God to bless me, he will shake his head and say no because I am a Lutheran. If you pray to my God, he will say no because you are a Catholic and he will not listen to you. So how am I going to get my blessings? She shook her head. "You young people, you have so much wind in your heads. When you get older you will understand. Now the worst of it is that we have so much trouble in our family. One of my nieces has joined the Mormon church."

That was the second time I had heard about Mormons. "Una, I said, would you do me a favor?" "I would do anything you ask me, she said." "I want to see a Mormon. Would you tell your niece to come and see me?"

A few days later someone knocked at the door. When I answered it no one was there. Mrs. Una's niece was just a young girl and maybe she was frightened, but she had left a copy of the book of Mormon and a pamphlet entitled: "The Voice of Warning," on the doorstep.

I read that book of Mormon until two o'clock in the morning. I still hadn't seen a Mormon, but I knew that the church was true! We went over to the Mormon meeting. I was surprised! We were

used to having the preacher come down and give us a lecture. Instead they had a Sunday School class with an open discussion. They were discussing the book of Mormon and talking about all those unusual names in the book.

Martha listened to that discussion with an open mouth. When we left the meeting and got out on the street, she stepped in front of me and said: "Emil, if you are not crazy, crazier you cannot get. Mormon, Moroni, Nephi, Lehi," she named all those strange names and said, "What is all of that?" She had made such a commotion that people were beginning to stare at us. I quieted her down and we went home.

About four weeks later Erwin was born. He was born 21 October and we were baptized in an ice covered lake on the evening of 11 November. After I joined the church I started working right away. I did missionary work, exactly like the missionaries--going door to door so many hours each week. When I became a Mormon the people didn't want to work with me. They gathered signatures saying that "Emil Wirkus only made propaganda for the Mormons and didn't do his work."

I went to see the boss about it. He handed me some little slips of paper. He had a whole pile of them. I took one of those slips. It was a report from a labor spy. He was an honest man. He wrote down just exactly what he found. I read only two, but they were good reports. Then he said, "Mr. Wirkus, you go back to your job. If anybody steps on your toes you know where I am now. You come and tell me." I went back to work and nobody stepped on my toes. I worked down there a long time until I was ready to come to America.

So in 1927 we came. John D. Phillips from Ucon, Idaho was our sponsor. (John D. Phillips had been on a mission to Germany and knew Emil there). It will be interesting to point out that when John D was in Germany he needed a new dress suit badly. Merchants knowing that their merchandise brought them only worthless money hid most of their valuable things away. Dad went into a clothing store with John D where they asked for a suit. "Oh,

I'm so sorry, I just don't have a single thing that I can offer to you." Dad had told John to show the man one American dollar. He got a very fine suit of clothes for one dollar.

In 1961 Martha died after a very long illness. After Martha died they called me on a mission to Austria. The mission president told him later that when he got word that a 72-year-old single man was coming down there on a mission he didn't know what to do. The Mission President later said, "Brother Emil came out and in no time at all he whipped many Branches into fine shape and it is still in order. That was a wonderful thing. Emil had great success on his mission.

When I returned from my mission to Austria I married Minna Duschl on November 19, 1966. (You would be interested to know that Dad left a long trail of broken hearted widows in Austria. When those women learned that dad was single they tried in every way to get him. The mission president had his hands full in trying to protect dad.

(It might be interesting for you to know that our folks had known Nina in Shneidemuehl when we lived there. She was quite a lady. She was an expert dressmaker, had a shop of her own and employed a number of other women. She was a strong member of the church. Mina married Adolf Duschl just before the beginning of World War II. When the war came, Adolf was killed, and she lost everything that she owned. They never had any children. After the end of the war Paul Carl Holm from Roberts, Idaho sponsored Minna to this country. She lived in Salt Lake City and worked for a small salary in the Salt Lake Temple where she did repair work etc. on Temple clothes.

Emil and Minna were called on another mission to Germany where they served with great success. Minna died on May 14, 1979. Emil died March 16, 1980. They had had 13 1/2 years together.

Irwin writes; "A farm magazine referred to Dad as the "Crusty Dutchman." He was very much the, "I want to see the manager type," if he was displeased with something. Dad was a Prussian. Notorious for keeping his personal feelings pretty much to himself

even as to how he felt physically. He nearly always insisted on being in the driver's seat. He was an excellent organizer and a very hard worker.

While he was not a wealthy man, he seemed to have sufficient for his needs. No one knew what his income, out go, assets, or reserves were. He was frugal in every sense of the word. In later years, as he spent so much of his time taking care of Mother and Nina, he turned the farm and dairy over to Jared and his sons. He continued to set irrigation water, feed livestock, and do quite a lot of the fieldwork, but trusted Jared with a major part of the work. Dad even borrowed money on his place to help Jared acquire other properties.

Dad was deeply religious. When the time came that he could no longer attend church because he needed to be with Mother, he would sit and write many many sermons--- all centered around the Scriptures. His ability to memorize was phenomenal. When he could no longer see to read, he would sit and quote dozens and dozens of Scriptures. When Dad died, his children drew straws to divide his simple furniture that he had in his little home and all of the rest went to Jared's family. Jared preceded Dad in death after having had open-heart surgery. He died in May of 1978.

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EFFIE AND VERNAL WOLD

VERNALD WOLD

by Larry Wold

Christian Olson was born in Norway. As a young man he was pressed into service in the Norwegian merchant marines. Upon reaching New York, he jumped ship and started walking west. Somewhere along the way he was befriended by the people in a town named Wold. From then on he called himself Christian Olson Wold. He worked as a cowboy in Wyoming. On a Cattle drive to Utah he saw what he thought was a runaway horse with



Vernal and Effie Wold

a young girl. He caught and stopped the horse only to be whipped with the reins and told the horse was not running away, she just liked to ride that way. He returned to Wyoming, but came back to Utah years later to find and marry Annie Neilson, the girl on the horse. They had nine children. They moved with their family to Ammon around 1919. Their farm was one mile east and 1/2 mile south of the Ammon store.

One of their sons, Vernal, met and married Effie Empey, who was a local girl who lived on the farm that was 1/2 mile north of the Wold farm. Vernal and Effie took over the Wold farm around 1930. They had 4 children, Lionel, Dona, Max and Larry. In 1945 they tore down the original log house and built a basement house that they lived in until they sold the farm in 1950 to Logan and Alice Bee. The Wolds moved to Mesa Arizona where they lived for the rest of their lives.

Vernal and Effie Wold

Vernal Wold was the seventh of eleven children born to Christen Olsen Wold and Annie Nielsen Wold. He was born February 5th 1900 in Preston, Idaho. His father Christian had immigrated from Oslo, Norway. Vernal spent the first 19 years of his life in Preston, Idaho or Riverdale, Utah.

In 1919 his father bought forty acres of farm land in Ammon, Idaho. Vernal was given the task of loading up all their belongings in a wagon and with a good team of horses and a 3 year old colt,

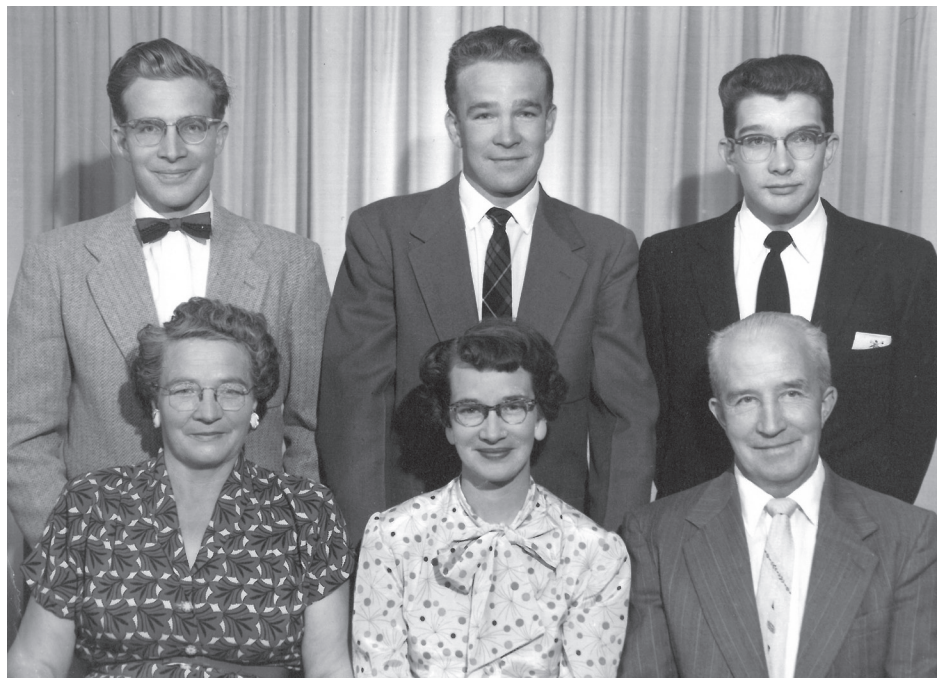
just fresh off the range, he headed for Ammon. The trip took 5½ days. He stated the trip itself was uneventful but very lonely. Upon settling in, he began farming with his father and doing any odd job that came around. This helped him to become a Jack-of -all- trades.

In the fall he met Effie Maria Empey. Effie was the daughter of John and Almira Empey also from Ammon, Vernal said that when she first met him she thought he was a "Smart Aleck". They must have worked it out because they married January 11, 1923 in Salt Lake City, Utah. They set up housekeeping in Ammon where Vernal continued to farm with his father and multiple relatives living in the area. In June 1925 their first son, Lionel, was born. Their only daughter, Dona, followed 18 months later.

He had a short adventure in Valier, Montana shipping horses, cows, machinery and furniture, but missed the farming he was used to and moved back to Ammon. While in Montana in May 1928 their second son Max was born. At the beginning of the Great Depression he took an even shorter adventure to Los Angeles, California to work as a cement contractor. He didn't want his family to be raised in California and he really missed the farm so back to Ammon they came.

In 1932, they bought the farm that had belonged to his parents. His parents moved about three miles down the road. In August 1933 their last son Larry was born on the old farmstead in Ammon. Dona described the house as having only 3 rooms, the kitchen, small bedroom and her parent's bedroom and living room together. A basement house was built later giving each one their own room. In the summer, spring and early fall the boys liked to sleep outside in an old, non-running, Graham automobile that had seats that made into a bed. Vernal had taken the tires off and put it out in the back-back yard.

Dona remembered that her father had a way with horses, whether it was the two mules he purchased and named Jude and Maude after the people he purchased them from, or the



Front row: Effie, Dona, Vernal; Back row: Lionel, Max, Larry

two beautifully match silver-gray, high-spirited Percherons, (a breed noted for strength and speed) Gyp and Tops. He loved them and they loved him. Dona says she could whistle, try bribing with apples, tug, pull and they wouldn't budge, but if Vernal walked into their sight they were gone in a flash. He barely had to move the lead reins and they responded.

Max remembered that there was culvert under the road at the intersection that led to the Heath Farm. None of the road had names in those days. The road that ran in front of the farm was referred to as the Ammon Washboard, because it looked just like a washboard. Directions were given by farms not street names. "You go down John Empey Road until you get to Tawzers then on to"

Vernal was hard working and made sure his children were the same. Max remembered that they always went up to cut wood for fuel. It was a day long adventure. Vernal said you got three heats out of the wood, one when you cut and hauled it, one when you sawed or split it and one when you burned it.

Dona remembers that the storms that came into the area were unexpected and sometimes

violent. A small cloud in the sky could bring on a blinding blizzard in a very few minutes. Ropes had to be strung from the house to the barn so that her father didn't get lost in the storm. The livestock needed care, no matter what the weather. If the weather and snow got too bad in the winter months they rode to school in a horse drawn sleigh. It was usually drawn by Walter Crow or Willard Ball.

Max remembered threshing grain. He stated that the neighbors would pool their resources and help each other. Some neighbors

came bringing their teams of horses and wagons with hayracks, some brought trucks and some with pitchforks and muscle. They traded work with Wold and Empey relatives, Jack Bailey, George Smith, Willard Ball, Hans Carlson the Tawzers, Marv Anderson, Monroe Nance, Grover Heath, Adolph Holms, Lyle Anderson and Jim Butters.

The outside of a threshing machine was made of sheet metal. The insides were a marvel. It could flay the straw to dislodge kernels of grain, shake the kernel to a bin at the bottom, auger it up and out a spout into a truck at the same time it was blasting the straw and chaff out and into a pile about 15 feet away. When it was running at full capacity it sounded like a cyclone.

Meals were always provided by whichever farm was being threshed. Max related that these dinners are some memories that he would like to live over and over again. "What a meal, beef, ham, turkey, mountains of mashed potatoes and gravy, at least three vegetables, including corn on the cob, four or five salads, cake and three kinds of pie." And in case you still had room, topped off with watermelon,

Vernal lost his favorite horse Tops while

threshing wheat. He was in the harness, next to the machine, and just suddenly dropped dead. Vernal's other favorite horse Gyp had saved his son Larry's life. The horses, five in total, had gotten out and were running down Jack Bailey Lane. Vernal went across the field to drive them back, Max was in an uncles driveway to keep them out of that farm, Dona was keeping them from going north and Lionel was keeping them from going south. The horses rounded a corner with Gyp in the lead, Just then Larry, too little to walk, crawled out onto the lane. Gyp saw Larry, stopped and stood over him making the other horses go around him. Larry was saved and Gyp just continued on down the lane until caught.

Vernal grew the labor intensive, character building sugar beet. Once the seeds were planted and about three inches high they had to be thinned. This was done with a short handled hoe. You either had to bend down or crawl. The beet plants had to be thinned down to about one beet every ten and a half inches. This allowed room to grow. Sometimes when you got to the end of the row you had to lay down on your back bring your feet up and over your head just to get the kinks outs. Vernal grew between 7 and 15 acres each year. The world of the sugar beets didn't stop with thinning. On the Wold farm beets were not without their share of weeds. This required pulling all the weeds at least twice each summer. The sugar beets were harvested after the potatoes were snug in the cellar. This crop provided farmers with needed income before harvest, once in the spring and twice in the summer they could take cash draws from the Utah-Idaho Sugar Factory. The factory stored the beets in huge piles on their property in Lincoln. The factory didn't start their campaign until all the crops were harvested. This allowed the farmers to work in the factory after they had harvested their crops. This was a win-win situation as it was a slow time of year for the farmers and the factory didn't need help the rest of the year.

Vernal harvested the beets using a team of horses and a beet puller. This implement pulled

them neatly out of the ground. Each beet then had to be topped and tossed into pickup rows. In order to top a beet you used a beet knife. This was a thin bladed machete except it had a sharp curved hook about 2 inches long riveted to the end of the knife. The hook was used to snag the beet off the ground; you caught it in your left hand and cut off the top leaves. You didn't want to miss or you would have a puncture to the shin.

Max prefaced his experience with sugar beets by stating "Cash flow is a term we never heard while we were growing up in the thirties and forties. The term hadn't even been invented. There was no need for such a term. There was too little cash to flow."

Vernal and Effie stayed on the farm until July 1950 when arthritis made it hard for Vernal to stand the cold winters and they moved to Mesa Arizona until their passing.

In memories compiled by Max in 1998 regarding growing up in Ammon he stated:


"It was a time of timeless living. We never even thought that it wouldn't always be that way. We just didn't think about it. It was a time when we lived the way people should live--in service to each other. It was a great time to be a young man. We had man-sized experiences that we were lucky to survive. It was a time when a young man could work alongside of and talk with and learn from his dad and brothers and see his friends doing the same with their dads. It was a time when a youngster was expected to be, and was, a contributor to the welfare of the family, It was a time that passed too quickly."

Information obtained from the sketch of the life of Vernal Harold Wold, compiled by Vernal Wold, Journals and life sketch of Dona Wold Andrew compiled by Dona Andrew and Herding cows and other Oddities, Threshing, and the Joy of Growing and Harvesting Sugar Beets in the Late Nineteen Thirties and Early Forties, written and compiled by Max Wold.

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THE OLD AMMON CLOCK

Early in the spring of 1913, Bishop Christian Anderson came to my father, John Rosen, and asked him to send for six sacrament trays and glasses. Father was on the Ward purchasing committee. At that time Father reminded Bishop Anderson about getting a clock for the new church. Bishop Anderson told him to go ahead and get a clock.

The next time Father went into Idaho Falls, he went into the Wipperman Jewelry Store and asked Mr. Wipperman for a clock suitable for our new church building. He told Father that he did not have one on hand but that he would order one. Father told him to do so at once as we would need it before the first week of April 1913. The clock

came just a few days before the dedication of the new church, April 13, 1913. When Father offered to pay for the clock, Mr. Wipperman said he would donate the clock to our Church

For 47 years this clock has ticked the correct time for the Ammon Ward(s). It was replaced by an electric one in 1960. The church was torn down in 1965 and the clock was auctioned to Vaughn Wadsworth for \$150 from the front steps of the chapel at the same time other furnishings in the church were sold.

{Written by Henry Rosen, son of John Rosen with some minor editing by Larry Whiting}

NOTE: Vaughn and his wife Nina later graciously gave the clock as a Christmas gift to their son-in-law, Larry L. Whiting. Some have suggested that it should be donated to the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers but when given to Larry, it was stipulated that it would stay in the hands of family members for generations yet to come.

The Old Church Clock and Rowdy Priests

from History of Larry L. Whiting

One evening in sacrament meeting Larry Ricks, Doug Bingham and I were administering to the sacrament. We were best friends. We “apparently” became a “little” too friendly (rowdy) in the meeting after our sacrament duties were over (Aaronic Priesthood holders at that time were not excused to sit with their families after their assignments were completed). To make matters worse the sacrament table was in front of the full congregation in a “rameumpton” type of arrangement so all could witness the “fine reverence” of the boys. Larry Ricks’ father must have seen all he needed or could stand. He left his seat about mid way in the congregation, came forward for all to see and sat between Larry and me. He didn’t look too happy as he put his arms around the two of us and whispered to the three of us, “Now, I want you boys to be so quiet for the rest of this meeting that you can hear every tick of that clock above your heads on the wall.” Believe me we were, as further embarrassment from another



The old Ammon church clock

fatherly visit to the table would have been worse than enjoying further rather rowdy behavior.

Kaye and I have that large antique pendulum clock, which hung for 47 years in the Ammon church building, now hanging today in our home. It serves as a reminder to me of the importance of reverence. It was purchased by Kaye's Dad, Vaughn Wadsworth, in August 1965 at the auction just before the old church (which was dedicated April 13, 1913) was torn down—the same day that we purchased the piano from the Chapel. Kaye's parents gave me the clock at a later date as a Christmas gift. The piano and the clock are treasures to me, stirring many memories of those childhood days gone by. I sang solos to and led music in MIA to that piano which is now in our daughter Cherice's home and upon which Kaye taught piano lessons over several years. We had it completely refurbished and refinished while we lived in Sandy in the 1970s.

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AMMON WARD BISHOPS

1891

Arthur M. Rawson

1899

Christian Anderson

1913

Leonard G. Ball

1930

Lyle M. Anderson

1935

Lyman J. Whiting

1941

Reed Blatter

1946

Clifford Judy

1952

Artell Switter

1953

Dean Elkington

1959

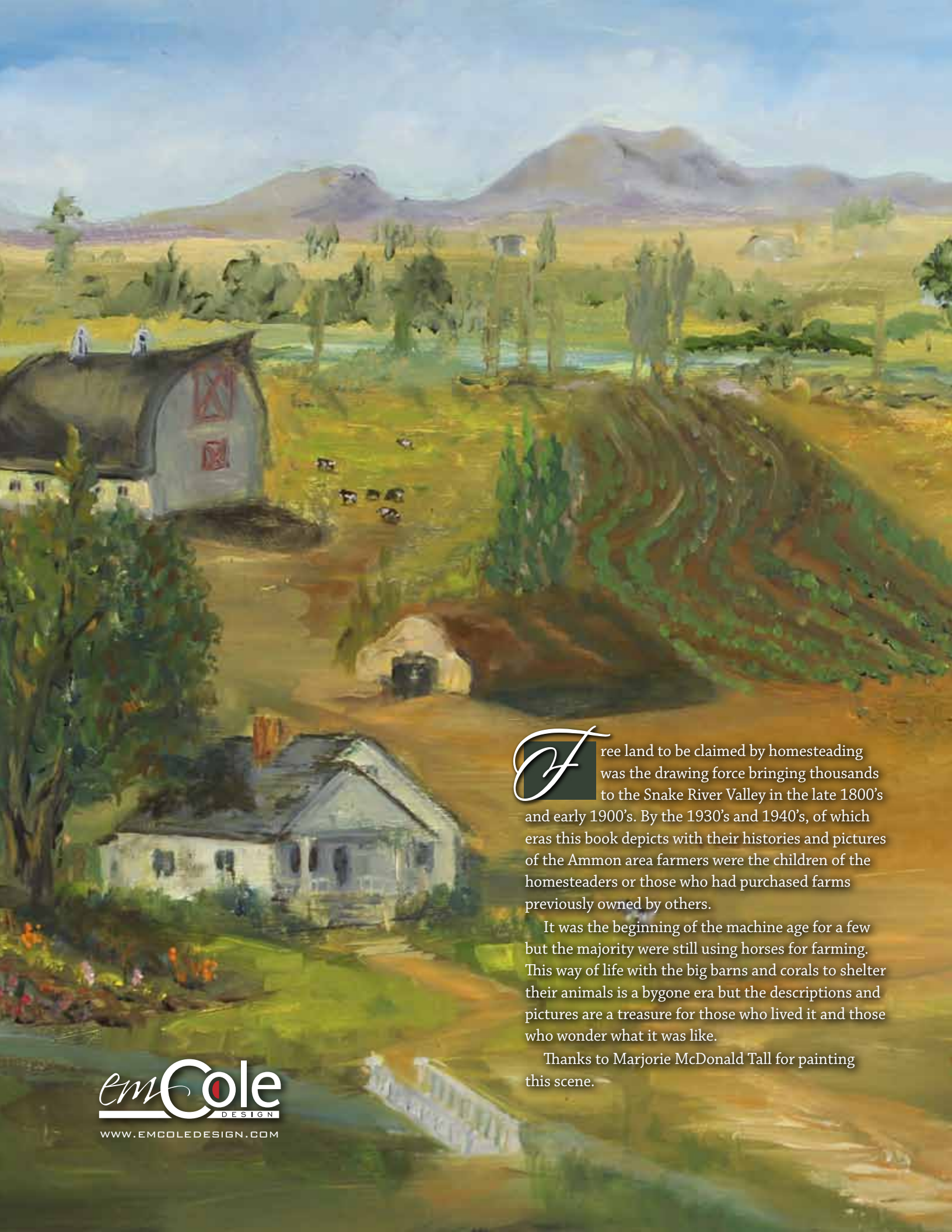
Glenn Blatter

1962

Elmer Holmgren

1963

Keith Hansen



Free land to be claimed by homesteading was the drawing force bringing thousands to the Snake River Valley in the late 1800's and early 1900's. By the 1930's and 1940's, of which eras this book depicts with their histories and pictures of the Ammon area farmers were the children of the homesteaders or those who had purchased farms previously owned by others.

It was the beginning of the machine age for a few but the majority were still using horses for farming. This way of life with the big barns and corals to shelter their animals is a bygone era but the descriptions and pictures are a treasure for those who lived it and those who wonder what it was like.

Thanks to Marjorie McDonald Tall for painting this scene.